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A TREASURY OF CANADIAN VERSE

For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

—*Love thou thy Land.*

A TREASURY OF CANADIAN VERSE

WITH BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

THEODORE H. RAND

D.C.L.

AUTHOR OF

'AT MINES BASIN AND OTHER POEMS

WILLIAM BRIGGS

TORONTO

1910

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1058

THIS ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH-CANADIAN VERSE
IS INSCRIBED WITH AFFECTIONATE ADMIRATION

TO

LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

LL.D., F.R.S. CAN.

C.M.G.

THE LAMARTINE OF CANADA

47562

SE

PREFACE

TO one opening this book for the first time, it may be permissible to say that the verse included in the volume does not treat solely nor chiefly of Canadian themes. While Canadian environment and life necessarily supply the note of inspiration and impart its timbre and accent, the thought and emotion are of wide range, and seek response in the universal heart.

The practical energies of the Canadian people are abundantly attested by extensive systems of railways and canals, a wide commerce, systems of free public education in the several provinces and territories, liberal facilities for the higher education of men and women, and an enterprising and influential press. Thirty-two years have passed since the organization of the Dominion of Canada. These years have witnessed great progress in civil and social institutions, and no unworthy beginning of an adequate development of the illimitable material resources of Canada's vast domain. It is noteworthy, as marking the quality of life of the people, that from the earliest settlement of the several provinces there have not been wanting public evidences of the presence of the scientific and literary spirit. The latter has expressed itself both in prose and verse, and in these recent years there is an increased activity in literary production commensurate with the expanding life of Canada.

It has been my purpose to present worthy specimens of English-Canadian verse, selected from the entire field of our history. Such a collection should be of

interest, not only to Canadians, but to all English-speaking peoples. Here are reflected the singular loveliness of our evanescent spring, the glow and luxuriant life of our hasting summer, the sensuous glory of our autumn, and the tingle of our frosty air and the white winter's cheer. Every form and aspect of natural beauty is, in some degree, caught and expressed—sometimes in homely, sometimes in classical phrase; often with striking simplicity, and generally with much purity of thought and an authentic note. A sane and wholesome spirit is characteristic of the verse, and its spiritual quality seems to me to be of a high order. The sympathetic reader will notice a marked pictorial use of nature in some of the specimens given, as well as a sensuous delight in nature itself, depicted, as it is, with true feeling and not infrequently with an almost flawless art. He will notice also that nature is often humanized, and tenderness, love and pity, and the subtle problems of man's life and existence, are enshrined in original and poetic similitudes to the melody of haunting music. Nor are there altogether wanting instances of that insight and vision which beholds the phenomenal and cosmic with rapt wonder as awesome beauty-gleams, radiant symbols, or sublime manifestations of the immanent and loving One in whom all things consist. Great personalities, high achievement, and noble character, also, have inspired Canadian song. From the earliest to the latest singer, a glowing devotion to native land and a loyal and loving reverence for our gracious Sovereign are characteristic notes. If it should appear that the abundant verse inspired by these latter motives is insufficiently represented in this anthology, it may suffice to say that such verse is already widely known and is not by any means the highest product of the Canadian muse. Room has been made for the less hackneyed and richer inspirations of our poets—the virgin freshness and promise of our country; the life and deeds of men everywhere; the

yearnings of the individual soul; and the aspirations of a people after the noblest and the divinest. These, with domestic loves, have kindled our singers to beautiful expression that demands a wider appreciation, as supplying sustenance and stimulus essential to fulness of national and imperial life. It will be observed that not only in recent verse, but also in that of nearly fifty years ago, Canadian poets have given expression to Anglo-centric conceptions and aspirations, divining with poetic insight the coming good.

While the selections have been carefully made, it will be apparent that some verse has been included whose chief claim to recognition is found in local and popular associations. It should also be said that much popular verse has been excluded, in order that the volume be kept of usable form and size. It did not fall within the plan of this anthology to include sacred and devotional lyrics, otherwise not a few hymns must have found a place, notably Joseph Scriven's "What a Friend we have in Jesus," known as widely as the language is spoken.

The printing together of the selections from any author has been advisedly adopted, as affording a greater variety and interest than could be secured by an abstract or logical classification of the verse of the entire volume. The convenience of an alphabetical order of authors is apparent, while the dates supplied in the *Notes* afford ample chronology. Here and there the reader may find unfilled dates of birth or death, or unexpanded initials of names, but all reasonable effort has been made to furnish complete and trustworthy information.

I wish to express my gratitude to Mr. Charles C. James, M.A., Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, who has given me free access to his valuable and extensive collection of the works of Canadian poets; to Mr. James Bain, Jr., of the Toronto Public Library, for special facilities for inspecting the

excellent collection in his charge; and to Mr. E. S. Caswell, of the publishing house of William Briggs, for many courtesies, and specially for aid in procuring well-nigh inaccessible materials for examination. To the many persons who have so cordially responded to letters of inquiry, and whom I may not thank by name, I express my acknowledgments. The following special works have been of service: *Selections from Canadian Poets* (1864), by Edward Hartley Dewart; *The Canadian Birthday Book* (1887), by Seranus; *Songs of the Great Dominion* (1889), by William Douw Lighthall, M.A., and Morgan's *Canadian Men and Women of the Time.*

Special thanks are rendered to the authors who have permitted the use of their poems, and to the various publishers for copyright permission. I regret that I was unable to secure permission to include any poems by Mr. William Wilfred Campbell. Perhaps the selections from my own verse should not appear in the volume. Their inclusion, it is proper to say, is in deference to the wishes of persons of acknowledged taste, rather than to any desire of my own.

A Canadian by birth, education, and life-service, as were my father and his father, my mother and her mother, I may be pardoned the expression of a feeling of national pride that the materials are so abundant from which to prepare a representative volume, much of whose contents will not suffer by comparison with the verse of older countries. I trust that this anthology may serve as an open door through which the voices of Canadian singers may vibrate yet more widely on sympathetic ears both at home and abroad.

T. H. R.

TORONTO, CANADA,
February. 1900.

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A TREASURY OF CANADIAN VERSE

THE WHITETHROAT

SHY bird of the silver arrows of song,
  That cleave our Northern air so clear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
  I listen, I hear—
"I—love—dear—Canada,
  Canada, Canada."

O plumes of the pointed dusky fir,
  Screen of a swelling patriot heart,
The copse is all astir
  And echoes thy part! . . .

Now willowy reeds tune their silver flutes
  As the noise of the day dies down;
And silence strings her lutes,
  The Whitethroat to crown. . . .

O bird of the silver arrows of song,
  Shy poet of Canada dear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
  We listen, we hear—
"I—love—dear—Canada,
  Canada, Canada."

MARGARET H. ALDEN

MOTHER'S WORLD

EYES of blue and hair of gold,
  Cheeks all brown with summer tan,
Lips that much of laughter hold,
  That is mother's little Man.

Shining curls like chestnut brown,
  Long-lashed eyes, demure and staid,
Sweetest face in all the town,
  That is mother's little Maid.

Dainty room with snow-white beds,
  Where, like flowers with petals curled,
Rest in peace two dreaming heads,
  That—is mother's little World!

JOSEPH ANTISELL ALLEN

From "DAY-DREAMS"

AH, what if the mind,
  By sense-law confined,
  In time, 'neath this stratum of stars,
Secretes by her spell
This fair, wondrous shell
  Self-substanced, till bursting the bars
Of chrysalis time,
Free, joyous, sublime,
  She mounts the blue space, winged with light,
Where, deep in the soul,
Is mirrored the whole,
  As in a calm lake the pure night!

And what, if the whole
Are things of the soul,
  This frame, Earth, bright Moon, garnished Skies,
If from the great Sun
Of spirit are spun
  All systems which gravity ties
To their focal source,
By a hidden force
  Mysterious, dynamic, unknown—
A power that controls
Each orb as it rolls,
  And links to the great central throne! . . .

When the dew-drops shine,
On each sunlit line,
  Of gossamer network, on sod
Of emerald green,
In the morning's sheen,
  'Tis a miniature sky-work of God. . . .

Arachne how oft,
In the twilight soft,
  Seems poised in mid-air; yet some tie
Holds spider, moon, mote,
All known, near, remote,
  From mind to yon azure-domed sky!

GRANT ALLEN

ONLY AN INSECT

I

ON the crimson cloth
  Of my study desk
A lustrous moth
  Poised statuesque.

Of a waxen mould
  Were its light limbs shaped,
And in scales of gold
  Its body was draped:
While its luminous wings
  Were netted and veined
With silvery strings,
  Or golden grained,
Through whose filmy maze
  In tremulous flight
Danced quivering rays
  Of the gladsome light.

II

On the desk hard by
  A taper burned,
Towards which the eye
  Of the insect turned.
In its vague little mind
  A faint desire
Rose, undefined,
  For the beautiful fire.
Lightly it spread
  Each silken van;
Then away it sped
  For a moment's span.
And a strange delight
  Lured on its course
With resistless might
  Towards the central source:
And it followed the spell
  Through an eddying maze,
Till it fluttered and fell
  In the deadly blaze.

III

Dazzled and stunned
  By the scalding pain,

One moment it swooned,
  Then rose again;
And again the fire
  Drew it on with its charms
To a living pyre
  In its awful arms;
And now it lies
  On the table here
Before my eyes
  Shrivelled and sere.

IV

As I sit and muse
  On its fiery fate,
What themes abstruse
  Might I meditate!
For the pangs that thrilled
  Through that martyred frame
As its veins were filled
  With the scorching flame,
A riddle enclose
  That, living or dead,
In rhyme or in prose,
  No seer has read.
"But a moth," you cry,
  "Is a thing so small!"
Ah, yes; but why
  Should it suffer at all?
Why should a sob
  For the vaguest smart
One moment throb
  Through the tiniest heart?
Why in the whole
  Wide universe
Should a single soul
  Feel that primal curse?
Not all the throes
  Of mightiest mind,

Nor the heaviest woes
  Of human kind,
Are of deeper weight
  In the riddle of things
Than that insect's fate
  With the mangled wings.

v

But if only I
  In my simple song
Could tell you the Why
  Of that one little wrong,
I could tell you more
  Than the deepest page
Of saintliest lore
  Or of wisest sage.
For never as yet
  In its wordy strife
Could Philosophy get
  At the import of life;
And Theology's saws
  Have still to explain
The inscrutable cause
  For the being of pain.
So I somehow fear
  That in spite of both,
We are baffled here
  By this one singed moth.

WILLIAM TALBOT ALLISON

"THERE SAT THE WOMEN WEEPING FOR THAMMUZ"

THE days begin to wane, and evening lifts
  Her eyes the sooner towards the vales of sleep;
The yellow leaf upon the night-breeze drifts
  And winter-voices thunder from the deep;

Thammuz grows pale in death, the Queen of Shades
Mocks sad-eyed Ishtar and her mourning maids.

Prostrate along the Babylonish halls,
  On alabaster floors the women moan,
All unadmired the lilac-tinted walls
  Bespangled wantonly, and sculptured stone;
For Thammuz dies; bereft, the Queen of Love;
Melt into tears, O Earth, O Heaven above!

Let all the Land between the Rivers sigh,
  And such as ever danced with throbbing veins
To Ishtar's music, fill the sodden sky,
  With lamentation and most doleful strains.
Thammuz is dead; no more the shepherd leads
His golden flock adown Im's jewelled meads.

Proud Larsam of Chaldean cities blest,
  Famed for the glories of her sun-god's home,
Erech, where countless Kings are laid to rest,
  And Eridhu, wet with the salt sea-foam;—
Princes and priests and lustrous maidens there
Sing plaintive hymns to Thammuz, young and fair.

And out upon Shumir-Accadian plains,
  Beneath the orient night, the shepherd boy
Blows from his oaten pipe the sweet refrains
  That tell of Ishtar's one-time joy;
Ana, lord of the starry realms of space,
Roams near to earth seeking the warm god's face.

Yet full-zoned Ishtar will not weep for aye,
  Nor will the land forever saddened be;
For Thammuz is not dead, some spring-time day
  He will appear in greater majesty:
Chaldean lovers will take heart again,
The Queen of Love will kiss the sons of men.

THE MEN OF THE NORTH

FROM out the cold house of the north
Thor's stalwart children hurtled forth,
Forsook their sullen seas;
Southward the Gothic waggons rolled,
While bards foretold a realm of gold,
And fame, and boundless ease.

Loud rang the shields with sounding blows,
The furious din of war arose
Adown the dreary land;
But Woden held them in his ken,
And safely passed the Teuton men
By every hostile band.

At length, one day, the host was thrilled
At that glad cry the foremost shrilled,—
"The sea! A southern sea!"
As breathless stood the northmen there,
The wind swept through their yellow hair,
And sang of empery.

Rome's doom was written in their eyes,
Fell tumult under sunny skies,
Death on the Golden Horn:
Now, by the rood, what southron slaves,
Or land that any south sea laves,
Can face the northern born?

VANISHINGS

THE dark has passed, and the chill Autumn morn
Unrolls her faded glories in the fields;
Dead are the gilded air-hosts newly-born,
The hardiest flowers droop their sodden shields,

For lovely Summer hath cut short her stay—
  The fickle goddess, loaded with delight,
  Grown wantonly unconstant, fled away
  Under a hoar-frost mantle yesternight.
In one brief hour, the warm and flashing skies
  Pale in the marble dawn; we cannot choose,
  But marvel that hearts turn to stone, and eyes
Brimful of passion all their lustre lose.
  Drear is the morning; love is gone for aye,
  Love done to death in one bright peerless day.

SOPHIE M. ALMON-HENSLEY

CONTENT

I HAVE been wandering where the daisies grow,
  Great fields of tall, white daisies, and I saw
  Them bend reluctantly, and seem to draw
Away in pride when the fresh breeze would blow
  From timothy and yellow buttercup,
  So by their fearless beauty lifted up.

Yet must they bend at the strong breeze's will,
  Bright, flawless things, whether in wrath he sweep
  Or, as ofttimes, in mood caressing, creep
Over the meadows and adown the hill.
  So Love in sport or truth, as Fates allow,
  Blows over proud young hearts and bids them bow.

So beautiful is it to live, so sweet
  To hear the ripple of the bobolink,
  To smell the clover blossom white and pink,
To feel oneself far from the dusty street,
  From dusty souls, from all the flare and fret
  Of living, and the fever of regret.

I have grown younger; I can scarce believe
  It is the same sad woman full of dreams
  Of seven short weeks ago, for now it seems
I am a child again, and can deceive
  My soul with daisies, plucking, one by one,
  The petals dazzling in the noonday sun.

Almost with old-time eagerness I try
  My fate, and say: "un peu," a soft "beaucoup,"
  Then, lower, "passionément, pas du tout";
Quick the white petals fall, and lovingly
  I pluck the last, and drop with tender touch
  The knowing daisy, for he loves me "much."

I can remember how, in childish days,
  I deemed that he who held my heart in thrall
  Must love me "passionately" or "not at all."
Poor little wilful ignorant heart that prays
  It knows not what, and heedlessly demands
  The best that life can give with outstretched hands!

Now I am wiser, and have learned to prize
  Peace above passion, and the summer life
  Here with the flowers above the ceaseless strife
Of armed ambitions. They alone are wise
  Who know the daisy-secrets, and can hold
  Fast in their eager hands her heart of gold.

SONG

JOY came in Youth as a humming bird,
  (Sing hey! for the honey and bloom of life!)
And it made a home in my summer bower
With the honeysuckle and the sweet-pea flower.
  (Sing hey! for the blossoms and sweets of life!)

Joy came as a lark when the years had gone,
(Ah! hush, hush still, for the dream is short!)
And I gazed far up to the melting blue
Where the rare song dropped like a golden dew.
(Ah! sweet is the song tho' the dream be short!)

THERE IS NO GOD

THERE is no God! If one should stand at noon
Where the glow rests, and the warm sunlight plays,
Where earth is gladdened by the cordial rays
And blossoms answering, where the calm lagoon
Gives back the brightness of the heart of June,
And he should say: "There is no sun"—the day's
Fair show still round him,—should we lose the blaze
And warmth, and weep that day has gone so soon?

Nay, there would be one word, one only thought,
"The man is blind!" and throbs of pitying scorn
Would rouse the heart, and stir the wondering mind.
We *feel*, and *see*, and therefore *know*,—the morn
With blush of youth ne'er left us till it brought
Promise of full-grown day. "The man is blind!"

DUNCAN ANDERSON

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

I

BEHIND Jacques Cartier's hills the sun sinks low
Low burn the beacon fires along the shore;
The drowsy watch dreams of his Norman home,
And dusky warriors sleep, and deem their toils are o'er.

Beneath the raven wing of sable night,
  A little band, with martial fire aglow,
Sweeps down, while he who nobly leads them on
  Chides every tardy hour that parts him from the foe.

Not glory's star allures that dauntless breast,
  Nor lust of conquest fires that eagle eye;
For hearth and home, for King and Crown, his brand
  Unsheathes at duty's call, and Wolfe will win or die.

And while no ghostly form unveils the fate
  That, ere to-morrow's eve, awaits the brave,—
Love's gifts all laid aside,—he grasps his sword,
  And sighs, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Adown the stream, past watch and ward they glide;
  And as the keel grates on the rocky shore,
Silent and stern, and lithe as roe, each Gael
  Upsprings o'er crag and fell, to meet the battle's roar.

II

And had New France no arm to rule the fight,
  Or guard her oriflamme with dauntless breast?
Had the great Marquis wearied of the strife,
  His war-worn blade to sheathe, and claim a soldier's rest?

Deserted by a ribald court and King,—
  Ruled by a shameless minion's reckless hand,—
A thousand vampires battening on her blood,—
  And knaves, or boastful fools deemed noblest of the land;—

Cape Breton's capital laid with the ground,—
  Acadia lost,—of Western Empire shorn,—
No friendly fleet to shield her smouldering homes,
  And Stadacona's walls crumbling in sun and storm.

Such was New France;—but in her bosom glowed
  That patriot fire that burned while life was there;
Not Vandreuil's iron rule could cool her love,
  Nor Bigot's vile Friponne hound her to mad
    despair.

To arms! Grandsire and striplings seek the field;
  The Censitaires obey their Seigneurs' call;
Both high and low together ply the spade,
  And dainty hands weave gabions for the battered
    wall.

And on that morn, when like their mountain mist
  The Highland plumes waved o'er the beetling height,
One sentinel stood faithful at his post,—
  One watchful eye gazed wondering at the sight.

But ere the warning shot could tell the tale,
  The Scottish steel found sheath within his breast;
Long may his mother wait to greet her boy;—
  He sleeps with kindred brave on Abraham's lofty
    crest.

One cheer above! one answering shout below!
  Swift ply the boats across the ebbing tide;
Victors of Louisbourg press proudly on,
  And cheerily the gun toils up the mountain side.

The pass is won, and as grey morning breaks,
  The living wave rolls o'er the grassy plain,—
Grass that ere noon shall reek with human blood
  From heaps of dead, like weeds upheaved by storm-
    tost main.

III

Hark! the loud 'larum through the welkin rings;—
  Down drop the sere leaves with the cannon's roar;—
The red line forms;—revenge in every eye,
  For comrades slain on Montmorenci's blood-stained
    shore.

Firm as yon stalwart pines, that phalanx stands,
  Waiting the chief's command to deal the blow,—
And silent all, save but the mountain pipe
  Yelling forth fierce defiance to the gathering foe.

And on yon ridge Guienne's fair banners claim
  The spot where empire's sway will prove the prize,
And where, from hostile ashes kindly blent,
  A nobler form, like wakening Phœnix will arise.

In fiery haste, from Beauport's battered shore;
  From feint and bloodless field, now hurry by
La Sarrè, Roussilon, Languedoc, Béarn, and all
  Burning from baffled foe to wrest fresh victory.

No braver sons, to bear her banners well,
  Or laurels fresh to win, fair France might yield;
Oswego won, Fort-William Henry theirs,—
  And noblest still, Ticonderoga's hard-fought field.

On sweeps that band beneath the rampart wall;—
  On through the crowded streets and teeming gates;—
On, where Guienne has watched since morn the lines,
  Where calm as coming storm the proud invader waits.

IV

Silent and stern, Montcalm rides on that morn,
  Heedless of warlike shouts, or battle songs;
Victor of Carillon! thy palms may fade,
  And Abraham's plains avenge Fort William Henry's wrongs.

Rank forms on rank, and as the managed hawk
  Strains on its leash to swoop upon the prey,
So curbs the ardent chief his champing steed,
  And longs to bid his warriors mingle in the fray.

What stays the heart that panted for the strife?
  Why lags the bold Vaudreuil, when battle calls?
Why guard a thousand men our peaceful lines?
  Why linger Ramesay's guns behind the sheltering walls?

"On with the charge!" he cries, and waves his sword;
  One rolling cheer five thousand voices swell;
The levelled guns pour forth their leaden shower,
  While thundering cannons' roar half drowns the Huron yell.

"On with the charge!" with shout and cheer they come;
  No laggard there upon that field of fame.
The lurid plain gleams like a seething hell,
  And every rock and tree send forth their bolts of flame.

On! on! they sweep. Uprise the waiting ranks—
  Still as the grave—unmoved as granite wall;—
The foe before—the dizzy crags behind—
  They fight, the day to win, or like true warriors fall.

Forward they sternly move, then halt to wait
  That raging sea of human life now near;—
"Fire!" rings from right to left,—each musket rings,
  As if a thunder peal had struck the startled ear.

Again, and yet again that volley flies,—
  With deadly aim the grapeshot sweeps the field;—
All levelled for the charge, the bayonets gleam,
  And brawny arms a thousand claymores fiercely wield.

And down the line swells high the British cheer,
  That on a future day woke Minden's plain,
And the loud slogan that fair Scotland's foes
  Have often heard with dread, and oft shall hear again.

And the shrill pipe its coronach that wailed
On dark Culloden moor o'er trampled dead,
Now sounds the "Onset" that each Clansman knows,
Still leads the foremost rank, where noblest blood is shed.

V

And on that day no nobler stained the sod,
Than his, who for his country laid life down;
Who, for a mighty Empire battled there,
And strove from rival's brow to wrest the laurel crown.

Twice struck,—he recks not, but still heads the charge,
But, ah! fate guides the marksman's fatal ball:—
With bleeding breast, he claims a comrade's aid,—
"We win,—let not my soldiers see their Leader fall."

Full well he feels life's tide is ebbing fast,—
When hark! "They run; see how they run!" they cry.
"Who run?" "The foe." His eyes flash forth one gleam,
Then murmuring low he sighs, "Praise God, in peace I die."

VI

Far rolls the battle's din, and leaves its dead,
As when a cyclone through the forest cleaves;—
And the dread claymore heaps the path with slain,
As strews the biting cold the earth with autumn leaves.

The "Fleur de Lys" lies trodden on the ground,—
The slain Montcalm rests in his warrior grave,—
"All's well" resounds from tower and battlement,
And England's banners proudly o'er the ramparts wave.

Slowly the mighty war ships sail away,
  To tell their country of an empire won ;
But, ah ! they bear the death-roll of the slain,
  And all that mortal is of Britain's noblest son.

VII

With bowëd head they lay their Hero down,
  And pomp and pageant crown the deathless brave ;—
Loud salvos sing the soldier's lullaby,
  And weeping millions bathe with tears his honored grave.

Then bright the bonfires blaze on Albion's hills,—
  And rends the very sky a people's joy ;—
And even when grief broods o'er the vacant chair,
  The mother's heart still nobly gives her gallant boy.

And while broad England gleams with glorious light,
  And merry peals from every belfry ring ;—
One little village lies all dark and still,
  No fires are lighted there—no battle songs they sing.

There in her lonely cot, in widow's weeds,
  A mother mourns—the silent tear drops fall ;—
She too had given to swell proud England's fame,
  But, ah ! she gave the widow's mite—she gave her all !

SPORT

AH ! list the music of the whistling wings,
  As westward sweeps the long-extended corps ;
Our own Outarde revisits well-known haunts,
  And the loud quack rings out anew from sea to shore.

The Canvas-back a double zest affords,
  And yields a dish to "set before a king" ;
And where the north-shore streams rush to the sea,
  Here the rare Harlequin shoots past on rapid wing.

To Grondine's flats the Ibis yet returns ;
  The snowy Goose loves well the sedgy shore ;
Loud booms the Bittern 'midst the clustering reeds,
  And the famed Heron nests on pine-top as of yore.

If shapely form and splendour charm the eye,
  The graceful Wood-Duck claims fair beauty's prize ;
No gorgeous plumes like his adorn the crest ;
  No lovelier shades could feathers yield or sparkling eyes.

The shady copse the wary Woodcock haunts ;
  From Château Richer's swamps the Snipe upsprings;
Ontario's fields know well the scurrying Quail,
  And o'er the glassy lake the Loon's weird laughter rings.

Afar 'midst forest glades, where Red Men lie ;
  On mossy log the Ruffled Grouse strut and drum ;
The plump Tetrao courts the spruce tree's shade ;
  And spotless Ptarmigan with boreal tempests come.

Resplendent thro' the grove the Turkey roams,
  And lends a deeper grace to Christmas cheer ;
Our silvery lakes still claim the graceful Swan ;
  And o'er the uplands shrill the Plover's pipe we hear.

Or come, where far on rolling Western plains,
  Beneath the brushwood Sagefowl snugly lie ;
And Prairie Hens rush boldly at the foe,
  Their cowering brood to shield, as swoops the Falcon by.

A hunter thou? The grim Bear courts thy skill,
  And fearless roams ere yet he seeks his den ;
His glossy robes might grace triumphal car,—
  His pearly spoils proclaim the rank of dusky men.

The Wolf, still tireless, tracks his victim's trail;
  The prowling Lynx, like sleuth-hound, wends his way;
And by the well-worn path the Carcajou
  Drops from his hidden perch upon the unwary prey.

Shy Reynard follows where the startled Hare
  Darts thro' the matted elders like a gleam;
And the sleek Otter on his titbits dines,
  Nor dreads the Hound's loud bark upon his lonely stream.

Far from men's haunts the Beaver builds his dam
  And ponderous mound, to keep him safe from harm;
His larder filled with choicest winter stores,—
  Cold winds may bite and blow, his lair is soft and warm.

Thro' rushing chute and pool the Fisher swims;
  And Mink and Martin sport right merrily;
While overhead the angry Squirrel chides,
  And warns the rude intruder from his nut-stored tree.

And when the maple trees are stripped and bare,—
  When land and stream with snow are mantled o'er,—
When light toboggans down the mountains sweep,
  And the bold skater skims the lake from shore to shore,

Then don thy snowshoes, grasp thy rifle true;
  The timid Red Deer thro' the forest bounds,—
The wary Caribou rests on the frozen lake,
  And browse the mighty Moose upon their endless rounds.

These all and more await the hunter's skill;
  Such trophies well our antlered halls adorn;
Their shining coats may win a golden prize,
  Or keep us snug and warm amid the winter storm.

But yet, possessed of aught that hands could win,
  Or all that pleasure puts within our ken,
We joy to know a nobler gift is ours,—
  We own the heaven-sent heritage of freeborn men.

ALICE M. ARDAGH

SIC PASSIM

(THE SAME EVERYWHERE)

I CAME upon a drawer to-day,
  Half-filled with closely written scraps;
  A motley crew, and all, perhaps,
But worthy to be cast away

In other eyes, but to my heart
  Dear indexes of pleasures, pains,
  Life-revelations, losses, gains,
That in my life have borne their part.

Small profit were it to detail!
  Each fragment paints its little hour,
  And each and all are fraught with power
To tell the same unflattering tale:

Of love, and faithlessness in love;
  Of pain, and balm in pleasure found;
  Such things in every life abound,
Nor total worthlessness need prove.

The suns that gild my path to-day
May pale to stars within the year,
What now I lightly hold grow dear,
Yet both a natural law obey.

For joys and sorrows rise and set
With never-failing eve and morn;
Night yields unto another dawn
And then we say that we "forget."

O Thou whose passions are divine,
Contemn not that Thou didst create!
In soul or body, love or hate,
We are but what Thou didst design.

Thou mad'st us mortal, and we hate
And love as mortals. Grace divine!
The earthen vessel and the wine
In strength are made proportionate.

Ah, lay them by where they have lain!
The years to come shall swell their list,
The sun shall rise through sorrow's mist
And set in whelming clouds again.

Poor worthless scraps! they have outworn
The fickle moods that gave them birth,
Yet neither I nor they are worth
The critic's undivided scorn.

For as in water, face to face,
So is the heart of man to man;
By others each himself may scan,
Nor dare to claim a higher place.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER

BY THE FIRELIGHT

CRADLED within the arms of night,
  The unquiet day is lulled asleep
The weary hours have taken flight,
  Leaving their shadows long and deep,
That spread upon the earth below,
Soft as the falling of the snow.

Betwixt the glimmer and the gloom,
  The twilight beameth tenderly
In dim rays o'er the dusky room,
  Like hope of immortality,
That o'er the earth-bound spirit falls,
And shineth through life's prison walls.

Our converse is of earthly things:
  Our little world of joys is pure,
And silvery laughter peals and rings,
  Like flute-sounds in an overture,
Swelling with sudden rise aloft,
Or toning to a cadence soft.

The firelight dances on the walls,
  In wavering streams of ruby light;
A human ray that gladly falls,
  Cheering the mellow hours of night,
While even hurrying Time does seem
To linger by the lambent gleam!

No shadow in our dear retreat,
  Nor heart-glooms, like the night-mists rise;
Love speaketh from the laughter sweet,
  Love danceth in the sparkling eyes!
While in the radiance on the wall,
God's love, divine, seems over all!

The wrathful storm tramps wildly by
  The desert waste of snows abroad;
The keen winds rush with sullen cry,
  Like shrieks of horror on the road:
Within, the lustre of a light,
Like Israel's pillar-flame at night!

No mystic seer looks upward now
  In stars to read his destiny:
We watch the flame's pure vestal glow
  Shine like a beacon, steadfastly,
And read our fireside cheering lore
Imaged in light upon the floor.

SAMUEL MATHEWSON BAYLIS

IN MATABELE LAND

"SADDLE and mount and away!"—loud the bugles in Durban are pealing:
  Carbine and cartridge and girth-buckle, look to it, troopers, and ride!
Ride for your lives and for England! Ride in your hot saddles reeling!
  Red in the blaze of their homesteads, the trail in your kin's blood is dyed.
Up! who be men, and no other—rank, title, or no name, what matter?
  Brood of the lion-cub litter, your birthmark's your passport to-day.
Hard is the ride, and the fight ere they break for their coverts and scatter:
  Spring to the bugle's quick challenge, then, saddle and mount, and away!

"Find them and fight them and stand!" down the line ran the captain's curt orders—
Hot as the mission's red embers, they burned to the hearts of the men.
Swift o'er the track's desolation, tho' peril each foot of it borders,
On thro' the assegais' hurtling and make for the jungle-king's den!
There, where the waggons are creaking, with ill-gotten booty encumbered,
Rush the Zareba! It weakens—it breaks! but to close as the sand
Follows the swirl of the tide-beat—a handful by thousands outnumbered!—
England shall hear that we failed not to find them and fight them and stand.

Stand for the Queen! Ay, God save her! and save us, for sure there's no other;
Trapped, with no chance for our lives, let the black devils see we can die.
Scrawl them a line or a letter—sweetheart, wife, sister or mother—
Quick, for their bullets fly faster; a handclasp—"old fellow—goodbye!"
Round up the horses and shoot them—close up the dead comrade's places—
Pray if you can, but shoot steady—the last cartridge gone!—all is still,
Save for the yells of the victors, that hush as they see the white faces
Kindle when comes the last order: "Men! hats off, God save!"—Ay, He will.

THE COUREUR-DE-BOIS.

IN the glimmering light of the Old Régime
A figure appears like the flushing gleam
Of sunlight reflected from sparkling stream,
Or jewel without a flaw.
Flashing and fading but leaving a trace
In story and song of a hardy race,
Finely fashioned in form and face—
The Old Coureur-de-Bois.

No loiterer he 'neath the sheltering wing
Of ladies' bowers where gallants sing.
Thro' his woodland realm he roved a king!
His untamed will his law.
From the wily savage he learned his trade
Of hunting and wood-craft; of nothing afraid:
Bravely battling, bearing his blade
As a free Coureur-de Bois.

A brush with the foe, a carouse with a friend,
Were equally welcome, and made some amend
For the gloom and silence and hardships that tend
"To shorten one's life, *ma foi!*"
A wife in the hamlet, another he'd take—
Some dusky maid—to his camp by the lake;
A rattling, roving, rollicking rake
This gay Coureur-de-Bois.

Then peace to his ashes! He bore his part
For his country's weal with a brave stout heart
A child of nature, untutored in art,
In his narrow world he saw
But the dawning light of the rising sun
O'er an Empire vast his toil had won.
For doughty deeds and duty done
Salût! Coureur-de-Bois.

JOHN WILSON BENGOUGH

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

JUNE 6, 1891

DEAD! dead! And now before
The threshold of bereavëd Earnscliffe stand,
In spirit, all who dwell within our land,
From shore to shore!

Before that black-draped gate,
Men, women, children mourn the Premier gone,
For many loved and worshipped old Sir John,
And none could hate.

And he is dead, they say!
The words confuse and mock the general ear—
What! can there yet be House and members here,
And no John A.?

So long all hearts he swayed,
Like merry monarch of some olden time,
Whose subjects questioned not his right divine,
But just obeyed

His will's e'en faintest breath.
We had forgotten, 'midst affairs of State,
'Midst Hansard, Second Readings and Debate,
Such things as death!

Swift came the dread eclipse
Of faculty, and limb and life at last,
Ere to the Judge of all the earth he passed,
With silent lips,

But not insensate heart!
He was no harsh, self-righteous Pharisee—
The tender Christ compassioned such as he,
And took their part.

As for his Statesman-fame,
Let History calm his wondrous record read,
And write the truth, and give him honest meed
Of praise or blame!

RESTITUTION

ENOUGH! the lie is ended. God only owns the land;
No parchment deed hath virtue unsigned by His own hand;
Out on the bold blasphemers who would eject the Lord,
And pauperize His children, and trample on His word!

Behold this glorious temple, with dome of starry sky,
And floor of greensward scented, and trees for pillars high;
And song of birds for music, and bleat of lambs for prayer,
And incense of sweet vapors uprising everywhere.

Behold his table bounteous spread over land and sea,
The sure reward of labor, to every mortal free;
And hark! through Nature's anthem there rises the refrain,
"God owns the world, but giveth it unto the sons of men."

But see, within the temple, as in Solomon's of old,
The money-changers haggle, and souls are bought and sold;
And that is called an *owner's* which can only be the Lord's,
And Christ is not remembered—nor His whip of knotted cords.

But Christ has not forgotten, and wolfish human greed
Shall be driven from our heritage; God's bounties shall be freed;
And from out our hoary statutes shall be torn the crime-stained leaves,
Which have turned the world, God's Temple, into a den of thieves.

CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS

IN MEMORIAM

WHOM would ye choose? for, lo, the chief is dead,
Who latest swayed the realm of English hearts;
He whose revered and silver-crownëd head
Lies peaceful midst the thunder of your marts:
Your Alfred of the calm and lofty mien,
His fingers clasping Shakespere's Cymbeline.

Buried in the bowels of that ancient crypt,
Amidst the dust of your illustrious great,
He rests, the gracious-hearted, honey-lipped,
Peer of the grandest of your race and state;
Yea, prince of more than kingdoms, age or clime—
A monarch whose dead sceptre conquers time!

For, even while the trembling hand of age
Dwelt on the strings, no harsh, uncertain sound
Smote false your hearts; the venerable Mage,
The Master-minstrel all your being found;
Revived your souls to the rich bloom of youth,
And charmed with music the high paths to truth.

Ah, ye may dew with tears the burial-stone,
  And strew your tributes o'er his stainless hearse;
Voice the far echo of his Godlike tone;
  Embalm his memory in your fragrant verse;
All, all in vain—no Star of Song doth rise
Above the grave where your great Laureate lies.

The laurel wreath of Spencer should not grace
  A front less high than this majestic brow,
The stamp imperial graved upon the face,
  Fervently lighted with the poet's vow;
And with the outgrowth of a fertile heart
Blooming and fruiting in the close of art.

That hand which *might* have grasped yon silent lyre,
  And struck its fateful strings with strenuous might,
Joined yester-year the pure-toned English choir,
  Who wear their amaranths in the halls of light;
Ruder the touch, yet from those fingers ran
Strains that could rouse or sink the heart of man.

But now, the Arthur of your poet realm,
  Both Lancelot and Galahad of rhyme,
Whom will ye find to wear *his* wingëd helm
  Or ride *his* charger down the lists of time?
The new Pendragon—where can such be found?
Alas, not one of all your Table Round!

Let none the storied chords of that clear harp
  Restrike in service dissonant and vain;
Ye will but cause the world to mock and carp;
  Ye will but sound a void of grief and pain;
Hang up the shining wires above his head
And leave your laureate's wreath upon the dead.

CHAUCER

THE heart of Merrie England sang in thee,
Dan Chaucer, blithest of the sons of morn!
How, from that dim and mellow distance borne,
Come floating down thy measures pure and free,
Thou prime old minnesinger! Pageantry,
And Revel, blowing from his drinking-horn
The froth of malt, and Love that dwells forlorn—
Though England perish, these will live in thee!

Thine is the jocund springtime—winsome May,
Crowned with her daisies, wooed thee, clerkly wight;
The breath of freeland fields is in thy lay,
And in thy graver verse thy nation's might;
O Pan-pipe, blown at England's break of day,
Still echo through her noon thy clear delight!

POPE

BEHOLD the foe of Grub Street's lettered fools,
The Richard Crookback of the kings of rhyme,
Forging his couplets of heroic chime,
And beating all his masters at their rules;
With what an arsenal of shining tools
He wrought to shape his fanciful sublime,
Flouting each proud Mæcenas of the time,
And shoving all the dunces from their stools.

And you'd deny him greatness? Would to-day
Your acrobatic bards could fill his place!
He lacked variety? But who can sway
More forceful measures in a narrow place?
Yield him, O Fame, brightest three-leaved bay.
Mind, manners, men, the Horace of his race!

BLANCHE BISHOP

THE BRIDE O' THE SUN

IN a veil of white vapor, hushed stars moving through,
She comes, when the tremulous morning is new,
The bride o' the sun;
Green, green is her robe, tipt with crystalline beads,
Where it drips with the dews shaken off as she speeds,
The bride o' the sun.

There's a slim virgin moon swaying low at her side,
But the frost at her heart is not meet for a bride,
The bride o' the sun.
There are stars in her train, but they pale to the least,
When open the light-shedding doors of the East
To the bride o' the sun.

Lo he cometh, the bridegroom, in garments of gold,
And his glances are flashing, bright, beauteous, bold,
On the bride o' the sun;—
Till her heart it leaps up, like flame unto flame,
Unfolding to flower o'er all her fair frame,
Sweet bride o' the sun.

O glorious bridal of fire and earth!
O ancient of miracles! new as at birth
Of the bride o' the sun.
All creation doth wear a more rapturous face,
For the joy of the earth as she circles thro' space,
Ever bride o' the sun.

WINTER FLOWERS

WHEN tree and bush are comfortless,
And fields are piteous bare,
A garden blooms upon my hearth,
And it is summer there.

From the gray log's quiescent length
  Burst the bright flowers of flame,—
Like the far flashings of the stars,
  Too rare for earthly name.

Now rosy-hearted, rosy tipt,
  Their petals softly blow;
Now clear as water in the sun,
  When the blue sky lies below.

And daintily they toss and sway
  To the breath of soundless airs,—
The memories of wooing winds
  That made the forest theirs.

O for the secret that the sun
  Shares with the burning tree!
Elusive sweet as the witching flow
  Of water to the sea.

In thought I grasp the mystic word,
  And lo! it hath no form.
I only know 'tis dark without,
  And here 'tis light and warm.

CHRISTMAS MORN

COME, happy morn, serene and fair,
  With outstretched hand, thy breath a prayer;
Come with thy faintly smiling eyes,
And brow whereon majestic rise
  Suns of eternal morn.

Come, happy morn, for see and hark!
A world lies waiting in the dark,
With throbbing heart and straining gaze,
To catch thy first up-springing rays,
  O, happy, happy morn!

The whispering stars will see it first,
From star to star the tidings burst—
Their paling faces earthward bowed,
While men and angels worship loud
The Christ who is the Morn.

EDWARD BLACKADDER

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

I LOITER here within this ancient town—
Long time agone the rising hope of France,
The seed of future empire—as in trance,
'Mid storied scenes, I wander up and down.

Here are the grass-grown walls which bore the frown
Of death-disgorging cannon long ago,
And wide the gleaming basin spreads below,
Where thunder-bearing ships no more are known.

Yea, death hath reaped his harvest in this place;
Along these shores have hundreds bled and died
To save this jewel for the Gallic crown.
Stern fate ordained it for another race:
The sturdy Saxon tills yon meadows wide;
Peace rules o'er all; war's trumpet sleeps unblown.

JEAN BLEWETT

THE TWO MARYS

THEY journey sadly, slowly on,
The day has scarce begun,
Above the hills the rose of dawn
Is heralding the sun,

While down in still Gethsemane
  The shadows have not moved,
They go, by loss oppressed, to see
  The grave of One they loved.

The eyes of Mary Magdalene
  With heavy grief are filled;
The tender eyes that oft have seen
  The strife of passion stilled.
And never more that tender voice
  Will whisper "God forgives";
How can the earth at dawn rejoice
  Since He no longer lives?

O, hours that were so full and sweet!
  So free from doubts and fears!
When kneeling lowly at His feet
  She washed them with her tears!
With head low bowed upon her breast
  The other Mary goes,
"He sleeps," she says, "and takes His rest
  Untroubled by our woes."

And spices rare their hands do hold
  For Him the loved and lost,
And Magdalene, by love made bold,
  Doth maybe bring the most.
It is not needed,—see! the stone
  No longer keeps its place,
And on it sits a radiant one
  A light upon his face.

"He is not here, come near and look
  With thine own doubting eyes,
Where once He lay—the earth is shook,
  And Jesus did arise."
And now they turn to go away,
  Slow stepping, hand in hand,
'Twas something wondrous He did say,
  If they could understand.

The sun is flooding vale and hill,
  Blue shines the sky above,
"All hail!"—O voice that wakes a thrill,
  Familiar, full of love!
From darkest night to brightest day,
  From deep despair to bliss,
They to the Master run straightway,
  And kneel His feet to kiss.

O Love! that made Him come to save,
  To hang on Calvary,
O mighty Love! that from the grave
  Did lift and set Him free!
Sing, Mary Magdalene, sing forth—
  With voice so sweet and strong,
Sing, till it thrills through all the earth—
  The Resurrection Song!

SHE JUST KEEPS HOUSE FOR ME

SHE is so winsome and so wise
  She sways us at her will,
And oft the question will arise
  What mission does she fill?
    And so I say, with pride untold
      And love beyond degree,
    This woman with the heart of gold,
      She just keeps house for me.

A full content dwells in her face,
  She's quite in love with life,
And for a title wears with grace
  The sweet old-fashioned "Wife."

What though I toil from morn till night,
  What though I weary grow,
A spring of love and dear delight
  Doth ever softly flow.

Our children climb upon her knee
And lie upon her breast,
And ah! her mission seems to me
The highest and the best.—
And so I say, with pride untold
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold,
She just keeps house for me.

AT QUEBEC

QUEBEC, the grey old city on the hill,
Lies with a golden glory on her head,
Dreaming throughout this hour so fair, so still,
Of other days and all her mighty dead.
The white doves perch upon the cannons grim,
The flowers bloom where once did run a tide
Of crimson, when the moon rose pale and dim
Above the battlefield so grim and wide.
Methinks within her wakes a mighty glow
Of pride, of tenderness—her stirring past—
The strife, the valor, of the long ago
Feels at her heartstrings. Strong, and tall, and vast,
She lies, touched with the sunset's golden grace,
A wondrous softness on her grey old face.

JOHN BREAKENRIDGE

THE TROUBADOUR

TO THE CAPTIVE RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

O Richard, my King, lion-hearted, behold
From thy prison, near which the dark waters are rolled;
'Tis Blondell the faithful, whose troubadour lay
Would win the sad thoughts of his monarch away;

As David of old, when he played before Saul,
Could banish the demon of woe at his call.

O King of the lion-heart, oft hath thy sword
Gleamed bright in the fight, for the cause of the Lord:
How the Saracens trembled, and Saladin fled!
How thy pathway was cumbered with dying and dead!
The plume on thy helmet flew on like a bird,
Where, as by the simoon, the Moslems were stirred.

Or when, in the tourney, thy long lance in rest,
Thy spurs, all of gold, to thy charger's flank pressed;
With a bound, through the lists, to the tilt rushing on,
Down hurling some Templar, or Knight of Saint John;
When the heralds were crying—Brave Knights, have a care,
Upon ye are beaming the eyes of the fair!

O then, with what grace from your steed vaulting off,
Your helmet, all plumed, to the ladies you'd doff;
How you smiled, bent the knee, to the Queen Berengère,*
While thousands of handkerchiefs waved in the air!
How the charger of Saladin proud you bestrode,
And, fearless, to conquer the gallant Turk rode!

O, England, arise! for thine honour advance,
And punish the traitor-king, Philip of France;
Spread out thy broad standard—"Saint George!" be the cry;
To rescue our Richard, brave cavaliers, fly!
Alas, in the dungeons of savage Tyrol,
No hope ever comes to the poor captive's soul!

Alas, in her bower the Queen ever weeps,
And treason o'er all thy broad realm, England, sweeps!

* Berengaria.

Thy brother hath risen, and seized on the crown,
And still the usurper no hand hurleth down.
Doth England forget Cœur de Lion? O, no!
For him the bright tears of her people still flow.

On my soul there comes rushing a foresight of woe,
And before me long years of the dark future flow.
The Palace of Austria, proud Schoenbrunn,
The Gaul hath invaded, the conqueror won.
Long years have gone by, but the Heavens are just,
And Austria's hopes trodden down in the dust.

But ere the avenger shall rise in his might,
Long ages will pass, wherein wrong conquers right;
Months and years, it may be, shall flow over thy head;
Thy people will mourn thee, believing thee dead;
But now, and forever, there beats in one heart
Devotion, that living, shall thence never part.

Cœur de Lion, farewell! But again, when at eve
The world sunk in slumber, thy gaolers believe,
O then, 'neath these battlements sternly that frown,
I'll weep for thy wrongs, and I'll sing thy renown.
King of England, farewell! for the night falleth fast,
And I hear the dull tramp of the sentry at last.

JOHN HENRY BROWN

THE PARLIAMENT OF MAN

WHAT shall withstand her? who shall gainsay her?
The mighty nation!
Nation of freemen with hearts linked together—
None to betray her.

When from the strong soul leaps forth indignation,
How shall the wrong live? how should the false thrive?
How prosper liars?
Down with dissemblers, far hence be each dastard,
Hence all deniers!

Chaunt the great nation with hands locked together.
North, South, East, West, one bond binds the true-hearted.
Each one for the nation and the nation for each one.
Where the millions are one fears no one of the millions.
See the monster, Behemoth, stride from ocean to ocean,
From the pole to equator, from the pole to the pole.
Did he slumber—you dreamed?—lo! a single man's wronged there,
And the turbulent crowds raise a cry smites the welkin:
As one pulse beat the millions swift help to the wronged one,
And the wronger slinks back. Justice now hath a pleader.

Stem the steep waves of ocean when Boreas hath stirred them—
Quell the riotous billows when tempest doth lash them—
O the free waves of ocean, how resistless their forces!
O each man of the millions a light-crested fighter!
O the millions oceanic with souls linked together!
O the surging, triumphant, troth-plighting, united—
The many in one, the sure tie forged by freedom.

How sing fit praise? how raise the pæan?
Say ye who love her.
How of true hearts breathe the single devotion—
A song empyrean?
Mingle a voice from strong souls the land over,
Voices of maidens, wives, husbands and lovers,
A voice from the sea—
Chaunting deep faith in the nation of freemen!
Forever to be!

A SUNSET

A PERFECT artist hath been here; the scene
Is grandly imaged; with what breadth of hand,
What noble grace of freedom, all is planned!
The woods, the water and the lakelet's sheen;
The magic hues—gold-pink, rose-pearl, sea-green,
And now the western gateway, see, is spanned!
A nameless glory gilds the favored land,
And still the spirit-artist works unseen.

Belike upon the chamber of a king
My erring steps have stumbled; yet, meseems,
These, like myself, are common men, who spring
From rock to rock where the mid-splendor gleams.
Perchance the king's sons we, and I, who sing,
Co-heir to wealth beyond yon realm of dreams.

EDWARD BURROUGH BROWNLOW

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

WHEN early shades of evening's close
The air with solemn darkness fill,
Before the moonlight softly throws
Its fairy mantle o'er the hill,
A sad sound goes
In plaintive thrill;
Who hears it knows
The Whip-poor-will.

The Nightingale unto the rose
Its tale of love may fondly trill;
No love-tale this—'tis grief that flows
With pain that never can be still.
The sad sound goes
In plaintive thrill;

Who hears it knows
The Whip-poor-will.

Repeated oft, it never grows
Familiar, but is sadder still,
As though a spirit sought repose
From some pursuing, endless ill.
The sad sound goes
In plaintive thrill;
Who hears it knows
The Whip-poor-will.

THE SONNET

THE sonnet is a diamond flashing round
From every facet true rose-colored lights;
A gem of thought carved in poetic nights
To grace the brow of art by fancy crowned;
A miniature of soul wherein are found
Marvels of beauty and resplendent sights;
A drop of blood with which a lover writes
His heart's sad epitaph in its own bound;
A pearl gained from dark waters when the deep
Rocked in its frenzied passion; the last note
Heard from a heaven-saluting skylark's throat;
A cascade small flung in a canyon steep,
With crystal music. At this shrine of song
High priests of poesy have worshipped long.

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON

THE GOLDEN TEXT

YOU ask for fame or power?
Then up and take for text:
This is my hour,
And not the next, nor next!

Oh, wander not in ways
  Of ease or indolence!
Swift come the days,
  And swift the days go hence.

Strike! while the hand is strong:
  Strike! while you can and may:
Strength goes ere long,—
  Even yours will pass away.

Sweet seem the fields, and green,
  In which you fain would lie:
Sweet seems the scene
  That glads the idle eye:

Soft seems the path you tread,
  And balmy soft the air,—
Heaven overhead
  And all the earth seem fair:

But, would your heart aspire
  To noble things,—to claim
Bard's, statesman's fire—
  Some measure of their fame;

Or, would you seek and find
  Their secret of success
With mortal kind?
  Then, up from idleness!

Up—up! all fame, all power
  Lies in this golden text:—
This is my hour—
  And not the next, nor next!

IS THERE A GOD?

IS there a God, then, above us?
I ask it again and again:
Is there a good God to love us—
A God who is mindful of men?

Is there a God who remembers
That we have our nights as our noons?
Our dark and our dismal Decembers
As well as our garden-gay Junes?

ON TIPTOE

STANDING on tiptoe ever since my youth,
Striving to grasp the future just above,
I hold at length the only future—Truth,
And Truth is Love.

I feel as one who, being awhile confined,
Sees drop to dust about him all his bars:—
The clay grows less, and, leaving it, the mind
Dwells with the stars.

WHAT MATTERS IT?

WHAT reck we of the creeds of men?—
We see them—we shall see again.
What reck we of the tempest's shock?
What reck we where our anchor lock?
On golden marl or mould—
In salt-sea flower or riven rock—
What matter—so it hold?

What matters it the spot we fill
  On Earth's green sod when all is said?—
When feet and hands and heart are still
  And all our pulses quieted?
When hate or love can kill nor thrill,—
  When we are done with life, and dead?

So we be haunted night nor day
  By any sin that we have sinned,
What matter where we dream away
  The ages?—In the isles of Ind,
In Tybee, Cuba, or Cathay,
  Or in some world of winter wind?

It may be I would wish to sleep
  Beneath the wan, white stars of June,
And hear the southern breezes creep
  Between me and the mellow moon;
But so I do not wake to weep
  At any night or any noon,

And so the generous gods allow
  Repose and peace from evil dreams,
It matters little where or how
  My couch be spread:—by moving streams,
Or on some ancient mountain's brow
  Kist by the morn's or sunset's beams.

For we shall rest; the brain that planned,
  That thought or wrought or well or ill,
At gaze like Joshua's moon shall stand,
  Not working any work or will,
While eye and lip and heart and hand
  Shall all be still—shall all be still!

BLISS CARMAN

LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ

THE sun goes down, and over all
These barren reaches by the tide
Such unelusive glories fall,
I almost dream they yet will bide
Until the coming of the tide.

And yet I know that not for us,
By any ecstasy of dream,
He lingers to keep luminous
A little while the grievous stream,
Which frets, uncomforted of dream—

A grievous stream, that to and fro
Athrough the fields of Acadie
Goes wandering, as if to know
Why one beloved face should be
So long from home and Acadie.

Was it a year, or lives ago,
We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the summer flying low
Over the waving meadow lands,
And held it there between our hands?

The while the river at our feet—
A drowsy inland meadow stream—
At set of sun the after-heat
Made running gold, and in the gleam
We freed our birch upon the stream.

There down along the elms at dusk
We lifted dripping blade to drift,
Through twilight scented fine like musk,
Where night and gloom awhile uplift,
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands
  Spirit of life or subtler thing—
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands
  Of death, and taught us, whispering,
  The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed
  To hold the shadow of the sun;
The evening faltered, and I deemed
  That time was ripe, and years had done
  Their wheeling underneath the sun.

So all desire and all regret,
  And fear and memory, were naught;
One to remember or forget
  The keen delight our hands had caught;
  Morrow and yesterday were naught.

The night has fallen, and the tide . . .
  Now and again comes drifting home,
Across these aching barrens wide,
  A sigh like driven wind or foam:
  In grief the flood is bursting home.

THE GRAVEDIGGER

OH, the shambling sea is a sexton old,
  And well his work is done.
With an equal grave for lord and knave,
He buries them every one.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore;
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more;
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
And shoulder them in to shore,—
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.

Oh, the ships of Greece and the ships of Tyre
Went out, and where are they?
In the port they made, they are delayed
With the ships of yesterday.

He followed the ships of England far,
As the ships of long ago;
And the ships of France they led him a dance,
But he laid them all arow.

Oh, a loafing, idle lubber to him
Is the sexton of the town;
For sure and swift, with a guiding lift,
He shovels the dead men down.

But though he delves so fierce and grim,
His honest graves are wide,
As well they know who sleep below
The dredge of the deepest tide.

Oh, he works with a rollicking stave at lip,
And loud is the chorus skirled;
With the burly note of his rumbling throat
He batters it down the world.

He learned it once in his father's house,
Where the ballads of eld were sung;
And merry enough is the burden rough,
But no man knows the tongue.

Oh, fair, they say, was his bride to see,
And wilful she must have been,
That she could bide at his gruesome side
When the first red dawn came in.

And sweet, they say, is her kiss to those
She greets to his border home;
And softer than sleep her hand's first sweep
That beckons, and they come.

Oh, crooked is he, but strong enough
To handle the tallest mast;
From the royal barque to the slaver dark,
He buries them all at last.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore;
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more;
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
And shoulder them in to shore,—
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.

THE CRIMSON HOUSE

LOVE built a crimson house—
I know it well—
That he might have a home
Wherein to dwell.

Poor Love that roved so far
And fared so ill,
Between the morning star
And the Hollow Hill,

Before he found the vale
Where he could bide,
With memory and oblivion
Side by side.

He took the silver dew
And the dun red clay,
And behold when he was through
How fair were they!

The braces of the sky
Were in its girth
That it should feel no jar
Of the swinging earth ;

That sun and wind might bleach
But not destroy
The house that he had builded
For his joy.

"Here will I stay," he said,
"And roam no more,
And dust when I am dead
Shall keep the door."

There trooping dreams by night
Go by, go by.
The walls are rosy white
In the sun's eye.

The windows are more clear
Than sky or sea ;
He made them after God's
Transparency.

It is a dearer place
Than Kirk or inn ;
Such joy on joy as there
Has never been.

HACK AND HEW

HACK and Hew were the sons of God
In the earlier earth than now ;
One at his right hand, one at his left,
To obey as he taught them how.

And Hack was blind and Hew was dumb,
But both had the wild, wild heart;
And God's calm will was their burning will,
And the gist of their toil was art.

They made the moon and the belted stars,
They set the sun to ride;
They loosed the girdle and veil of the sea,
The wind and the purple tide.

Both flower and beast beneath their hands
To beauty and speed outgrew,—
The furious fumbling hand of Hack,
And the glorying hand of Hew.

Then, fire and clay, they fashioned a man,
And painted him rosy brown;
And God Himself blew hard in his eyes:
"Let them burn till they smoulder down!"

And "There!" said Hack, and "There!" thought Hew,
"We'll rest, for our toil is done."
But "Nay," the Master Workman said,
"For your toil is just begun.

"And ye who served me of old as God
Shall serve me anew as man,
Till I compass the dream that is in my heart,
And perfect the vaster plan."

And still the craftsman over his craft,
In the vague white light of dawn,
With God's calm will for his burning will,
While the mountain day comes on,

Yearning, wind-swift, indolent, wild,
Toils with those shadowy two,—
The faltering restless hand of Hack,
And the tireless hand of Hew.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

THIS is the white winter day of his burial.
Time has set here of his toiling the span
Earthward, naught else. Cheer him out through the portal,
Heart-beat of Boston, our utmost in man!

Out in the broad open sun be his funeral,
Under the blue for the city to see.
Over the grieving crowd mourn for him, bugle!
Churches are narrow to hold such as he.

Here on the steps of the temple he builded,
Rest him a space, while the great city square
Throngs with his people, his thousands, his mourners;
Tears for his peace and a multitude's prayer.

How comes it, think you, the town's traffic pauses
Thus at high noon? Can we wealthmongers grieve?
Here in the sad surprise greatest America
Shows for a moment her heart on her sleeve.

She who is said to give life-blood for silver,
Proves, without show, she sets higher than gold
Just the straight manhood, clean, gentle, and fearless,
Made in God's likeness once more as of old.

Once more the crude makeshift law overproven,—
Soul pent from sin will seek God in despite.
Once more the gladder way wins revelation,—
Soul bent on God forgets evil outright.

Once more the seraph voice sounding to beauty,
Once more the trumpet tongue bidding, no fear!
Once more the new, purer plan's vindication,—
Man be God's forecast, and Heaven is here.

Bear him to burial, Harvard, thy Hero!
Not on thy shoulders alone is he borne;
They of the burden go forth on the morrow,
Heavy and slow, through a world left forlorn.

No grief for him, for ourselves the lamenting;
What giant arm to stay courage up now?
March we a thousand file up to the City,
Fellow with fellow linked,—he taught us how!

Never dismayed at the dark nor the distance!
Never deployed for the steep nor the storm!
Hear him say, "Hold fast, the night wears to morning!
This God of promise is God to perform."

Up with thee, heart of fear, high as the heaven!
Thou hast known one wore this life without stain.
What if for thee and me,—Street, Yard, or Common,—
Such a white captain appear not again!

Fight on alone! Let the faltering spirit
Within thee recall how he carried a host,
Rearward and van, as Wind shoulders a dust-heap;
One Way till strife be done, strive each at his most.

Take the last vesture of beauty upon thee,
Thou doubting world; and with not an eye dim
Say, when they ask if thou knowest a Saviour,
"Brooks was His brother, and we have known him."

THE WHITE GULL

For the Centenary of the birth of Shelley

I

UP by the idling reef-set bell
The tide comes in;
And to the idle heart to-day
The wind has many things to say;

The sea has many a tale to tell
His younger kin.

For we are his, bone of his bone,
Breath of his breath;
The doom tides sway us at their will;
The sky of being rounds us still;
And over us at last is blown
The wind of death

II

A hundred years ago to-day
There came a soul,
A pilgrim of the perilous light,
Treading the spheral paths of night,
On whom the word and vision lay
With dread control.

Now the pale summer lingers near,
And talks to me
Of all her wayward journeyings,
And the old, sweet, forgotten things
She loved and lost and dreamed of here
By the blue sea.

The great cloud-navies, one by one,
Bend sails and fill
From ports below the round sea-verge;
I watch them gather and emerge,
And steer for havens of the sun
Beyond the hill.

The grey sea-horses troop and roam;
The shadows fly
Along the wind-floor at their heels;
And where the golden daylight wheels,
A white gull searches the blue dome
With keening cry.

And something, Shelley, like thy fame
Dares the wide moon
In that sea-rover's glimmering flight,
As if the Northland and the night
Should hear thy splendid valiant name
Put scorn to scorn.

III

Thou heart of all the hearts of men,
Tameless and free,
And vague as that marsh-wandering fire,
Leading the world's outworn desire
A night march down this ghostly fen
From sea to sea!

Through this divided camp of dream
Thy feet have passed,
As one who should set hand to rouse
His comrades from their heavy drowse;
For only their own deeds redeem
God's sons at last.

But the dim world will dream and sleep
Beneath thy hand,
As poppies in the windy morn,
Or valleys where the standing corn
Whispers when One goes forth to reap
The weary land.

O captain of the rebel host,
Lead forth and far!
Thy toiling troopers of the night
Press on the unavailing fight;
The sombre field is not yet lost,
With thee for star.

Thy lips have set the hail and haste
Of clarions free

To bugle down the wintry verge
Of time forever, where the surge
Thunders and crumbles on a waste
And open sea.

IV

Did the cold Norns who pattern life
With haste and rest
Take thought to cheer their pilgrims on
Through trackless twilights vast and wan,
Across the failure and the strife,
From quest to quest,—

Set their last kiss upon thy face,
And let thee go
To tell the haunted whisperings
Of unimaginable things,
Which plague thy fellows with a trace
They cannot know?

So they might fashion and send forth
Their house of doom,
Through the pale splendor of the night,
In vibrant, hurled, impetuous flight,
A resonant meteor of the North
From gloom to gloom.

V

I think thou must have wandered far
With Spring for guide,
And heard the sky-born forest flowers
Talk to the wind among the showers,
Through sudden doorways left ajar
When the wind sighed;

Thou must have heard the marching sweep
Of blown white rain

Go volleying up the icy kills,—
And watched with Summer when the hills
Muttered of freedom in their sleep
And slept again.

Surely thou wert a lonely one,
Gentle and wild;
And the round sun delayed for thee
In the red moorlands by the sea,
When Tyrian Autumn lured thee on,
A wistful child,

To rove the tranquil, vacant year,
From dale to dale;
And the great Mother took thy face
Between her hands for one long gaze,
And bade thee follow without fear
The endless trail.

And thy clear spirit, half forlorn,
Seeking its own,
Dwelt with the nomad tents of rain,
Marched with the gold-red ranks of grain,
Or ranged the frontiers of the morn,
And was alone.

VI

One brief perturbed and glorious day!
How couldst thou learn
The quiet of the forest sun,
Where the dark, whispering rivers run
The journey that hath no delay
And no return?

And yet within thee flamed and sang
The dauntless heart,
Knowing all passion and the pain
On man's imperious disdain,

Since God's great part in thee gave pang
To earth's frail part.

It held the voices of the hills
Deep in its core;
The wandering shadows of the sea
Called to it,—would not let it be;
The harvest of those barren rills
Was in its store.

Thine was a love that strives and calls
Outcast from home,
Burning to free the soul of man
With some new life. How strange, a ban
Should set thy sleep beneath the walls
Of changeless Rome!

VII

More soft, I deem, from spring to spring,
Thy sleep would be
Where this far western headland lies
With its imperial azure skies,
Under thee hearing beat and swing
The eternal sea.

Where all the livelong brooding day
And all night long,
The far sea-journeying wind should come
Down to the doorway of thy home,
To lure thee ever the old way
With the old song.

But the dim forest would so house
Thy heart so dear,
Even the low surf of the rain,
Where ghostly centuries complain,
Might beat against thy door and rouse
No heartache here.

For here the thrushes, calm, supreme,
Forever reign,
Whose gloriously kingly golden throats
Regather their forgotten notes
In keys where lurk no ruin of dream,
No tinge of pain.

And here the ruthless noisy sea,
With the tide's will,
The strong grey wrestler, should in vain
Put forth his hand on thee again—
Lift up his voice and call to thee,
And thou be still.

For thou hast overcome at last;
And fate and fear
And strife and rumour now no more
Vex thee by any wind-vexed shore,
Down the strewn ways thy feet have passed
Far, far from here.

VIII

Up by the idling, idling bell
The tide comes in;
And to the restless heart to-day
The wind has many things to say;
The sea has many a tale to tell
His younger kin.

The grey sea-horses troop and roam;
The shadows fly
Along the wind-floor at their heels;
And where the golden daylight wheels,
A white gull searches the blue dome
With keening cry.

———

AMOS HENRY CHANDLER

WHEN DORA DIED

DREARY, dreary,
Fundy's mists are sweeping
Up the stricken vales of Westmoreland:
Weary, weary
Is my heart and weeping,
While the cold waves dash upon the strand.

Fillëd, fillëd
Is the land with sorrow,
In loud wailing roars the angry sea:
Stillëd, stillëd
Will they be to-morrow—
Summer notes, and murmurs on the lea. . . .

Coldly, coldly
Blent with autumn mists lie
Eve's dark shadows 'pon the hills away;
Boldly, boldly,
Like a giant sentry,
Chapeau Dieu keeps vigil o'er the bay. . . .

Lay me, lay me,
While the world is waking,
Down to dream on what has gone before;
Pray ye, pray ye,
Lest my heart be breaking,
God to bring her to my side once more. . . .

EDWARD J. CHAPMAN

A SUMMER NIGHT

I

THE purple shadows dreamingly
Upon the dreaming waters lie,
And darken with the darkening sky.

Calmly across the lake we float,
I and thou, my little boat—
The lake with its grey mist-capote.

We lost the moon an hour ago:
We saw it dip, and downward go,
Whilst all the west was still aglow.

But in those blue depths moon-forsaken
A moon-like star its place hath taken;
And one by one the rest awaken.

II

With noiseless paddle dip we glide
Along the bay's dark-fringëd side,
Then out—amidst the waters wide!

With us there floated here last night
Wild threatening waves with foam-caps white,
But these have now spent all their might.

We knew they would not injure us,
Those tossing waves, so boisterous—
And where is now their fret and fuss?

Only a ripple wrinkleth now
The summer lake—and plashes low
Against the boat, in fitful flow.

III

Still callest thou—thou Whip-poor-will!
When dipped the moon behind the hill
I heard thee, and I hear thee still.

But mingled with thy plaintive cry
A wilder sound comes ebbing by
Out of the pine-woods, solemnly.

It is the blinking owls that sit
Up in the trees, and wait a-bit
Ere yet along the shores they flit.

And hark, again! It comes anew—
Piercing the dark pine-forest through,
With its long too-hoo, too-hoo!

IV

Swifter and swifter, on we go;
For though the breeze but feigns to blow,
Its kisses catch us, soft and low.

But with us now, and side by side,
Striving awhile for place of pride,
A silent, dusky form doth glide.

Though swift and light the birch canoe,
It cannot take the palm from you,
My little boat, so trim and true.

"Indian! where away to-night?"
"Homeward I wend: yon beacon-light
Shines out for me—good-night!"—"Good-night!"

V

Shoreward again we glide—and go
Where the sumach shadows flow
Across the purple calm below.

There, the far-winding creeks among,
The frogs keep up, the summer long,
The murmurs of their soft night-song—

A song most soft and musical,
Like the dulled voice of distant Fall,
Or winds that through the pine-tops call.

And where the dusky swamp lies dreaming,
Shines the fire-flies' fitful gleaming—
Through the cedars—dancing, streaming!

VI

Who is it hideth up in a tree
Where all but the bats asleep should be,
And with his whistling mocketh me?

Such quaint, quick pipings—two-and-two:
Half a whistle, half a coo—
Ah, Mister Tree-Frog! gare-à-vous!

The owls on noiseless wing gloom by,—
Beware, lest one a glimpse espy
Of your grey coat and jewelled eye!

And so, good-night!—We glide anew
Where shows the lake its softest blue
With mirror'd star-points sparkling through.

VII

The lights upon the distant shore,
That shone so redly, shine no more:
The Indian-fisher's toil is o'er.

Already in the eastern skies,
Where up and up new stars arise,
A pearly lustre softly lies.

And time it were for us to take
Our homeward course across the lake,
Ere yet the tell-tale morn awake.

O Night—where old shape-hauntings dwell,
Though now, calm-eyed :—for thy soft spell,
O soothing Night ! I thank thee well.

ANNIE ROTHWELL CHRISTIE

THE WOMAN'S PART

GONE ! brother, lover, son !
Gone forth to certain peril, toil and pain,
And chance of death—for country counted gain
Our part to let them go ; to say, "Not one
Would we hold back," to give
Our hearts' best treasures to our mother-land
Though the gift break them ; firm of lip and hand
To bid farewell ; to say, "Be strong, and live
Victors, or die deserving." Who shall deem
Our part the easier ? or the place we hold—
Patience for courage—for the deed the dream—
Waiting for action,—service slight or cold ?

What shall we give them ? Words ?
To them, obedient to the bounds of faith,
To them, enduring danger, fencing death,
Words were as stones for bread. Were our speech swords,
And were our frail hopes shields,
Then might we give them ; but how frame our thought
Nor mar the harvest-gift their truth has brought
With the poor fruit a woman's nature yields

When love sows seed? Hush! let us keep our souls
In silence—Words of comfort, words of cheer,
But mock the senses when the war-cloud rolls
Black 'twixt the eyes and all the heart holds dear.

What can we give them? Prayers?
Shall not the God of battles work His will?
He guards, He smites. Our strength is to be still
And wait His word; to cast aside our cares
And trust His justice. Strife
And peace are in His hand. They who shall see
Victorious days, and in the time to be
Shall share again the toils and joys of life
Are His—but not less His are they who fall,
(Sealing their soul's devotion with their breath)
And not less loved that, true to duty's call,
Their crown of honor comes to them in death.

What shall we give them? Tears?
Tears least of all! Shame not their valor so—
Honor and manhood call them; let them go,
Nor make farewell twice parting by your tears.
O, woman-heart, be strong!
Too full for words—too humble for a prayer—
Too faithful to be fearful—offer here
Your sacrifice of patience. Not for long
The darkness. When the dawn of peace breaks bright
Blessed she who welcomes whom her God shall save,
But honored in her God's and country's sight
She who lifts empty arms to cry, "I gave!"

AFTER THE BATTLE

AY, lay them to rest on the prairie, on the spot where for honor they fell,
The shout of the savage their requiem, the hiss of the rifle their knell.

For what quiet and sheltered God's air would they barter that stained desert sod
Where at His trumpet summons of duty they gave back their souls to their God?

"Private, Number One Company, shot through the heart. First to fall." Words immortal, sublime
In their teaching, their power to move, and their pathos to plead, for all time.

Shall we blench where they led? Shall we falter where they at such cost won their crown?
"Greater love hath no man—" we all know it; they obeyed it and laid their lives down.

"Friends" then, martyrs now, heroes both ways, they bequeath us their strength for our parts;
Their example their fittest memorial, their epitaphs deep in our hearts.

From those graves on the far blood-stained prairie, on the field where their battle was done,
They shall speak to our souls, and new fire through the veins of our patriots shall run.

Wail orphans — weep sisters — look upward, sad mothers and desolate wives;
But mourn not as those without comfort the loss of the sanctified lives.

Can you mourn unconsoled for their taking, though your heads may in anguish be bowed,
With a nation's tears falling above them, their country's flag draped for their shroud?

As the blood of the martyr enfruitens his creed, so the hero sows peace,
And the reaping of war's deadly harvest is the earnest his havoc shall cease.

If the seed sown in blood you must water with tears,
shrink not back from the cost;
What *they* gave ungrudging for honor *you* have lent
to your country, not lost.

And forgive us, who bear not your burden of pain
and who share not your pride,
If we grudge you your glory of giving in the cause
where your heroes have died.

WELCOME HOME

July, 1885

WAR-WORN, sun-scorched, stained with the dust
of toil,
And battle-scarred they come—victorious.
Exultantly we greet them; cleave the sky
With cheers, and fling our banners to the winds;
We raise triumphant songs, and strew their path
To do them homage—bid them "Welcome Home."

We laid our country's honor in their hands
And sent them forth undoubting; said farewell
With hearts too proud, too jealous of their fame
To own our pain. To-day glad tears may flow.
To-day they come again, and bring their gift—
Of all earth's gifts most precious—trust redeemed.
We stretch our hands, we lift a joyful cry,
Words of all words the sweetest—"Welcome Home!"

Oh, brave true hearts! oh, steadfast loyal hearts!
They come, and lay their trophies at our feet:
They show us work accomplished, hardships borne,
Courageous deeds, and patience under pain,
Their country's name upheld and glorified,
And Peace, dear purchased by their blood and toil.

What guerdon have we for such service done?
Our thanks, our pride, our praises, and our prayers;
Our country's smile, and her most just rewards;
The victor's laurel laid upon their brows,
And all the love that speaks in "Welcome Home!"

Bays for the heroes: for the martyrs, palms!
To those who come not, who "though dead yet speak"
A lesson to be guarded in our souls
While the land lives for whose dear sake they died—
Whose lives, thrice sacred, are the price of peace,
Whose memory, thrice belovëd, thrice revered,
Shall be their country's heritage, to hold
Eternal pattern to her living sons—
What dare we bring? They, dying, have won all.
A drooping flag, a flower upon their graves,
Are all the tribute left,—already their's
A nation's safety, gratitude, and tears,
Imperishable honor, endless rest!

And ye, O stricken-hearted! to whom earth
Is dark though Peace is smiling, whom no pride
Can soothe, no triumph-pæan can console,
Ye surely will not fail them—will not shrink
To perfect now your sacrifice of love?

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

SKATER AND WOLVES

SWIFTER the flight! Far, far and high
The wild air shrieks its savage cry,
And all the earth is ghostly pale,
While the young skater, strong and hale
Skims fearlessly the forest by.

Hush! shrieking blast, but wail and sigh!
Well sped, O skater, fly thee, fly!
Mild moon, let not thy glory fail!
Swifter the flight!

O, hush thee, storm! thou canst not vie
With that low summons, hoarse and dry.
He hears, and oh! his spirits quail,—
He laughs and sobs within the gale,
On, anywhere! He must not die,—
Swifter the flight!

TO A BUTTERFLY

BUTTERFLY,
Flutter by,
Under and over,
Haunting the clover,
Each flashing wing
Fashioning
Quivering glories,
Luminous stories!

Life in a miniature!
Swiftly to win a pure
Realm of ideals,
Hoping it heals.

The best, the best
Is the endless quest.

Is hopefulness vain
To feel or to feign?
Know you not, save to say:
"It is glittering, glittering day,—

The sun to me sings,
Beauty dowers my wings,
All of joy I attain."—
Once again,
Flutter by,
Butterfly!

RESENTMENT

THE ocean bursts in very wrath,
The waters rush and whirl,
As the hardy diver cleaves a path
Down to the treasured pearl.

ECCLESIASTES

GOD speaks. Life beats within the brain,
And crowding onward comes the cry
Of worlds,—and in the senses, pain!
And in the heart, eternity!

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

SHEPHERD Jesus, in Thy arms
Let Thy little lamb repose,
Safe and free from all alarms
In the love the Shepherd shows;
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me!

Often mother dear has told
How the children Thou didst bless,
And I know that in Thy fold
All is joy and happiness:
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me!

Shepherd Jesus, make Thy child
Pure and gentle as the dew,
Keep my spirit undefiled
Waking, sleeping, kind and true:
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me!

HUGH COCHRANE

IDEAL

THE song unsung more sweet shall ring,
Than any note that yet has rung;
More sweet than any earthly thing
The song unsung!
A harp there lies, untouched, unstrung
As yet by man, but time shall bring
A player by whose art and tongue
This song shall sound to God the King;
The world shall cling as ne'er it clung
To God and heaven, and all shall sing
The song unsung.

HEREWARD K. COCKIN

THE DEATH OF BURNABY

"CLOSE up in front, and steady, lads!" brave Stewart cries, "They're here":
And distant Cheops echoes back our soldiers' answering cheer;
One moment's pause—a year it seems—and swift the Arab horde
Pours forth its mingled tide of hate and yells and spear and sword;

As demons fight, so fight the children of the desert plain,
Their naked breasts defy our steel again and yet again;
But steady as the granite cliff that stems a raging sea,
Above the van of battle looms our "Bayard"—Burnaby.

Broken! The square is pierced! But only for a moment, though,
And shoulder-strap to shoulder-strap our brave lads meet the foe;
And on this day the Bedouin learns, in the Mahdi's shattered might,
With what a god-like majesty the island legions fight.
But, oh! the cost, the bitter cost! for ere the set of sun
The bravest heart of Alba's isle its earthly course has run;
And Britain weeps sad, bitter tears whilst flushed with victory,
For on Metemneh's blood-red sand lies noble Burnaby.

Avenged? Behold what hecatombs around the dead man lay
(The royal paw is heaviest when the lion's brought to bay);
And as the shades of even fall upon this day of strife
That heap of slain exceedeth far the foes he slew in life.
And when a sneering alien tongue shall speak of him with scorn,
Or hint at our decaying might, the child as yet unborn
Shall beard the dastard to his teeth, and tell exultingly
How like the Israelite in death was "Samson" Burnaby.

Intriguing Russia's prestige waned in far-off Persia's State
When England's lonely horseman stood at Khiva's guarded gate,
Ay! Bruin of the northern steppes, roll forth thy fœtid breath:
Exult since now that lion heart is stilled for aye in death;
And scream thine hate, proud bird of France, beyond thy northern shore,
Perfidious Albion drapes her halls for one who is no more.
Farewell, the last and brightest star of England's chivalry,
'Neath orient skies thou sleepest well, O gallant Burnaby!

SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN COTES

THE POET

O VERY, very far from our dull earth,
The land where poets spring to glorious birth.
Thrice blessed land, where brood thrice happy skies,
Where he increaseth joy who groweth wise;
Where truth is not too beautiful to see,
Action is music, life a harmony.
There dwells the poet, till some luckless day
Prisons his spirit in our coarser clay,
And in our dull and dusty commonplace
He loses memory of his name and race,—
Till some bird twitters from a wayside thorn,
The language of the land where he was born;
Or west winds, whispering to the tall pine trees,
Waken his soul to wonder; or he sees

In some first fairness when the day is new,
In some dear dimness i' the time o' the dew,
A loveliness that steals about his heart,
And lays soft fingers on dumb chords that start.

Then he uprises joyously and binds
His poet's robes upon him, yea, he finds
This drear existence a most glorious thing
And sings because he cannot choose but sing.

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

THE MASTER-BUILDER

O LOVE builds on the azure sea,
And Love builds on the golden sand;
And Love builds on the rose-winged cloud,
And sometimes Love builds on the land.

O, if Love build on sparkling sea,
And if Love build on golden strand,
And if Love build on rosy cloud,
To Love these are the solid land.

O, Love will build his lily walls,
And Love his pearly roof will rear,
On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea,—
Love's solid land is everywhere!

THE AXE OF THE PIONEER

BITE deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,
What doth thy bold voice promise me?

"I promise thee all joyous things,
That furnish forth the lives of Kings!

For every silver ringing blow
Cities and palaces shall grow!"

Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,
Tell wider prophecies to me.

"When rust hath gnawed me deep and red,
A nation strong shall lift its head!

His crown the very heavens shall smite,
Æons shall build him in his might!"

Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree;
Bright Seer, help on thy prophecy!

From "THE HELOT"

HELOT, drink—nor spare the wine;
Drain the deep, the maddening bowl;
Flesh and sinews, slave, are mine,
Now I claim thy Helot soul.

Gods! ye love our Sparta; ye
Gave with vine that leaps and runs
O'er her slopes, these slaves to be
Mocks and warnings to her sons!

Thou, my Hermos, turn thy eyes
(God-touched still their frank, bold blue)
On the Helot—mark the rise
Of the Bacchic riot through

Knotted vein and surging breast:
Mark the wild, insensate mirth:
God-ward boast—the drivelling jest,
Till he grovel to the earth.

"Drink, dull slave!" the Spartan cried:
  Meek the Helot touched the brim;
Scented all the purple tide;
  Drew the Bacchic soul to him.

Cold the thin-lipped Spartan smiled:
  Couched beneath the weighted vine,
Large-eyed gazed the Spartan child
  On the Helot and the wine.

Rose pale Doric shafts behind,
  Stern and strong, and thro' and thro',
Weaving with the grape-breathed wind,
  Restless swallows called and flew.

Dropped the rose-flushed doves and hung
  On the fountains' murmuring brims;
To the bronzed vine Hermos clung—
  Silver-like his naked limbs

Flashed and flushed: rich coppered leaves,
  Whitened by his ruddy hair;
Pallid as the marble eaves,
  Awed he met the Helot's stare.

Clanged the brazen goblet down;
  Marble-bred loud echoes stirred:
With fixed fingers, knotted, brown,
  Dumb, the Helot grasped his beard.

Heard the far pipes mad and sweet,
  All the ruddy hazes thrill:
Heard the loud beam crash and beat
  In the red vat on the hill.

Wide his nostrils as a stag's
  Drew the hot wind's fiery bliss;
Red his lips as river flags
  From the strong Cæcuban kiss.

On his swarthy temples grew
  Purple veins like clustered grapes;
Past his rolling pupils blew
  Wine-born, fierce, lascivious shapes.

Cold the haughty Spartan smiled—
  His the power to knit that day
Bacchic fires, insensate, wild,
  To the grand Achean clay.

His the might—hence his the right!
  Who should bid him pause? nor Fate
Warning passed before his sight,
  Dark-robed and articulate. . . .

"Lo," he said, "he maddens now!
  Flames divine do scathe the clod:
Round his reeling Helot brow
  Stings the garland of the god."

THE SWORD

AT the forging of the sword—
  The mountain roots were stirred
  Like the heart-beats of a bird;
  Like flax the tall trees waved,
So fiercely struck the Forgers of the Sword.

At the forging of the Sword—
  So loud the hammers fell,
  The thrice-sealed gates of Hell
  Burst wide their glowing jaws;
Deep roaring, at the forging of the Sword.

At the forging of the Sword—
  Kind mother Earth was rent
  Like an Arab's dusky tent,
  And monster-like she fed
On her children, at the forging of the Sword.

At the forging of the Sword—
The startled air swift whirled
The red flames round the world,
From the anvil where was smitten
The steel the Forgers wrought into the Sword.

At the forging of the Sword—
The maid and matron fled,
And hid them with the dead;
Fierce prophets sang their doom,
More deadly than the wounding of the Sword.

At the forging of the Sword—
Swift leaped the quiet hearts
In the meadows and the marts;
The tides of men were drawn
By the gleaming sickle-planet of the Sword!

Thus wert thou forged, O lissome Sword;
On such dusk anvil wert thou wrought;
In such red flames thy metal fused;
From such deep hells that metal brought;
O Sword, dread lord, thou speak'st no word,
But dumbly rul'st, king and lord!

"THESE THREE"

A STAR leant down and laid a silver hand
On the pale brow of death;
Before it roll'd black shadows from the land—
That star was Faith!

Across fierce storms that hid the mountains far
In funeral cope,
Piercing the black there sailed a throbbing star—
The star was Hope!

From God's vast palm a large sun grandly rolled,
O'er land and sea;
Its core of fire, its stretching hands of gold—
Large Charity!

FRANCIS BLAKE CROFTON

THE BATTLE-CALL OF ANTI-CHRIST

A FORETHOUGHT of the fated reign of peace
Fell on the soul of Anti-Christ, I dreamed;
And his brow darkened, and his hate-lit eyes
Aloft glared lurid through the mist of space.
Then vast and shadowy rose the Lord of War,
And shook his right hand at a far White Throne,
Brooding unutterable blasphemies.
Anon he gazed upon our shuddering world,
The while, with voice that fires or freezes souls,
He spake his message to the circling winds
And roused to battle all his myrmidons:

"Up, despot, trembling for a blood-bought crown!
The smouldering flame that threatens thine own house
Hurl at another's; lead thy people on
By glory's flaring torches to their doom.
(Ever the spear
Pierces the spirit of the Prince of Peace!)

"Yoke Victory to thy chariot and ride on,
Trampling the pride of nations, Conqueror!
Let thy maimed warriors writhe alone; for thou
Art scorn of God for His vile images.
(And scorn of mine
For Him who pleads for them at God's right hand.)

"Pause not to reck the ruin thou hast made:
Is not the comet's course foredoomed, and thine?
A deathless name outweighs a million deaths,
And orphans' sighs are mute 'mid the acclaim
Of multitudes.
(What is the grief of Jesus unto thee?)

"Statesman, behold, thy trustful neighbors sleep,
And rust is on their swords, your blades are sharp!
Swift and relentless press thy specious claim;
Not thine the toil or risk, thine the fame to win
With others' blood.
(That human blood that filled the veins of Christ!)

"Flushed with a spotless triumph, patriots,
From brave defence advance to stern revenge,
And urge a war of conquest and bequeath
A heritage of hatred to your sons.
(For freedom's sake
Stabbing His soul who 'came not to destroy'!)

"Wake, silent trump of holy discord! Sword
Of God and Gideon, hew the Gentiles down!
Slay, in your ruth for graceless babes unborn!
Clash, rival crosses, mock the Crucified!
Blaze, lethal fires!
(*I* will accept the incense that *He* loathes.)

"Poets sublime who sway the souls of men!
Sing still of arms and human hecatombs,
And wrath and glory and the pride of race;
Let rhymesters mumble of love, pity, peace.
(Sing ye the spear
That glances from its victims to Christ's heart.)

"And thou, enthusiast, whose genius caught
The soul of Revolution and enchained

The fiery spirit in a song, thy strains
Again shall stir rapt throngs to fratricide :
'To arms ! to arms !'
(Christ mocks me with His pity from His throne !)

"Sound trump and drum and fife and clarion,
Sound, to the rhythmic march of warriors,
With priestly benedictions on their pride
And beauty's smiles upon their waving plumes.
(Marching in pomp
To wound the wearied spirit of their Christ !)

. . . . . .

"Oh, pygmy pomp and blazon of man's war !
When Michael strove with Satan 'mid the stars,
There were seraphic deeds and agonies
And not this earthly death ! Nathless I crave
Unnumbered slain—
The sin of His own slayers tortured Him !

"Hail to thy memory, war of wars, that jarred
Awhile the calm of heaven, when Pride and Hate,
Stung by the still rebuke of Love supreme,
Rose, fought and fell ! And to thy memory hail,
Symbolic spear,
That wounded the dead Christ on Calvary !

"Dear is the murderer's dagger ; dear the rack
That strains the frame of one who testifies
With his last breath to Christ ; dearest the spear
That stabbed Him on the Cross and stabs Him still,
Each thrust a balm
To soothe my sleepless memory in hell !"

JOHN ALLISTER CURRIE

MY MOTHER

THERE are no colors in God's heaven-bent bow,
Nor is there music in the quiring spheres,
Can paint thy smile from out these youthful years,
Recall the music of thy voice so low
And sweet, dear mother, in the long ago.
But gone art thou. Ah! how the bitter tears
Burned deep into my heart! How memory sears,
But cannot heal those wounds, while tears still flow.

Back from those bright and happy days gone by,
Echoes of childish mirth and cradle song!
Thy guiding hand and presence then were nigh,
And I am weary, and life's road seems wrong.
I miss thy smiling face, thy watchful eye.
Life's heaven was short. Eternity's is long.

MARGARET GILL CURRIE

BY THE ST. JOHN

THE broad round-shouldered giant Earth
Upbears no land more sweet
Than that whereon in heedless mirth
Went free my childish feet;
No fairer river furroweth,
With its strong steel-blue share,
The hill-sides and the vales of earth,
Than that which floweth there.

For rigid fasting hermit John
They named the glorious stream,
As seamen on his holy morn
Beheld its harbor's gleam.

It was like rigid hermit John,
  A voice amid the wild,
Its honey and its fatness drawn
  From forests undefiled.

Now that the green is on the plain,
  The azure in the sky,
Wherewith clear sunshine after rain
  Decketh the rich July,
Broad is the leaf and bright the flower;
  Close to the pale gray sands
Coarse alder grows, and virgin's bower
  Grasps it with slender hands.

With honeysuckles, meadow-sweets,
  And rue the banks are lined;
O'er wide fields dance gay marguerites
  To pipe of merry wind.
By the tall tiger-lily's side
  Stands the rich golden-rod,
A king's son wooing for his bride,
  The daughter of a god.

When fresh and bright were all green things,
  And June was in the sky,
The dandelions made them wings,
  And did as riches fly;
Now the bright buttercups with gold
  Empave a toil-trod road—
Can wayfarers their sheen behold
  Nor sigh for streets of God?

The birds are homed amid the boughs
  Of oak and elm trees grand;
As for the snipe, her lowly house
  She maketh in the sand;

The robin loves the dawning's hush,
  The eve's the chickadee,
The thistle-bird the garden bush,
  The bobolink the lea.

From intervale and swampy dale
  Are wafts of fragrance blown,
Of fern and mint and calamus,
  And wild hay newly mown.
God's fiery touch hath reached the earth,
  And lo! its odors rise
Like incense pure of priceless worth
  Offered in sacrifice.

SARAH ANNE CURZON

VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO LAURA SECORD

NOW wherefore trembles still the string
  By lyric fingers crossed,
To Laura Secord's praise and fame,
  When forty years are lost?

Nay, five and forty, one by one,
  Have borne her from the day
When, fired by patriotic zeal,
  She trod her lonely way.

Her hair is white, her step is slow,
  Why kindles then her eye,
And rings her voice with music sweet
  Of many a year gone by?

O know ye not proud Canada,
  With joyful heart, enfolds
In fond embrace the royal boy
  Whose line her fealty holds?

For him she spreads her choicest cheer,
  And tells her happiest tale,
And leads him to her loveliest haunts,
  That naught to please may fail.

And great art thou, O Chippewa,
  Though small in neighbours' eyes,
When out Niagara's haze thou seest
  A cavalcade arise;

And in its midst the royal boy
  Who, smiling, comes to see
An ancient dame whose ancient fame
  Shines in our history.

He takes the thin and faded hand,
  He seats him at her side,
Of all that gay and noble band
  That moment well the pride.

To him the aged Secord tells,
  With many a fervid glow,
How, by her means, FitzGibbon struck
  His great historic blow.

Nor deem it ye, as many do,
  A weak and idle thing
That at that moment Laura loved
  The praises of a king;

And dwelt on his approving smile,
  And kissed his royal hand,
Who represented, and should wield,
  The sceptre of our land;

For where should greatness fire her torch
  If not at greatness' shrine?
And whence should approbation come
  Did not the gods incline?

INVOCATION TO RAIN

O BLESSED angel of the All-bounteous King,
Where dost thou stay so long? our sad hearts pine,
Our spirits faint for thee. Our weary eyes
Scan all the blue expanse, where not a cloud
Floats low to rest our vision. In vain we turn
Or east or west, no vaporous haze, nor view
Of distant panorama, wins our souls
To other worlds. All, all is hard and scant.
Thy brother Spring is come.
His favourite haunts the sheltering woods betray—
The woods that, dark and cheerless yet, call thee.
Tender hepaticas peep forth, and mottled leaves
Of yellow dog's tooth vie with curly fronds
Of feathery ferns, in strewing o'er his path;
The dielytra puts her necklace on,
Of pearly pendants, topaz-tipped or rose.
Gray buds are on the orchard trees, and grass
Grows up in single blades and braves the sun.
But thou!—O, where art thou, sweet early Rain,
That with thy free libations fill'st our cup?
The contemplative blue-bird pipes his note
From off the ridge-cap, but can find no spot
Fit for his nest. The red-breast on the fence
Explores the pasture with his piercing eye,
And visits oft the bushes by the stream,
But takes no mate. For why? No leaves or tufts
Are there to hide a house. . . .
A-missing thee
The husbandman goes forth with faltering step
And dull sad eye; his sweltering team pulls hard
The labouring plough, but the dry earth falls back
As dead, and gives nor fragrant fume, nor clogs
The plough-boy's feet with rich encumbering mould.
The willows have a little tender green,

And swallows cross the creek—the gurgling creek
Now fallen to pools—but, disappointed,
Dash away so swift, and fly so high
We scarce can follow them. Thus all the land
Doth mourn for thee.—
Ah! here thou comest, sweet Rain.
Soft, tender Rain! benison of the skies!
See now, what transformation in thy touch!
Straight all the land is green. The blossoming trees
Put on their bridal wreaths, and veil their charms
From the too ardent sun, beneath thy gift
Of soft diaphanous tissue, pure and white
As angels' raiment. Little wood children
Deck all the path with flowers. The teeming earth
Offers rich gifts. The little choristers
Sing ceaseless hymns, and the glad husbandman
Adds his diapason. Bright fountains wake
And mingle with the swift roulade of streams.
The earth is full of music! Thou dost swing
Thy fragrant censer high, and dwellers in
The dusty city raise their toil-worn heads
From desk and bench, and cry "Summer is here!"
And straight they smell new hay and clover blooms,
And see the trout swift-darting in the brooks,
And the plover whistling in the fields.
The little children dream of daisy chains,
And pent-up youth thinks of a holiday,—
A holiday with romps, and cream, and flowers.
O, Rain! O, soft, sweet Rain! O liberal Rain!
Touch our hard hearts, that we may more become
Like that Great Heart whose almoner art thou.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN

From "EOS"

NOW the Fraser gleamed
Below, its benches white with apple trees
In bloom. 'Neath one an Indian stood, in hand
A tom-tom rude, on which he beat, the while
He sang in sad tones looking towards the sea.
The children of his tribe impassive sat
And smoked their deep-bowled long-stemmed pipes:

With spread wings forever
  Time's eagle careers,
His quarry old nations,
  His prey the young years;
Into monuments brazen
  He strikes his fierce claw,
And races are only
  A sop for his maw.

The red sun is rising
  Behind the dark pines,
And the mountains are marked out
  In saffron lines,
The pale moon still lingers,
  But past is her hour
Over mountain and river
  Her silver to shower.

As yon moon disappeareth,
  We pass and are past;
The Paleface o'er all things
  Is potent at last.
He bores through the mountains,
  He bridges the ford,
He bridles steam horses
  Where Bruin was lord,

He summons the river
  Her wealth to unfold,
From flint and from granite
  He crushes the gold.

Those valleys of silence
  Will soon be alive
With huxters who chaffer,
  Prospectors who strive,
And the house of the Paleface
  Will peer from the crest
Of the cliff, where the eagle
  To-day builds his nest.

The Redskin he marred not
  White fall on wild rill,
But to-morrow those waters
  Will turn a mill;
And the streamlet which flashes
  Like a young squaw's dark eye,
Will be black with foul refuse,
  Or may be run dry.

From the sea where the Father
  Of waters is lost,
To the sea where all summer
  The iceberg is tost,
The white hordes will swarm
  And the white man will sway,
And the smoke of his engine
  Make swarthy the day.

Round the mound of a brother
  In sadness we pace,
How much sadder to stand
  At the grave of a race!

But the good Spirit knows
  What for all is the best,
And which should be chosen,
  The strife or the rest.

As for me, I'm time-weary,
  I await my release;
Give to others the struggle,
  Grant me but the peace,—
And what peace like the peace
  Which death offers the brave?
What rest like the rest
  That we find in the grave?

For the doom of the hunter
  There is no reprieve;
And for me, 'mid strange customs,
  'Tis bitter to live.
Our part has been played
  Let the white man play his;
Then he too disappears,
  And goes down the abyss.
Yes! Time's eagle will prey
  On the Paleface at last,
And his doom like our own
  Is to pass and be past.

A. B. DE MILLE

THE ICE KING

WHERE the world is gray and lone
  Sits the Ice King on his throne—

Passionless, austere, afar,
Underneath the Polar Star.

Over all his splendid plains
An eternal stillness reigns.

Silent creatures of the North,
White and strange and fierce, steal forth :

Soft-foot beasts from frozen lair,
Noiseless birds that wing the air,

Souls of seamen dead, who lie
Stark beneath the pale north sky ;

Shapes to living eye unknown,
Wild and shy, come round the throne

Where the Ice King sits in view
To receive their homage due.

But the Ice King's quiet eyes,
Calm, implacable, and wise,

Gaze beyond the silent throng,
With a steadfast look and long,

Down to where the summer streams
Murmur in their golden dreams ;

Where the sky is rich and deep,
Where warm stars bring down warm sleep

Where the days are, every one,
Clad with warmth and crowned with sun.

And the longing gods may feel
Stirs within his heart of steel,

And he yearns far forth to go
From his land of ice and snow.

But forever, gray and lone,
Sits the Ice King on his throne—

Passionless, austere, afar,
Underneath the Polar Star.

BALLAD

GOOD Christmas bells, I pray you
  Ring him back to me;
For I am in the village,
  And he is on the sea.

And out beyond the harbor
  The surf is playing white;
Good Christmas bells, I pray you
  Ring him home to-night!

The reef beyond the harbor
  Is girt with hungry foam;
Good Christmas bells, I pray you
  Ring my sailor home!

The lighthouse in the harbor
  Burns clear, and keen, and still;
But a sound is in the village,
  A voice is on the hill:

The voice of distant surges,
  And he is on the sea—
Good Christmas bells, I pray you
  Ring him back to me!

JAMES DE MILLE

From "BEHIND THE VEIL"

"SON of Light,"—I murmured lowly—
"All my heart is known to thee—
Known unto thy vision holy—
All my longing and my yearning for the Loved One lost to me—
May these eyes again behold her?"—and the Shape said, "Come and see."

'Twas a voice whose intonation
Through my feeble being thrilled
With a solemn, sweet vibration,
And at once a holy calmness all my wakeful senses stilled,
And my heart beat faint and fainter, with a dying languor filled.

Then a sudden sharp convulsion
Seized me with resistless might,
Till before that fierce compulsion
All mortality departed; like a Thought, a thing of Light,
All my spirit darted up to an immeasurable height.

I beheld bright visions darting
Past, in long and quick review,
Quick arriving, quick departing;
Mortal sense had grown immortal, and I saw not, but I knew,
And that spiritual sense was Knowledge, Absolute and True.

And there came amazement o'er me
In that infinite career,
For the scenes that rushed before me,

Long removed, but long remembered, brought me memories old and dear,
Bearing sweet familiar faces from that far terrestrial sphere.

For the spell of earth had bound me,
And each quickly gliding scene
Brought the shapes of earth around me;—
Vales of bright unclouded verdure; hills arrayed in living green;
Limpid lakes in dim recesses overarched by skies serene;

Cooling rill and sparkling fountain,
Purple peak and headland bold,
Precipice and snow-clad mountain—
Lofty summits rising grandly into regions clear and cold,
And innumerable rivers that majestically rolled.

. . . . . .

By such wondrous scenes surrounded,
O'er them all mine eyes I ran,
All bewildered and confounded;
Yet I sought amid that wonder all its mystery to scan,
Till amid the forms of Nature I beheld the face of Man.

I beheld fair cities gleaming
White on many a distant shore,
And the battle banners streaming,
And the pomp of mighty armies in the panoply of War,
And the navies of the nations speeding all the Ocean o'er.

But the human form and faces
Older still and older grew;
Races followed fast on races,
Vanished peoples seemed to rise again and robe themselves anew,
And the life and acts of all the ages passed in swift review.

Olden populations swarming
In an outward rushing tide,
Scattering o'er the earth and forming
Lines of march o'er lofty mountains, over deserts wild and wide,
Seeking evermore a country where they might in peace abide.

Then there came unpeopled spaces
Which no human token bore,
And the pathway of the races
Lessened slowly and diminished on the plain and on the shore,
Till at last amid the Vision came the form of Man no more.

And bereaved of man and lonely
Nature showed her aspect fair,
And the brute creation only
Peopled all her wilds and woodlands—lurked the tiger in his lair,
Coiled the serpent, sprang the lion, sped the bird athwart the air.

Myriad scenes in swift succession
Still with earnest gaze I viewed;
But in rapid retrogression
Nature faded;—forms of beauty followed fast by figures rude,
Ending in the dismal prospect of a world-wide solitude.

But my soul the vast procession
Of those countless vistas bore
With a marvellous impression,
Like the picture on the tablet by the sunbeam painted o'er
Instantaneous; all-embracing; with a power unknown before.

Then my Heavenly Guide addressing—
For a wondrous power had birth
In my nature, all expressing—
"What are these, and where belong they?"—and my Guide responded—"Earth—
For thy spirit turns spontaneous to its own domestic hearth."

"Where am I, O Radiant Spirit?
Where amid the realms of space?
Distant from the Earth, or near it?"—
"Where the rays projected from it at the birth-time of thy race
Have not yet attained;—a distance more than mortal thought may trace."

"Whence these shapes of things terrestrial?"—
"Shadows from the Earth that fall,
Gliding into space celestial"—
"Does the Earth thus tell her story;—thus are all things imaged?"—"All—
Forms and actions all are imaged; naught is hidden, great or small."

—"They at last are dissipated,"—
I exclaimed in sorrow sore,
—"At the brink of things created?"—
—"Things created know no limit; infinite space they traverse o'er;
Still the starry vistas open and recede for evermore."—

Then a mighty woe came o'er me,
Deep despair arose within,
And a thought stood black before me—
Shall Infinity forever write the records of my sin?
Is it thus that space shall treasure proofs of all that
I have been?

EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART

SHADOWS ON THE CURTAIN

I AWOKE from the dreams of the night,
From restful and tranquil repose,
And looked where the sunbeams lay bright,
To see what the morn might disclose.
My window looked out on the east,
And opened to welcome the sun,
As he rose, from the darkness released,
All girded, his journey to run.
I watched, as I lay,
The leaf-shadows play—
For the trees were still mantled in green—
As they silently danced,
Curvetted and pranced,
On the curtain suspended between.

Then I said to my soul: Here's some thought
For thee to decipher and read;
Every form, that in nature is wrought,
Bears some lesson to those who give heed.
Between our weak eyes and the light
A thick-woven curtain is spread;
All the future it screens from our sight,
And the home and the fate of the dead.
The phantoms which still
With perplexity chill,

Which doubting despondency brings,
Are cast, as they shine,
By the sunbeams divine,
And are shadows of beautiful things.

Then I drew the broad curtain aside,
And looked out on the beautiful world;
The dewdrops were flashing, and wide
Were the banners of beauty unfurled.
The leaves that had silently flung
Their shadows to darken my room,
Each answered with musical tongue
To the zephyrs that played with its bloom.—
And thus it may be
At life's ending with me,
When death rends the curtain away;
I may rise to behold
In beauty unrolled
The morn of a shadowless day.

ON THE OTTAWA

THE sun has gone down in liquid gold
On the Ottawa's gleaming breast;
And the silent night has softly rolled
The clouds from her starry vest;
Not a sound is heard—
Every warbling bird
Has silenced its tuneful lay,
As with calm delight,
In the moon's weird light,
I noiselessly float away.

As down the river I dreamily glide—
The sparkling and moonlit river—
Not a ripple disturbs the glassy tide,
Not a leaf is heard to quiver;

The lamps of night
Shed their trembling light,
With a tranquil and silvery glory,
Over river and dell,
Where the zephyrs tell
To the night their plaintive story.

I gently time my gleaming oar
To music of joy-laden strains,
Which the silent woods and listening shore
Re-echo in soft refrains :—
Let holy thought
From this tranquil spot
Float up through the slumbering air ;
For who would profane
With fancies vain
A scene so ineffably fair !

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS DIXON

A FEATHER'S MESSAGE

AT the close of the day, when the year was a-dying,
From the chilly north to the southern sun,
High in the sky came the wild swans flying—
(Great white wings had each glorious one),—
And a snowy feather fluttered down
On the muddy street of a dirty town.

Poverty passed, and wealth came speeding ;
Business and pleasure turned their wheels ;
But the feather lay, as men trod, unheeding,
Stamped and crushed by a thousand heels.
And the message it brought remained untold,
Save to a child with a head of gold.

Up in a garret, all tearfully fretting,
  She peeped in her rags through the broken pane;
And she clapped her hands with delight, forgetting
Hunger and misery, cold, and the rain,
    As the strange white thing caught her wondering eye,
    Dropped down from nowhere, out of the sky.

And she cried as it fell, with the faith of seven,
  (Fanciful, credulous, innocent elf):
"Look, mother, look! Here's a letter from Heaven!
God didn't forget us—He's written Himself!"

    Was it useless, that feather that so fluttered down
    On the muddy street of a dirty town?

HINC ILLÆ LACHRYMÆ

(*Hence these tears*)

LAST night, and there came a guest,
  And we shuddered, my wife and I;
A guest, and I could not speak;
  A guest, and she could but cry;
  And he went, but with no good-bye.

A little before the dawn
  He came, but he did not stay;
And he left us alone with our tears,
  For he carried our babe away.
  Was there ever a sadder day!

Had you ever a babe of a year,
  With curls on a tiny head,
With limbs like the peach's bloom,
  And learnt that your babe was dead?—
  Could you have been comforted?

Had it bound itself to your heart,
  As with fairy gossamer strand,
Slight as that of the worm,
  Strong as the hempen band
  Which holds tall ships to the land?

Did you look in its baby eyes
  As your treasure lay on your knee,
And wonder what things they saw,
  And see, what they could not see,
  The life that was yet to be?

Did it lie at your breast day by day
  While you gathered it near and more near?
Did it sleep on your bosom by night,
  Ever growing so dear, oh, so dear,—
  Your darling, your babe of a year;

While you dreamed of the wonder you held,
  A thing of so perfect a plan,
Of the wonderful mystery of birth,
  Of the wonderful mystery of man,
  As only a mother can,—

Till your heart, like a human thing,
  Seemed to yearn for the child at your side—
Yearn to gather it in to itself,
  To the love that swept up, like a tide
  Whose fulness is ever denied?

If to you came that terrible guest
  We so dreaded, my wife and I,
You will know why I could not speak,
  You will know why she could but cry—
  You have seen your own baby die.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

THE HABITANT'S JUBILEE ODE

I READ on de paper mos' ev'ry day, all about Jubilee
An' grande procession movin' along, an' passin' across de sea,
Dat's chil'ren of Queen Victoriaw comin' from far away
For tole Madame w'at dey t'ink of her, an' wishin' her bonne santé.

An' if any wan want to know pourquoi les Canayens should be dere
Wit' res' of de worl' for shout "Hooraw" an' t'row hees cap on de air,
Purty quick I will tole heem de reason, w'y we feel lak de oder do,
For if I'm only poor habitant, I'm not on de sapré fou.

Of course w'en we t'ink it de firs' go off, I know very strange it seem
For fader of us dey was offen die for flag of L'Ancien Regime,
From day w'en de voyageurs out all de way from ole St Malo,
Flyin' dat flag from de mas' above, a' long affer dat also.

De English fight wit' de Frenchman den over de whole contree,
Down by de reever, off on de wood, an' out on de beeg, beeg sea,
Killin' an' shootin', an' raisin' row, half tam dey don't know w'at for,
W'en it's jus' as easy get settle down, not makin' de crazy war.

Sometam' dey be quiet for leetle w'ile, you t'ink dey
don't fight no more,
An' den w'en dey're feelin' all right agen, Bang! jus'
lak' she was before.
Very offen we're beatin' dem on de fight, sometam'
dey can beat us, too,
But no feller's scare on de 'noder man, an' bote got
enough to do.

An' all de long year she be go lak' dat, we never was
know de peace,
Not'ing but war from de wes' contree down to de St
Maurice;
Till de las' fight's comin' on Canadaw, an' brave
Generale Montcalm
Die lak' a sojer of France is die, on Battle of Abraham.

Dat's finish it all, an' de English King is axin' us
stayin' dere
W'ere we have sam' right as de 'noder peep comin'
from Angleterre.
Long tam' for our moder so far away de poor Canayens
is cry,
But de new step-moder she's good an' kin', an' it's all
right bimeby.

If de moder come dead w'en you're small garçon,
leavin' you dere alone,
Wit' nobody watchin' for fear you fall, and hurt youse'f
on de stone,
An' 'noder good woman she tak' your han' de sam'
your own moder do,
Is it right you don't call her moder, is it right you
don't love her too?

Bâ non, an' dat was de way we feel, w'en de ole
Regime's no more,
An' de new wan come, but don't change moche, w'y
it's jus' lak' it be before,

Spikin' Français lak' we alway do, an' de English dey
mak no fuss,
An' our law de sam', wall, I don't know me, 'twas
better mebbe for us.

So de sam' as two broder we settle down, leevin' dere
han' in han',
Knowin' each oder, we lak' each oder, de French an'
de Englishman,
For it's curi's t'ing on dis worl', I'm sure you see it
agen an' agen,
Dat offen de mos' worse ennemi, he's comin' de bes',
bes' frien'.

So we're kipin' so quiet long affer dat, w'en las' of de
fightin's done,
Dat plaintee is say, de new Canayens forget how to
shoot de gun ;
But Yankee man's smart, all de worl' know dat, so
he's firs' fin' mistak' wan day—
W'en he's try cross de line, fusil on hae's han', near
place dey call Chateaugay.

Of course it's bad t'ing for poor Yankee man, De
Salaberry be dere
Wit' habitant farmer from down below, an' two honder
Voltiguers,
Dem feller come off de State, I s'pose, was fightin'
so hard dey can
But de blue coat sojer he don't get kill, is de locky
Yankee man !

Since den w'en dey'se comin on Canadaw, we alway
be treat dem well,
For dey're spennin' de monee lak' gentilhommes, an'
stay on de bes' hotel,
Den "Bienvenu," we will spik dem, an' "Come back
agen nex' week,
So long you was kip on de quiet an' don't talk de
politique ?"

Yaas, dat is de way Victoriaw fin' us dis jubilee,
Sometam' we mak' fuss about not'ing, but it's all on de familee,
An' w'enever dere's danger roun' Her, no matter on sea or lan',
She'll find that les Canayens can fight de sam as bes' Englishman.

An' onder de flag of Angleterre, so long as dat flag was fly—
Wit' deir English broder, les Canayens is satisfy leev an' die.
Dat's de message our fader geev us w'en dey're fallin' on Chateaugay,
An' de flag was kipin' dem safe den, dat's de wan we will kip alway!

JOHN HUNTER DUVAR

JOHN A'VAR'S LAST LAY

(*He becomes a Carmelite*)

TAKE not from me my lute!
There is a spirit caught among its wires
That sentient thrills as if with living fires,—
Frères! let me keep my lute.

It may not be? ah, well,—
Once more ere yet thou diest, O breathing string!
That plainest like the heart of sad sea-shell,
And talk'st to me with voice of living thing.
Sad now art thou and I—
Loved lute, ring out, ring out ere yet we die.

Ring out the clash of swords !
  The meeting shock ! ring out the victor's strain !
  Or dirge, when peasants tramp o'er knights and lords,—
  Jarring when the war trumpet blows amain,
    And scattered all afield
The shivered lance-shaft and the shattered shield.

Ring out to ladies' eyes !
  To love's wild ecstasy of joy and woe,
  To morning's mantling blush, to passionate sighs
  That heave the rose-tipped mamelons of snow,
    To gage d'amor, I ween,
That wakes the rapturous thought of—once hath been.

Ring out the words of fire !
  'Gainst pride and hate and tyranny the strong,
  'Gainst proud man's arrogance, and weak man's ire,
  And all the lusts that work the world wrong,
    'Gainst envy, lie and ill
Ring out protest once more, and then be still !

Wake gently softer themes !
  Of white-frocked children dead on cottage floors,
  Of dances 'neath the jasmine-clustered beams,
  Of greybeards drinking at the trellised doors,
    Of immortelles on graves,
Of red-cheeked lasses where the ripe corn waves.

This world hath been so fair,
  So full of joyousness ! Then what am I
  That I should thankless spurn God's blessëd air
  And shut my lids against the sunshine sky ?
    But that is idle breath,
Life may be quiet, even if life in death.

Dying as echo dies,
  Faint, and more faint, loved lute, expires my lay,
  And though my Lays have not been overwise
  Yet now methinks with thee I best could pray.
    Our mission now is o'er,
O Soul of Song ! fly free ! No more. No more.

Loved lute, farewell. Farewell with other things.
  But though, for me, I henceforth am the Lord's,
  No meaner hand shall ever touch thy chords—
Thus—thus—I rive thy strings !

THE MINNÉSINGERS LIED

IN the Rheingan standeth Aix,
  And in Aix is La Chapelle ;
On a royal marble daïs,
  Underneath a vaulted dome,
With his feet upon a tomb,
  Sits a dread and fearsome Thing
As ever minstrel-poet sang !
  Dead two hundred years ! a King
On his throne sits Charlemagne
    In his capital of Aix !

In awful state that mighty Shade
  Sitteth in its chair of stone ;
In the hand, long ages dead,
  The sword with unsheathed blade
And sceptre bright with gems ;
  On the breast a cross of lead,
On the form a golden gown,
  And circling on his head
The French and German diadems
    And the Lombard crown !

And throughout the centuries old,
  Underneath the vaulted dome,
With his feet upon a tomb,
  Alone and ghastly, stern and cold,
In silence save when midnight tolls
  And its heavy murmur rolls
All among the columns round
  With a solemn measured clang,—
In the silentness profound,
  Sits the shade of Charlemagne
    Armed and crowned!

HOW BALTHAZAR THE KING WENT DOWN INTO EGYPT

NILUS! Nilus! and before them rolled
  The mystic river, while a barge of gold
Lay moored with its carved prow against a pier,
  From which the King embarked with all his train.
The reis on the fore-deck drew the spear
  From out the ringbolt and cast off the chain,
And they were floating upon Nile the old.

Full bravely led the galley of the King,
And all at once, like flap of ibis' wing,
Flashed out the gilt and crimson-bladed oars
  And lightly o'er the molten surface skimmed;
While slow unrolled the low and level shores,
  Like to a landscape on a curtain limned,
And blended with the shadows, lessening.

Music was on the Nile boats: conch and horn,
Flute answering flute, while zittern and lycorn
Took up the keynote from the leading barge,
  And part and counterpart in measured strain,
In gathering volume, rolled on to the marge,
  The while the swelling chorus grew amain
And inland o'er the standing rice was borne.

Along the shore, as down the mystic river
Floated the King, the boughs without a shiver
  Drooped in the breathless air, and ibises
    And birds of scarlet plumage waded grave;
  While small deer, timorous as their nature is,
    And panthers, to the brink came down to lave,
But drew back as they saw the oar-blades quiver.

Along the burnished water meadow flowers
Floated, and buds with berries, which the scours
  Of melted torrents, moons ago, had shred
    From Afric's inland mountain range of snows,
  And torn up with the rich mould from its bed
    And brought to Egypt when the waters rose
To pour into her lap full harvest dowers.

The cortege passed the swamp of crocodiles,
And labyrinth of submerged bulrush isles,
  With matted lilies growing on the ooze,
    While round the shallow bars the eddies swum,
  All changeless, as in old time when the Jews
    Mustered at beat of the Egyptian drum
And laid their tale of brick upon the piles.

Upon the left bank of the river loomed
A massive wall where Pharaohs lay entombed
  With their deeds vaguely limned in hieroglyph,
    In tincts of vivid azure, green and red,
  Ochre and vermeil,—standing stark and stiff
    Their rigid forms; while 'mong the mummied dead
The frogs croaked and the woeful bittern boomed.

As they swept on they saw a form of stone
Cleaving the yellow sky-line, stern and lone
  And awful, so no man might bear to dwell
    'Neath its eyes glaring with unwinking lids,
  As if of beings it alone could tell
    The giant mystery of the pyramids
Ere centuries of sand had round them blown.

Now on the left bank of the river's flow,
Where sentinelled with watch-towers and aglow
With half-mooned vanes all flickering like jets
Uprose a city walled, in proud estate,
Full of domed roofs and tall white minarets
The King's fleet veered towards a water-gate
And anchored 'neath the walls of Cairo.

ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON EATON

THE EGYPTIAN LOTUS

(NYMPHÆA LOTUS)

PROUD, languid lily of the sacred Nile,
'Tis strange to see thee on our western wave,
Far from those sandy shores that, many a mile,
Papyrus-plumed, lie silent as the grave.

O'er dark, mysterious pool and sheltered bay,
And midst soft-sleeping isles thy leaves expand,
Where Alexandrian barges plow their way,
Full freighted, to the ancient Theban land.

On Karnak's lofty columns thou wert seen,
And Luxor's spacious temple palace walls,
Each royal Pharaoh's emeralded queen
Chose thee to deck her glittering banquet halls;

Yet thou art blossoming in this fairy lake
As regally, amidst these common things,
As on the shores where Nile's soft ripples break,
As in the halls of old Egyptian kings.

Thy beauty daily lures men's curious eyes,
But he who finds in thought his richest feasts,
Looking at thee, sees stately temples rise
About him, and long lines of white-robed priests,

That chant strange music as they slowly pace
Dim, columned aisles; hears trembling over head
Echoes that lose themselves in that vast space,
Of Egypt's solemn ritual for the dead.

Aye deeper thoughts than these, though undefined,
Wake in reflective souls at sight of thee,
For this majestic orient faith enshrined
Man's yearning hope of immortality.

And thou wert Egypt's symbol of the power
That under all decaying forms lies hid;
The old world worshipped thee, O Lotus flower!
Then carved its Sphinx and reared its pyramid.

PURPLE ASTERS

I HAD a garden when I was a boy
Wherein I planted fondly many a flower,
And watched it grow until I felt the joy
That every gardener feels, as Nature's power
To make rare perfumes burst from stalks of green
And dash rich colours o'er dull earth is seen.

In that old garden, bright with varied bloom
From early tulip time till winter fell,
It seemed as if no sombre growth or gloom
Had any place, or could desire to dwell;
Yet o'er one corner wildness still held sway,
And there, I always felt, a shadow lay.

In that strange spot pale purple asters came,
When earth wore gorgeous colours on her breast,
And fields were ripe, and autumn's flood of flame
From scarlet maples swept from east to west ;
They bore no wealth of royal purple bloom,
But seemed meet products of great Nature's gloom.

The lives of men are gardens, from whose soil
Spring rich red-petalled roses, violets blue
As heaven ; where, too, the passion-flower's strong coil
Closes round frail anemones, hearts-ease, and rue ;
But in some sheltered spots, bright blooms beside,
Pale purple fringëd asters love to hide.

They tell us there are gardens always clad
With summer's richest robes, awaiting men
Beyond the stars, where hearts at once grow glad,
And never to low levels sink again ;
Perhaps even such light lands may need to see
The purple asters of despondency.

DEEPENING THE CHANNEL

A ROCKY channel from the harbor led
The ships to sea, a blue but shallow sound
With surging tides, upon whose treacherous bed
The keels of heavy vessels ground and ground.
The channel must be deepened, men agree,
And so great thunderous blasts of rock they blew,
And all the sleepy sands were dredged ; till, free
From fear, the heaviest ships went swiftly through

We fret and foam as if our surface tide
Was fathoms deep, and never know the truth
Till love or sorrow through the water ride
And grate its keel upon the sands of youth ;
God cleaves the rock beneath the channel blue,
And then his noblest ships sail safely through.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT OF THE BAIE DES CHALEURS

'TIS the laughter of pines that swing and sway
Where the breeze from the land meets the breeze from the bay;
'Tis the silvery foam of the silver tide
In ripples that reach to the forest side;
'Tis the fisherman's boat, in a track of sheen,
Plying through tangled seaweed green
O'er the Baie des Chaleurs.

Who has not heard of the phantom light
That over the moaning waves, at night,
Dances and drifts in endless play,
Close to the shore, then far away,
Fierce as the flame in sunset skies,
Cold as the winter light that lies
On the Baie des Chaleurs?

They tell us that many a year ago,
From lands where the palm and the olive grow,
Where vines with their purple clusters creep
Over the hillsides gray and steep,
A knight in his doublet, slashed with gold,
Famed, in that chivalrous time of old,
For valorous deeds and courage rare,
Sailed with a princess wondrous fair
To the Baie des Chaleurs.

That a pirate crew from some isle of the sea,
A murderous band as e'er could be,
With a shadowy sail, and a flag of night,
That flaunted and flew in heaven's sight,
Sailed in the wake of the lovers there,
And sank the ship and its freight so fair
In the Baie des Chaleurs.

Strange is the tale that the fishermen tell:
They say that a ball of fire fell
Straight from the sky, with crash and roar,
Lighting the bay from shore to shore;
Then the ship, with shudder and with groan,
Sank through the waves to the caverns lone
Of the Baie des Chaleurs.

That was the last of the pirate crew;
But many a night a black flag flew
From the mast of a spectre vessel, sailed
By a spectre band that wept and wailed
For the wreck they had wrought on the sea, on the land,
For the innocent blood they had spilt on the sand
Of the Baie des Chaleurs.

This is the tale of the phantom light
That fills the mariner's heart, at night,
With dread as it gleams o'er his path on the bay,
Now by the shore, then far away,
Fierce as the flame in sunset skies,
Cold as the winter moon that lies
On the Baie des Chaleurs.

THE MEADOW LANDS

THE tide flows in and out and leaves
Its richness on the meadow lands,
The furrowed surface-soil upheaves,
And sprinkles life among the sands.

Across the meadow lands of life
The tide of time flows and recedes,
Its muddy wave brings woe and strife,
But forms the soil for noble deeds.

The tide flows in and out and brings
  New beauty to the meadow lands,
With lavish tenderness it flings
  Fair flowers across the silver sands.

MY PUREST LONGINGS SPRING

MY purest longings spring
  From the divine,
The sweetest songs I sing
  They are not mine.

I chisel the rude stone
  With trembling hand,
The statue comes alone
  At God's command.

Beyond earth's tainted air
  I sometimes fly
On wings of faith and prayer;
  Yet 'tis not I.

Not I but He who lights
  My flickering creeds;
The Power that writes
  My broken deeds.

Not I but God; for He,
  My larger life,
Fulfils Himself in me
  With ceaseless strife.

I WATCH THE SHIPS

I WATCH the ships by town and lea
  With sails full set glide out to sea,
Till by the distant light-house rock
The breakers beat with roar and shock

And foam fierce flying o'er their decks,
While deep below lie ocean's wrecks;
What careth she?

I stand beside the beaten quay
And look while laden ships from sea
Come proudly home upon the tide
Like conquering kings at eventide,
Or from fierce fights with wintry gales
Steal shoreward now with tattered sails;
O cruel sea!

I pass once more the old gray pier
Where men have waited many a year
For ships that ne'er again shall glide
By town and lea on favoring tide,—
Strong ships that struggled till the gales
Of winter hid their shrouds and sails
In ocean drear.

Soft sailing spirits, how they glide
Forth on life's fitful sea untried
To breast the waves and bear the shocks
Beyond the guarded light-house rocks,
To strive and struggle many a year;
Strong souls, indeed, if they can bear
Life's wind and tide.

I watch beside life's beaten quay
The tides bring back all joyously
To anchor by the sheltered shore
Some freighted full with golden store
From rich spice-fields and perfumed sands
Of soft, luxuriant tropic lands;
O kindly sea!

But some have met with wintry gales,
And come at last with shattered sails

To anchor by the old gray pier;
While loving ones in hope and fear
Wait on for some that never more
Shall anchor by a peaceful shore;
O sad, sad sea!

JAMES DAVID EDGAR

THIS CANADA OF OURS

LET other tongues in older lands
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,
And chaunt in triumph of the past,
Content to live in story.
Tho' boasting no baronial halls,
Nor ivy-crested towers,
What past can match thy glorious youth,
Fair Canada of ours?
Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours!

We love those far-off ocean Isles
Where Britain's monarch reigns;
We'll ne'er forget the good old blood
That courses through our veins;
Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,
And haughty Albion's powers,
Reflect their matchless lustre on
This Canada of ours.
Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours!

May our Dominion flourish then,
A goodly land and free,
Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,
Hold sway from sea to sea;

Strong arms shall guard our cherished homes
When darkest danger lowers,
And with our life-blood we'll defend
This Canada of ours.
Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours!

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS

THE JUNCTION

HERE, at the change of ways, the steel steed halts,
The train stands still, and weary travellers gaze
On what appears to be a wilderness
Of barren rocks, grim, desolate, and stern
"What place is this," they ask, "so bleak and bald?
Here surely are the bones of Earth laid bare;
The gaunt frame of this time-worn world!" Such words,
Contempt infused, are heard from jeering lips,
But the drear wayside maketh no reply.
Yet look! the train moves on; the funnel snorts,
And rocks fling echoes on the trembling air;
From the new point of sight the scoffer sees
Deep pools of water bosomed in the waste—
Calm ponds reflecting Heaven's own lovely blue,
With gray rocks, verdure-touched, around their brinks.

HALIFAX

FACING the ocean, guardian of our land,
Thy frowning forts and ramparts front the foam
Whose waves still ceaseless chafe the rocky strand,
While salt winds waft sea-odors o'er our home.

All the round year the tramp of armed men,
  Crisp bugle call, the guns at noon and night,
And martial music, tell us o'er again
  That Britain guards us with a jealous might.

THOSE FAR-OFF FIELDS

THOSE far-off fields, how fair they seem,
  As soft through mists of years they gleam!
    We never now around us see
    Such meads as those of olden be;
We never find a lake or stream
One half so lovely as we deem
Those which we only view in dream,
    Watering the fields of memory—
      Those far-off fields!

And we were happy then! The theme
Of our existence, love supreme:
    And looking back on Fate's decree—
    On all that happened you and me—
We sigh—for dear our souls esteem
      Those far-off fields!

JOSEPH KEARNEY FORAN

THE AURORA BOREALIS

AS the twilight's gray was swallowed
  In the depths of night that followed,
And the hand of darkness hollowed
    Furrows deep along the land,
Distant bells in sheepfold tinkled,
Million stars in azure twinkled,
Over mountain-peaks that stand
    Like giants swarth and grand.

In the north behold a flushing;
Then a deep and crimson blushing;
Followed by an airy rushing
Of the purple waves that rise!
As when armëd host advances,
See, a silver banner dances,
And a thousand golden lances
Shimmer in the Boreal skies!
The vision slowly dies!

Now, in bright prismatic splendor,
Comes a picture still more tender,
As a curtain white and slender
Falls across the space afar;
Where its lacy folds are ending,
With the black of distance blending,
Are its miles of fringe descending,
Hanging from a golden bar—
Pinned to heaven by a star!

Like a monster roused from sleeping,
First to westward slowly creeping,
Then, in headlong fury, sweeping,
Rushed a mammoth cloud of black;
Rolling upward, plunging, lashing,
Through the fairy curtain dashing,
With a thousand beauties flashing
O'er its phosphorescent back—
Endless streamers in its track!

Visions of Arabian story;
Crimson fields of battle gory;
In kaleidoscopic glory,
Shifting, fading, restless tents;
Fairy armies wild in motion;
Jewelled shrines of strange devotion;
And a greenish, tideless ocean,
Bound by ice-clad mounts and dents,
Saw we through the curtain's rents!

Transformations still beholding,
Up the veil is swiftly folding—
And fantastic shapes are moulding
On the background of the sky;
Dimmer armies are parading,—
Fainter wreaths the light is braiding,
While the splendors all are fading
Into one deep purple dye,
Disappearing from the eye!

WILLIAM HENRY FULLER

A SONG OF THE SEA

I'LL sing you a Song of the Sea!
With the waves sparkling bright,
And the breeze blowing light,
And our dear native land on the lee,
How glad is the Song of the Sea!
With friends looking out from the quay,
Their kerchiefs and hands waving free,
And bright smiles and welcome for thee,
How glad! how glad!
How glad is the Song of the Sea!

I'll sing you a Song of the Sea!
When the skies lour dark
O'er the plague-stricken bark
As she drifts on the desolate sea,
How sad is the Song of the Sea!
When overhead hangs the dun cloud,
Like a pall o'er the dead sailor's shroud
As he sinks in the vast wandering sea,
How sad! how sad!
How sad is the Song of the Sea!

I'll sing you a Song of the Sea!
When the fierce lightnings flash,
And the stormy waves dash,
And the rocky shore looms on the lee,
How dread is the Song of the Sea!
When the hearts of the bravest will quail
As they shrink from the furious gale
And the wrath of the menacing sea,
How dread! how dread!
How dread is the Song of the Sea!

ALEXANDER RAE GARVIE

From "PHANTASY"

FANCY many forms assumes!
'Tis a bee among the blooms,
In the noon of June, that sips
Honey from the heart and lips
Of Anacreon's glorious rose.
Now how warily it goes
Past grim dragons to the trees
Growing in Hesperides!
And anon with Jason hears
Sirens' luring song, and steers
Straightway from the fatal shore,
While each rower strains his oar.
'Tis a bat at twilight still,
Flitting round a lonesome mill;
'Tis a falcon fleet that flies
Into depths of opal skies;
Oft it is a sullen owl—
Pallas' learnëd pensive fowl,
Hooting hoarsely 'mong the trees;
And again, o'er troubled seas
As a petrel bold it wings
Tirelessly. Sometimes it sings

Lark-like in the heavens' scope
When dew gleams on grassy slope.
Roaming meadows, daisy-decked,
'Tis a child afoot, unchecked,
Gladness in her azure eyes,
As she sees with mute surprise
Brooding birds in hedges' heart,
Building nests with simple art.
And at dawning, near a mere,
Girdled by the bulrush spear,
Fancy as a heron stalks
Heedful of the hated hawks.
Fancy is a butterfly
Born to live brief life and die.
'Tis a pink-lipped shell afloat,
Fit for tiny fairy's boat;
Fair in fiction, false in fact,
Shunned by men who are exact,
Loved by poet whom it guides
When on Pegasus he rides;
Lover's joy when maid is true,
Lover's woe when, stricken through
With sharp dart, his trust is slain!
Bright and dark and bright again,
Phantom! none thy face may paint,
Since—now sinner, and then saint—
Thou dost peer from cowl or crown,
Now with smile, anon with frown.
Sweet Sprite! thou alone canst trace
Airy pictures of thy face;
Thou who limnest Rosamond,
Guinevere, and Juliet fond.
Fancy, Fancy, come and charm,
Grasped by clutch of graven gold,
Jove's fetters, her to have and hold!
This swift Ariel serves us well,
Lets us in the glamour's spell,
Drink beside Bacchante fair,
Toy with Pyrrha's braided hair,

Hear Apollo's matchless lute
And the twy-formed Faun's soft flute;
Shows us Aphrodite rise
From foamy seas to sunny skies,
Leads us down the track of Time,
Bears us into every clime;
Often paces kirkyard green
Mourning in her garb and mien,
Mingles with the dancing crowd,
Broiders banners, weaves a shroud,
Keeps a fast or festival—
Lean Lent here, there—Carnival
Starves or surfeits, Fancy free,
Sojourning in Italy.
As an Arab, lo! how calm
Under frondage of the palm;
Like a Norseman, winter-bound,
(Lest he be in dulness drowned);
Over ice on skate-blades whirs
Past the shaggy, sombre firs.—
Ha, my Fancy! art thou mad,
Or with Folly's mantle clad?

PIERCE STEVENS HAMILTON

From "THE HEROINE OF ST JOHN"

I

'TIS dawn; but not such morning-tide
As we had guessed the eve before:
Armed ships within our harbor ride,
And armëd men are on the shore.

But these are not the ships, or men,
That sailed with Sieur La Tour away:
Ah, no, their vengeful chief we ken,—
Accurst D'Aulnay de Charnisé!

Now quick the drum is beat to arms;
  We run the flag of France on high;
The battle fierce each bosom warms,
  And adds a light to every eye.

And forth our lady chieftain came,
  All fearless from her chaste alcove;
But first she snatched from duty's claim
  One moment for a mother's love;—

One moment pressed her darling child,
  And kissed its slumbers with a tear;
One moment more from warfare wild—
  She breathed a brief impassioned prayer;

Then to the ramparts hied in haste,
  To personate her absent lord,—
A baldrick o'er her swelling breast,
  And by her side a pendant sword.

With glowing cheek, and eye that gleamed,
  And voice forbidding all alarm,
Yet graceful, beautiful, she seemed
  A warrior in an angel form. . . .

II

Now dark D'Aulnay a parley seeks;
  Demands surrender of the fort!
But, ha! soon back his herald takes
  An answer fearless, prompt, and short:—

"Madame will hold this fort St John,
  As she has held it once before,
Despite of every robber loon,
  For France and for her lord, La Tour." . . .

Three days D'Aulnay's beleaguering force
  Assailed our fort with might and main;
To every wile he had recourse,—
  To fail again and yet again. . . .

No craven cry our lady heard,
  Though small our band and sorely pressed;
One soul our every action spurred,—
  Her lion's heart in woman's breast! . . .

III

'Twas Easter morn.—A sudden cry!—
  Our every heart a moment quailed:—
'The guard!—quick—ho!—the enemy
  Our ditch and parapet have scaled!" . . .

Too true: a rampart's coin they'd won,
  With skulking treachery for their guide;
De Charnisé himself led on,
  With Ponce—the traitor!—by his side.

With one wild shout of "Vive La Tour!"
  We dash upon their bristling van;
Where waves our lady's sword before,
  Herself unscathed by fiend or man.

Our headlong charge the foe appalled;
  They shrank; they staggered—turned for flight;
D'Aulnay a parley loudly called
  And waved the craven signal white.

He vaunted his o'erwhelming force;
  Our stout defence, he said, was well;—
Our longer strife would end in worse;
  He offered terms most honorable.

Our lady viewed, with pitying eye,
  Her band toil-worn, diminished;
With heaving breast and deep-drawn sigh,
  She slowly, sadly bowed her head.

IV

Our keys surrendered, arms laid down,
  We—penned and prisoned helplessly;—
Then dark and vengeful was the frown
  Of stern D'Aulnay de Charnisé.

That demon in a human form,
  Dark-souled, incarnate treachery,—
Now swore, with loud upbraiding storm,
  The prisoned garrison should die. . . .

No sound, no utterance, passed her lips,
  The while that awful deed was done;
As if her soul were 'neath eclipse—
  Her beauteous form transformed to stone.

Then, with one long, loud piercing shriek,
  That form upon the earth she cast.
No more can D'Aulnay vengeance wreak:
  The heroine's heart has burst at last! . . .

S. FRANCES HARRISON

VILLANELLE

SPRUNG from a sword-sheath fit for Mars,
  Straight and sharp, of a gay glad green,
My jonquil lifts its yellow stars.

Barter, would I, for the dross of the Czars,
  These golden flowers and buds fifteen,
Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars?

Barter, would you, these scimitars,
  Among which lit by their light so keen
My jonquil lifts its yellow stars?

No, for the breast may burst its bars,
  The heart its shell, at sight of sheen
Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars:

Miles away from the mad earth's jars,
  Beneath a leafy and shining screen,
My jonquil lifts its yellow stars.

And I—self-scathed with mortal scars,
  I weep, when I see, in its radiant mien,
Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars
My jonquil lift its yellow stars.

CHÂTEAU PAPINEAU

THE red-til'd towers of the old Château,
  Perched on the cliff above our bark,
Burn in the western evening glow.

The fiery spirit of Papineau
  Consumes them still with its fever spark,
The red-til'd towers of the old Château!

Drift by and mark how bright they show,
  And how the mullion'd windows—mark!
Burn in the western evening glow!

Drift down, or up, where'er you go,
  They flame from out the distant park,
The red-til'd towers of the old Château.

So was it once with friend, with foe;
  Far off they saw the patriot's ark
Burn in the western evening glow.

Think of him now! One thought bestow,
As, blazing against the pine trees dark,
The red-til'd towers of the old Château
Burn in the western evening glow!

SEPTEMBER

I

BIRDS that were gray in the green are black in the yellow.
Here where the green remains rocks one little fellow.

Quaker in gray, do you know that the green is going?
More than that—do you know that the yellow is showing?

II

Singer of songs, do you know that your Youth is flying?
That Age will soon at the lock of your life be prying?

Lover of life, do you know that the brown is going?
More than that — do you know that the gray is showing?

NOVEMBER

THESE are the days that try us; these the hours
That find, or leave us, cowards—doubters of Heaven,
Sceptics of self, and riddled through with vain
Blind questionings as to Deity. Mute, we scan
The sky, the barren, wan, the drab, dull sky,
And mark it utterly blank. Whereas, a fool,
The flippant fungoid growth of modern mode,
Uncapped, unbelled, unshorn, but still a fool,
Fate at his fingers' ends, and Cause in tow,
Or, wiser, say, the Yorick of his age,
The Touchstone of his period, would forecast

Better than us, the film and foam of rose
That yet may float upon the eastern grays
At dawn to-morrow.
Still, and if we could,
We would not change our gloom for glibness, lose
Our wonder in our faith. We are not worse
Than those in whom the myth was strongest, those
In whom first awe lived longest, those who found
—Dear Pagans—gods in fountain, flood and flower.
Sometimes the old Hellenic base stirs, lives
Within us, and we thrill to branch and beam
When walking where the aureoled autumn sun
Looms golden through the chestnuts. But to-day—
When sodden leaves are merged in melting mire,
And garden-plots lie pilfered, and the vines
Are strings of tangled rigging reft of green,
Crude harps whereon the winter wind shall play
His bitter music—on a day like this,
We, harboring no Hellenic images, stand
In apathy mute before our window pane,
And muse upon the blankness. Then, O, then,
If ever, should we thank our God for those
Rare spirits who have testified in faith
Of such a world as this, and straight we pray
For such an eye as Wordsworth's, he who saw
System in anarchy, progress in ruin, peace
In devastation. Duty was his star—
May it be ours—this Star the Preacher missed.

THEODORE ARNOLD HAULTAIN

BEAUTY

ONLY in dreams she appears to me,
In dreams of the earth, and the sky, and the sea;
In the scent of the rose, the breath of the spring,
The cloud of the summer, glistening;

In the sound of an orient forest dim,
Scarce heard far off on ocean's rim
By wondering traveller who descries
Naught of all its mysteries ;
In the wash of the wave, the sigh of the sea,
The laughter of leaves on the wind-tossed tree.

Her hair is the dusk of an autumn night,
Her brow the moonbeam's pallid light,
Her voice is the voice of the wind and the wave,
When the breeze blows low and the ripples lave
The feet of a wooded mountain hoar
Rising on southern storied shore.
The breath from between her hallowed lips
Is the breath exhaled from a rose that sips
The dew on a lucid April day,
Soft as the spring, as summer gay.
In the flush of the early morning mist,
Which the fervid sun has barely kissed,
Far down in the balmy-breathing dale,
I get a glimpse of her flimsy veil.
In the glow of the lurid sunset hue
I see the robe which her limbs shine through.
On the grass-blade wet I see the tears
Her eyes have shed for our hopes and fears.
Her eyes . . . her eyes . . . the infinite deeps
Of the holiest heavens where God He keeps
All that is beautiful, good, and true—
Her eyes are the infinite heaven's blue,
Gazing in sad serenity
On restless, frail humanity.
On softly-breathing evening still,
Alone, where the whispering wayward rill
To the love-sick leaves, which gently dip
Low down to kiss it, lip to lip,
Tells secrets strange of love and pain,
Which the leaves lisp back to it again,—
Ah ! then I dream that my love comes nigh,
And think that I hear her softly sigh.

Or when, on a windy summer day,
(The golden sunshine-gleam on the bay)
To me, ensconced far out on the high
And rocky weed-strewn promontory,
Come multitudinous sights and sounds—
The rush of the boisterous wave which bounds
Far up the cliff, the sea-bird's call,
The flying spume, the cloudlets small
That dance through the ether hand in hand—
The joy suffused o'er the sea and the land,—
Then, too, I dream that my love is near,
And think that I catch her laughter clear.

Only in dreams she appears to me,
In dreams of the earth, and the sky, and the sea.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE

MAGNANIMOUS AND MEAN

OPEN, my heart, thy ruddy valves;
It is thy master calls;
Let me go down, and curious trace
Thy labyrinthine halls.

Open, O heart, and let me view
The secrets of thy den;
Myself unto myself now show
With introspective ken.

Expose thyself, thou covered nest
Of passions, and be seen;
Stir up thy brood, that in unrest
Are ever piping keen.
Ah! what a motley multitude—
Magnanimous and mean!

NIGHT

'TIS solemn darkness; the sublime of shade;
Night, by no stars nor rising moon relieved;
The awful blank of nothingness arrayed,
O'er which my eyeballs roll in vain, deceived.
Upward, around, and downward I explore,
E'en to the frontiers of the ebon air,
But cannot, though I strive, discover more
Than what seems one huge cavern of despair.
Oh, Night, art thou so grim, when, black and bare
Of moonbeams, and no cloudlets to adorn,
Like a nude Ethiop 'twixt two houris fair,
Thou stand'st between the evening and the morn?
I took thee for an angel, but have wooed
A cacodæmon in mine ignorant mood.

THE COMING OF THE MORN

SEE how the Morn awakes. Along the sky
Proceeds she with her pale, increasing light,
And, from the depths of the dim canopy,
Drives out the shadows of departing night.
Lo, the clouds break, and gradually more wide
Morn openeth her bright, rejoicing gates;
And ever, as the orient valves divide,
A costlier aspect on their breadth awaits.

Lo, the clouds break, and in each opened schism
The coming Phœbus lays huge beams of gold,
And roseate fire and glories that the prism
Would vainly strive before us to unfold;
And, while I gaze, from out the bright abysm
A flaming disc is to the horizon rolled.

THE MYSTERY OF DOOM

'TWAS on a day, and in high, radiant heaven,
An angel lay beside a lake reclined,
Against whose shores the rolling waves were driven
And beat the measure to the dancing wind.
There, rapt, he meditated on that story
Of how Jehovah did of yore expel
Heaven's aborigines from grace and glory,—
Those mighty angels that did dare rebel.
And as he mused upon their dread abode
And endless penance, from his drooping hands
His harp sank down, and scattered all abroad
Its rosy garland on the golden sands;
His soul mute wondering that the All-wise Spirit
Should have allowed the doom of such demerit.

JOHN FREDERIC HERBIN

SIMON

I

SIMON bent to his hissing saw,
Simon the chopper gnarled and tough,
All the years, till his hands were rough
As the clumsy shape of a bruin's paw,
Knotted and big with his labor long,
Yet sure in the work that made them strong.

Snarling with curse for his hairy throat,
Poverty feared his strong, rough grasp,
Sick with rage at the saw's bright hasp
That flashed with howl and cut with gloat.
The mother of death and a merciless fate,
She filled his life with the gloom of hate.

Yet his heart strives upward to his tongue
  Incomplete in shreds of song
  To help his heavy days along
Through life with mental clouds o'erhung.
Harsh as the saw the tunes depart,
Half-made and dull from the singer's heart.

II

Simon the sage worked night and day,
  Simon the chopper wise and true;
  Only his song to help him through,
And only his whistle to turn away
The endless gloom of a lowly place,
And the dreary tedium from his face.

His gleaming axe gives up to the light
  Hearts of stubborn sticks and blocks—
  A century maple or birch unlocks
Its fibres gathered through day and night;
And he marks it all with his ancient lore
As he reads the secret of bark and core.

In forest lore is Simon wise:
  The beech that ripens on the hill,
  The oak a century cannot kill,
Are well-read books before his eyes;
A forest beneath his axe has turned
In the fifty years his blade has burned.

He speaks and knows as a wise man knows,
  Gathering together with dulling sense
  The labor's grudging recompense,
Thoughtful and patient as wisdom grows.
He drifts away from the walks of men,
In a field where he alone has ken.

Simon is wise in days without tears,
  Though arms never rest and work cannot sleep,—
  Wise in the patience that never shall weep;
And toil looms yet in the coming years:
Ceaseless and hungry is human desire,
And Simon must feed the quenchless fire.

III

Simon the digger delves in the earth,
  Preparing a pillow for weary head,
  For tired limbs and heart a bed,—
Young, or gray, or dumb at birth,
He makes all ready with prelude dirge,
With careless foot on his own dark verge.

Like the book recording the village birth,
  Fifty years he has kept the file
  Of all defunct,—and who meanwhile
May soon desire a strip of earth
Are clearly writ—and the ancient book
Has stamped a gloom upon his look.

And he often grappled with death in the grave,
  While Time stood by whetting his scythe.
  Water may drip, and worms may writhe,
And the coffin will soon leave the chapel-nave:—
Who mourn the dead, as who soon forget,
Look into the grave, unburied yet.

First to come and last to go,
  Simon waits on a fallen stone;
  No tear, no fear, though he work alone
To make a grave where weeds may grow.
He fingers the sod with a tender care
As if part of the body resting there.

IV

Seasons have furrowed his features deep,
  Bark-like and grim as the axe's food—
  His days have grown slow with the growing wood—
Furrows that never smile or weep.
Axe and spade turn light away,
He labors in gloom at bright midday.

Seventy years of months and days
  Weigh on his head and bend him down;
  His brow with thought has become a frown.
Seldom a smile o'er his wrinkles plays,
For his labor makes him a gloomy lore;
Forgetting no face he has covered o'er.

V

Problems of living are hard to learn;
  The duty is clear, reward but a hope;
  Philosophy fails beyond life's dark scope.
The sage is the digger whose dawns return
That he drag the lingering minutes away—
There is no day but the present day.

What work is well when thrust to a close?
  Wisdom foretells no hidden good;
  Suffering follows the hardihood
Of plunging thus into future woes.
Living, alone, can quench distress;
The moment seized is the one to bless.

Poverty near, and death at his heels,
  Simon is rich in the wealth of years;
  Working for bread, without joy, without tears,
Till the changeless calm will gently steal
Across his face and will silence his song.
Where riches are equal his rest will be long.

THE DIVER

LIKE marble, nude, against the purple sky,
In ready poise, the diver scans the sea
Gemming the marsh's green placidity,
And mirroring the fearless form on high.
Behold the outward leap—he seems to fly!
His arms like arrow-blade just speeded free;
His body like the curving bolt, to be
Deep-driven till the piercing flight shall die.
Sharply the human arrow cleaves the tide,
Only a foaming swell to mark his flight;
While shoreward moves the silent ring on ring.
And now the sea is stirred and broken wide
Before the swimmer's passage swift and light,
And bears him as a courser bears a king.

ACROSS THE DYKES

THE dykes half bare are lying in the bath
Of quivering sunlight on this Sunday morn,
And bobolinks aflock make sweet the worn
Old places, where two centuries of swath
Have fallen to earth before the mower's path.
Across the dykes the bell's low sound is borne
From green Grand Pré, abundant with the corn,
With milk and honey which it always hath.—
And now I hear the Angelus ring far;
See faith bow many a head that suffered wrong,
Near all these plains they wrested from the tide!
I see the vision of their final griefs that mar
The greenness of these meadows; in the song
Of birds I feel a tear that has not dried.

THE SONNET

HOW fair thou art the poets long have known;
And I have sought the beauty which is thine
Through many days and nights of cloud and shine,
Until one note of all sweet notes outblown
Has spelled my ear; for dearest things alone
Are found companionless; and the divine
And single inspiration shall entwine
The laurel till it fit the brow of one.
And thou art rare among the things most rare;
The beam consummate of the lights of day;
The fullest note struck from the living flood
Of melody; the gem that has most care
In the kind workman's hand, till he shall say,
"Thy beauty is the acme of all good."

ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS

GENTLE-BREATH

OH, Gentle-breath goes singing, goes singing through the grass,
And all the flowers know her and love to see her pass.
Oh, all the flowers know her, and well they know the song
That Gentle-breath goes singing, goes singing all day long.
O Gentle-breath! O Gentle-breath!
They do not know you sing of death.

Oh, Gentle-breath comes crooning a tender lullaby.
The merry day is over, the stars are in the sky—
The stars are in the sky, and the flowers droop their heads,
They cannot hear her passing, so airily she treads.
O Gentle-breath! O Gentle-breath!—
How mournfully she murmureth!

Oh, Gentle-breath comes crying—comes crying in the night
Among the sleeping flowers, with footsteps swift and light.
Her tears are on their faces—she sheds them for their sakes,
And there is in her singing a tender heart that breaks.
O Gentle-breath! O Gentle-breath!—
How tunefully she sings of death!

Oh, Gentle-breath goes wailing—goes shivering away,
And Icy-breath comes howling, and clouds are dull and gray.
Oh, Icy-breath comes howling—the pine trees sob o'erhead
For the leaves that all have fallen, the flowers that are dead.
O Gentle-breath! O Gentle-breath!
They did not know you sang of death.

O promise sweet!—I hear it!—the falling of the rain!
The leaves once more shall rustle, the flowers come again!
The flowers come again, with their faces fresh and sweet,
And all the grass shall tremble 'neath the touches of your feet.
For you will come, O Gentle-breath!
And sing again your song of death!

THE LITTLE WHITE SUN

THE sky had a gray, gray face,
The touch of the mist was chill,
The earth was an eerie place,
For the wind moaned over the hill;
But the brown earth laughed, and the sky turned blue,
When the little white sun came peeping through.

The wet leaves saw it and smiled,
The glad birds gave it a song—
A cry from a heart, glee-wild,
And the echoes laugh it along:
And the wind and I went whistling, too,
When the little white sun came peeping through.

So welcome the chill of rain
And the world in its dreary guise—
To have it over again,
That moment of sweet surprise,
When the brown earth laughs, and the sky turns blue,
As the little white sun comes peeping through!

TWENTY-OLD AND SEVEN-WILD

O TWENTY, running through the wood!
Where friendly leaves and grasses stir,
Where airs are sweet and trees are strong,
And hiding birds call out to her,
And every little timid thing
That creeps within the woods to sing
Seems just to have a voice for her.

O Twenty, running through the wood!
A woman grown, and yet a child!
Now in the sun, now in the shade—
The wild gone out to meet the wild.
And who can say life is not sweet
To eager eyes and fearless feet
To Twenty-old and Seven-wild.

She leaves the quiet road that winds
Its pretty way the whole wood through
And makes a pathway for herself,
As who at Twenty would not do?
Unseen and seen, the wind and she
Go through the bush and round the tree—
Go roving 'round and singing through.

Such pleasure just to lose herself!
  O Seven-wild! O Twenty-old!
The shadows stealing from the night
  Tread measures strange with gleams of gold.
And Mayflowers lift their faces pink:—
Now who could look at them and think
  Of being young or being old?

O Twenty, running through the wood!
  Its wildness has a power to still;
The voices low from rock and twig
  The silences with music thrill,—
And suddenly *she* silent grows,
And, searching out the path she knows,
  Turns back—but carries home the thrill.

——

WILLIAM EDWARD HUNT

GOLDEN-ROD

BESHREW the coinëd gold!—and so take heed,
  Nor palter with the dross to form a god—
Behold, the dandelion gilds the clod,
The buttercup adorns the dewy mead!
Doth it not bring contentment to thy greed?—
Then satiate thine avarice: the sod
Gleams with illimitable golden-rod,—
And of a surety thou art rich indeed!

The burnished banner of the summer's prime
  Waves happy mortals to a golden feast
  (The largess rare of yon high Eastern priest!)
Unstained by goaded greed, or shame, or crime.
  Oh, glorious yellow golden-rod!—sublime
  Free-offering to the greatest and the least.

THE SEA'S INFLUENCE

THE brine is in our blood from days of yore,
And ever in our ears the tide's tune rings;
The wave runs through our legends and our lore,
And permeates a thousand diverse things;
The memory of our race's Island home
Is charged with salt-sea spray and ocean foam.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER

"SUMMER is dead!"—it was the wind that spake
In the bronze mantle of the sombre pine—
"The sumach bush unfurls a scarlet sign;
The sere rush signals it in stream and lake;
Soundeth a requiem in gilded brake,
Where mateless birds a lonely fate repine;
The sky is veiled in tears; each gray confine
Bespeaks the shrunken branch the leaves forsake.

"I laugh with ruddy Autumn in the morn;
I sound his praises in the golden light;
But when high noon has passed and raven night
Comes rushing down, I wail with those forlorn:
The dying leaves, the lone flowers, pale and torn,
The multitudes confronting death or flight."

RICHARD HUNTINGTON

SUNRISE ON THE TUSKET

I

STILL, in the light of morning gray,
That ushered in the summer day,
The fair Acadien hamlet lay

Its fringing hem of forest round,
Its verdured slopes with orchards crowned,
Lie steeped in silence most profound.

No zephyr's wing the leaf hath stirred,
No sound to break the calm is heard,
Save crickets' chirp or trill of bird.

The frequent fireflies' fitful gleam,
The star of morning's lucent beam,
Shine mirrored in the glassy stream,

In whose clear depths are pictured seen
The drooping boughs and foliage green
Of graceful trees that o'er it lean.

II

Glows in the kindling East a blush,
Morn's old and immemorial flush!
Afar, the distant Tusket's rush

Is heard, in muffled murmur deep,
As, past green isle and headland steep,
Its eddying waters seaward sweep.

Morn's steps advance, and lo, the West
Hath donned a new and gorgeous vest
Of purple and of amethyst.

Look East once more!—a sea of gold
Along the far horizon rolled—
The rising orb of day behold!

It gilds with flame St Michael's spire,
Whose panes, agleam with living fire,
Blaze like some sacrificial pyre.

It lights, as with celestial glow,
The slender crosslets ranged below,
Man's last, sad resting-place to show. . . .

III

In yonder modest glebe-house near,
Unconscious of my presence here,
Sleeps one to friendship's heart most dear.

Unwakened by the orient beam,
Perchance in some ecstatic dream
He roams by Tiber's classic stream,

Or sees St Peter's mighty dome
Soar grandly o'er the pomp of Rome—
His own loved Church's pride and home.

Blest be his visions, wheresoe'er
His dream-enfranchised fancy veer—
The faithful priest, the friend sincere!

LOUISBURG

AND this is Louisburg! whose moss-grown ruin
Stretches before me—one deserted waste!
Scarce can the eye, its eager search pursuing,
The outlines of her strong defences trace—
Relentless by the miner's blast effaced.
Yet was she once the brightest gem of all
The gorgeous brilliants that with splendor graced
The diadem of old monarchial Gaul,—
She who defiance frowned, and Britain foe did call.

The Dunkirk of this land!—how fallen since then!
The eye but wanders o'er a waste of stone,
Remains of dwellings once the abodes of men,
But now forlorn, deserted, silent, lone;

And rank and mantling grass hath overgrown
Her streets, her sepulchres, her ruined walls.
The voice of bygone ages hath a tone
Which lingers yet amid these prostrate halls,
As reverent 'mid their maze my pensive footstep falls.

Lo, yon green rampart! towering once in pride,
And bristling, too, with bayonets, that long
The prowess of the immortal Wolfe defied.—
Not to the peaceful Muse doth it belong
To weave with sturdy martial words her song,
Else might I speak of glacis and of fosse,
Of massy culvert, and of battery strong,
And blasted battlements o'ergrown with moss,
Around whose ruined base the angry billows toss.—

Eastward there stood upon the frowning steep—
And of its wreck some fragments still remain—
Their beacon light, the Pharos of the deep! . . .

JAMES COBOURG HODGINS

ONCE MORE

ONCE more the robin flutes in glee,
On heat returning.
The living juices in the trees
Are shooting in the early leaves,—
The blossoms break,
And lusty nature wide awake
Her pleasant task sits learning.

The fleecy clouds scud o'er the blue,
In sudden glory.
The woods are full of whistling birds,
And nature, in strange mystic words,

Relates once more,
In the same strains as oft before,
  The one old golden story:

That he who lives close to her heart,
  Nor spurns her warning,
Shall all life's cunning secrets learn:
The trill of birds, the tress of fern,
The roar of seas,
The music of the wind-swept trees,
  The glory of the morning;

Shall learn the noiseless laws of life,
  The truths of beauty,
And find that Nature's meanest guise
Is full of wonder and surprise;
That everything
Doth to the surface ever bring
  The blessedness of duty.

A GREEK REVERIE

THIS is the purple sea of ancient song.
  These are the groves to which bacchantes lured.
In these grim rocks bad spirits are immured,
Pent in by Heaven in token of some wrong.
Sure that was Pan who flashed by through the pine,
Followed by boys with passionate eyes, and men
Bedecked with roses! Fainter down the glen
Tramps the mad rabble, caught with song divine.

Now once again the Lord of life and day
Smites into splendor all the dull waste waves:
Straight Ulysses, his face, sleep-swollen, laves,
Rouses his heroes, and with scant delay
Prows are turned homeward. Hark the measured beat!
Another weary day and vacant sky and heat!

JOSEPH HOWE

THE FLAG OF OLD ENGLAND

A CENTENARY SONG OF THE LANDING OF CORNWALLIS AT HALIFAX

ALL hail to the day when the Britons came over,
And planted their standard, with sea-foam still wet!
Around and above us their spirits will hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.
Beneath it the emblems they cherished are waving,
The Rose of Old England the roadside perfumes;
The Shamrock and Thistle the north winds are braving,
Securely the Mayflower * blushes and blooms.

Hail to the day when the Britons came over,
And planted their standard, with sea-foam still wet,
Around and above us their spirits will hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.
We'll honor it yet, we'll honor it yet,
The flag of Old England! we'll honor it yet.

In the temples they founded, their faith is maintained,
Every foot of the soil they bequeathed is still ours,
The graves where they moulder, no foe has profaned,
But we wreathe them with verdure, and strew them with flowers!
The blood of no brother, in civil strife poured,
In this hour of rejoicing encumbers our souls!
The frontier's the field for the patriot's sword,
And cursed be the weapon that faction controls!

Then hail to the day! 'tis with memories crowded,
Delightful to trace 'midst the mists of the past,
Like the features of Beauty, bewitchingly shrouded,
They shine through the shadows Time o'er them has cast.

* The Trailing Arbutus, the emblem of Nova Scotia.

As travellers track to its source in the mountains
  The stream which, far swelling, expands o'er the plains,
Our hearts on this day fondly turn to the fountains
  Whence flow the warm currents that bound in our veins.

And proudly we trace them! No warrior flying
  From city assaulted, and fanes overthrown,
With the last of his race on the battlements dying,
  And weary with wandering, founded our own.
From the Queen of the Islands, then famous in story,
  A century since, our brave forefathers came,
And our kindred yet fill the wide world with her glory,
  Enlarging her empire, and spreading her name.

Every flash of her genius our pathway enlightens,
  Every field she explores we are beckoned to tread,
Each laurel she gathers our future day brightens—
  We joy with her living, and mourn for her dead.
Then hail to the day when the Britons came over,
  And planted their standard, with sea-foam still wet!
Above and around us their spirits shall hover,
  Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

THE DESERTED NEST

DESERTED nest, that on the leafless tree
  Waves to and fro with every dreary blast,
With none to shelter, none to care for thee,
  Thy day of pride and cheerfulness is past.

Thy tiny walls are falling to decay,
  Thy cell is tenantless and tuneless now,
The winter winds have rent the leaves away,
  And left thee hanging on the naked bough.

But yet, deserted nest, there is a spell,
  E'en in thy loneliness, to touch the heart,
For holy things within thee once did dwell,
  The type of joys departed now thou art.

With what assiduous care thy framers wrought,
  With what delight they viewed the structure rise,
And how, as each some tiny rafter brought,
  Pleasure and hope would sparkle in their eyes.

Ah! who shall tell, when all the work was done,
  The rapturous pleasure that their labors crowned,
The blissful moments Nature for them won,
  And bade them celebrate with joyous sound.

A father's pride, a mother's anxious care,
  Her fluttered spirits, and his gentlest tone,
All, all that wedded hearts so fondly share,
  To thee, deserted nest, were surely known.

Then though thy walls be rent, and cold thy cell,
  And thoughtless crowds may hourly pass thee by,
Where love and truth and tenderness did dwell,
  There's still attraction for the poet's eye.

CHARLES EDWIN JAKEWAY

AN UNFINISHED PROPHECY

I

THE twilight land toyed with the night
  When from the hills with footsteps light
An Indian maiden passed adown
A rugged path o'er boulders brown
Unto the soft gray river sand.
The sweet balsamic breezes fanned
Her bronze-brown cheeks and blue-black hair
With loving wings, and lilies fair

Held up their golden cups to stay
The progress of her paddle's play,
As o'er the quivering ripplets she,
With airy grace and gestures free,
Pulled from the beach a bark canoe,
And threaded reedy mazes through
Toward the river's open breast,
That reached away into the west
Till it caressed the after-glow
Of sunset in the distance low.

II

The river's rippling monotone—
The low-voiced chants of zephyrs lone,
That swung like censers through the halls
By leafage arched, with leafage walls—
The lazy hum of insect song—
All seemed to woo the shades along
The golden rim of eventide,
As back and forth her paddle plied
Through solemn symphonies of gloom
Into the night-enshrouded tomb
Of recent day. The throbbing stars
Rose one by one above the bars
Of dark abysmal to the sea
Of heaven, and the mystery
Of Nature's silence robed her round
With garments threaded by the sound
Of marsh-bird's wail, or pine-wood's moan.
At length she turned, and towards the zone
Of blackness, girding round the stream
As Lethe coils around a dream,
She swerved the course of the canoe,
And through the grasses, damp with dew,
That held their arms down from the bank
To fondle with the rushes rank,
Propelled its prow against the sand,
And silently sprang to the land.

III

She pulled aside a maple screen
That curtained off a weird ravine,
And stepped toward a smouldering flame,
O'er which crouched low an ancient dame
Whose wrinkled face, as leather dry,
Seemed dead, except that either eye
Shone with a fierce, malignant glare,
Like that which lights the wild-cat's lair
When danger pries into its keep.
"Mother, I'm glad you're not asleep,"
The maiden said in awesome way.
"I've dared the dark which follows day,
And paddled up through shade and gloom,
And grim, fantastic shapes that loom
Like giant goblins round the road
That leads to your retired abode."
"You're welcome, child, but never dread
That you'll disturb my sleeping bed,"
The dame's harsh voice made answer soon,
"I do not sleep till night-tide's noon
Has gone to meet the dawning day.
All night my tireless fancies play
Unceasing gambols with the gnomes
That chase each other 'neath the domes
That roof the wild deer's headlong path
When flying from the hunter's wrath.
Why came you here? Do troubles chase
You from your pillowed resting-place?
Has love bestowed a heart on you,
And come you here to prove it true?"
"No heart has love bestowed on me,
But mine has gone, and I to thee
Come in the anguish of my grief
To seek for solace or relief.
'Tis said that you can lift the screen
That veils the destinies unseen. . . .
Until this summer I was free

And happy as the warbling birds;
My thoughts ran on in merry words,
As runnels ripple o'er the rocks,
Or careless as my own dark locks,
Which flung their mane to capture gleams
That glanced from sun-bedizened streams.
I watched the braves return one day
From a victorious foray,
And noted, towering o'er the rest,
A chieftain from the outbound west
With eyes of fire and haughty frown.
I met him ere the sun went down
And saw his frown turn to a smile,
And in his eyes the fire the while
Was fanned to fascination sweet.
The Eagle Eye a lover meet
Would be—" "Hist, child, footsteps approach!
Hide till we see who doth encroach
Within the bounds of my domain.
To yonder bush, and there remain
Until I call you forth again."

IV

The ancient crone revived the blaze
Until its red, uncertain rays
Crept down the hillside dun, and died
Upon the river's misty tide.
Then by the lurid flickering gleams,
That seemed dissolving out of dreams
Among the leafy arcades far,
She caught the glitter of a star
That silver-like shot from its nest
Upon a young brave's stalwart breast,
As up the forest path he came,
Attracted by the pinewood flame.
"Why comest thou?" her voice rang keen
Through shrouded glade and dim ravine.

"I come to pray you'll weave a spell
Whereby the future to foretell.
A chieftain I, in battle skilled,
Full many a foeman I have killed;
I've scalped the locks from many a brow,
And never shirked a task till now.
Through ghostly fogs, o'er leaping brooks,
'Mid slumbering snakes in dusky nooks,
O'er sullen lairs and reedy shades,
O'er quivering brakes and venomed glades,
O'er gusty hills, sun-flushed and high,
That shook their locks against the sky,
O'er shady stretches long and lone,
O'er rocky ledge, through caverned stone,
Past morning's prime, past twilight gray,
I've tracked my foemen on their way
With heart relentless, and with hand
Ready to hurl the deadly brand
With naught of mercy nor of fear.
And yet to-night I'm standing here,
Afraid to face a maiden's eyes,
Afraid to reach to grasp the prize
My heart desires all else above,
Her precious treasury of love.
I've tried to break the bonds that roll
Their magic coils around my soul,
By daring danger on the lake
When storm-clouds o'er its bosom break—
By roaming over flood and fell—
By trying every potent spell
The old magician 'neath the hill
Could summon to assist my will—
By chasing gravelights over graves,
And rambling where the were-wolf raves
Out threats of torture and of rack
To hapless ones that cross its track.
I've run death's gauntlet, day by day,
Where hungry wild-cats screech for prey,
But everywhere the haunting face

Of Budding Rose in matchless grace
Swims 'fore my eyes. Pray, mother, tell,
Will she return my love? Dispel
My doubts at once and seal my fate!"
"Sit down behind that bush and wait,"
The dame replied, "until I call
The wood-sprites up within my thrall."

V

She lit a smoking pine-knot red,
And swayed it thrice around her head,
Then hurled it hissing in the marsh,
The while her voice on air-wings harsh
Passed through the thronging shadows dense,
Unto love's hearing strained and tense.
"I hear the voices of the trees
In answer to the asking breeze,
And this is what the voices say:
'True love will always have its way!'
Come forth, my children, to the light;
The answer to the breeze is right."
The maiden came with drooping head,
The brave with grave and measured tread,
And joined their hands above the blaze.
"For you, fond lovers, length of days
I prophesy, and happy times.
Your lives shall run like merry rhymes
Through many years of full content,
And when at last your course is spent,
Your children shall revere your name,
Your children's children—" Flashed a flame,
A lightning blast, athwart their eyes,
And death assailed them in the guise
Of Iroquois, the Hurons' dread—
And seeress, lovers, all were dead!

E. PAULINE JOHNSON

(TEKAHIONWAKE)

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

WEST wind, blow from your prairie nest!
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast:
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest.
O! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I,
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow.
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead!
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

AT HUSKING TIME

AT husking time the tassel fades
To brown above the yellow blades,
Whose rustling sheath enswathes the corn
That bursts its chrysalis in scorn
Longer to lie in prison shades.

Among the merry lads and maids
The creaking ox-cart slowly wades
'Twixt stalks and stubble, sacked and torn
At husking time.

The prying pilot crow persuades
The flock to join in thieving raids;
The sly raccoon with craft inborn
His portion steals; from plenty's horn
His pouch the saucy chipmunk lades
At husking time.

SHADOW RIVER

A STREAM of tender gladness,
Of filmy sun, and opal-tinted skies;
Of warm midsummer air that lightly lies
In mystic rings,
Where softly swings
The music of a thousand wings
That almost tone to sadness.

Midway 'twixt earth and heaven,
A bubble in the pearly air, I seem
To float upon the sapphire floor, a dream
Of clouds of snow,
Above, below,
Drift with my drifting, dim and slow,
As twilight drifts to even.

The little fern-leaf, bending
Upon the brink, its green reflection greets,
And kisses soft the shadow that it meets
With touch so fine,
The border line
The keenest vision can't define;
So perfect is the blending.

The far fir trees that cover
The brownish hills with needles green and gold,
The arching elms o'erhead, vinegrown and old,
Repictured are
Beneath me far,
Where not a ripple moves to mar
Shades underneath, or over.

Mine is the undertone;
The beauty, strength, and power of the land
Will never stir or bend at my command;
But all the shade
Is marred or made,
If I but dip my paddle blade;
And it is mine alone.

O! pathless world of seeming!
O! pathless life of mine whose deep ideal
Is more my own than ever was the real.
For others Fame
And Love's red flame,
And yellow gold: I only claim
The shadows and the dreaming.

BRIER

BECAUSE, dear Christ, your tender, wounded arm
Bends back the brier that edges life's long way,
That no hurt comes to heart, to soul no harm,
I do not feel the thorns so much to-day.

Because I never knew your care to tire,
Your hand to weary guiding me aright,
Because you walk before and crush the brier,
It does not pierce my feet so much to-night.

Because so often you have hearkened to
  My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing now,
That these harsh hands of mine add not unto
  The crown of thorns upon your bleeding brow.

PRAIRIE GREYHOUNDS

C. P. R. Westbound—No. 1

I SWING to the sunset land,
  The world of prairie, the world of plain,
The world of promise, and hope, and gain,
The world of gold, and the world of grain,
And the world of the willing hand.

I carry the brave and bold,
The one who works for the nation's bread,
The one whose past is a thing that's dead,
The one who battles and beats ahead,
And the one who goes for gold.

I swing to the land to be:
I am the power that laid its floors,
I am the guide to its western stores,
I am the key to its golden doors,
That open alone to me.

C. P. R. Eastbound—No. 2

I swing to the land of morn,
The grey old East, with its grey old seas,
The land of leisure, the land of ease,
The land of flowers and fruits and trees,
And the place where we were born.

Freighted with wealth I come:
Food, and fortune, and fellow that went
Far out west on adventure bent,
With well-worn pick and a folded tent,
Is bringing his bullion home.

I never will be renowned
As my twin that swings to the western marts,
For I am she of the humbler parts;
But I am the joy of the waiting hearts,
For I am the homeward bound!

ROBERT KIRKLAND KERNIGHAN

THE SONG OF THE THAW

MY sandalled feet are firm and fleet,
My chariot wheels are splendid;
I rush and run before the sun
With balmy breezes blended;
O'er forest dry, past mountains high,
O'er snowy valleys hollow,
I sweep along with muffled song
And robin red-breasts follow.

Before my blade the snow wreaths fade,
The frosty blast I cripple;
The frozen stream wakes from its dream,
And straight begins to ripple;
I hush the wail along my trail
Past hamlet, home and hollow,
While on I go with noiseless flow
And robin red-breasts follow.

And like a psalm, benign and calm,
I blight the brow of winter;
I snap the chains that hold the reins—
The fields of ice I splinter;
And like the tide I run and ride,
The bated winds I swallow;
Triumphant still past rock and rill,
And robin red-breasts follow.

A wing of light from night to night
My perfumed chariot passes,
And I can hear in meadows clear
The whispering of the grasses;
With joyous face I onward race
Past hopeless height and hollow,
While swift and strong with simple song
My robin red-breasts follow.

The north wind bleeds—the rustling reeds
The happy news is telling,
And I can hear in forests near
The juicy leaf-buds swelling;
I onward rush without the thrush,
The red bird or the swallow,
You needn't mind, for close behind
My robin red-breasts follow.

PEEPY IS NOT DEAD

"IF Peepy had lived," the mother sighed,
"He'd be of age to-day."
She bowed her head as she softly cried—
The head that was turning gray.
Now, one would think that Peepy was dead,
Underneath the snow:
One would think that Peepy was dead
Since seventeen years ago.

'Tis true they hid poor Peepy away,
Down in the churchyard green,
And ever since that pitiful day
Peepy's never been seen.
No one has seen his curly head
Or heard his laughter flow;
But it doesn't follow that Peepy's been dead
Since seventeen years ago!

They laid his toddling feet to rest;
  They folded his fingers small,
Around the lily upon his breast;
  Then laid him away—that's all.
They curtained his vacant trundle bed
  In his little room of woe;
They really thought that Peepy was dead
  Seventeen years ago.

But it wasn't Peepy they put to stay
  Under the churchyard sod—
He's young and gay and strong to-day
  Up in the realms of God.
He walks in the light by the Saviour's side,
  The Saviour that loved him so.
So it's folly to think that Peepy died
  Seventeen years ago.

His form returned to its mother mould,
  But his soul began to grow—
This is the story an angel told,
  And I'm sure these things are so.
Creeds and churches bother my head,
  But this one thing I know—
It isn't true that Peepy's been dead
  Since seventeen years ago!

WILLIAM KIRBY

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE'S VISIT TO THE NORTH-WEST

WHAT went ye to the wilderness to see?
  A shaking reed? Men in king's houses dwelling?
A prophet? Yea, more than a prophet telling
  Of lands new named for Christ—a gift in fee,
And heritage of millions yet to be.

Green prairies like an ocean swelling
From rise to set of sun—great rivers spelling
Their rugged names in Blackfoot and in Cree.
That went you forth to see, and saw it lie,
The glorious land reserved by God till now,
For England's help in need—to drive the plough,
A thousand miles on end—till in the sky
The snowy mountains, from the plains upborne,
Bear on the proudest peak the name of Lorne.

AT SPENCER GRANGE

UPON the heights of Sillery one day,
Led by the dryad of the fairy wood,
A daughter of the land, as bright and good
As spring's first daffodil, bade me survey
Wolfe's cove, the gleaming city with array
Of walls and pinnacles, each in a hood
Of sunset glory, while the shining flood
Swept through the mountains far and far away.
And then the nearer landscape she recalls,
The grove, the Grange, Belle Borne's romantic rill,
Which in a chain of silvery waterfalls
Ran down the cliff and vanished; but she still
Stands there to me. A memory will not fade—
Part of the glorious vision I surveyed.

From "THE SPARROWS"

SO sat I yesterday, with weary eyes
Looking at leafless trees and snow-swept plains,
And broad Ontario's ice-encumbered sea.
My thoughts had wandered in a waking dream
Across the deep abyss of vanished years,
To that dear land I never saw again—
When suddenly a fluttering of wings
Shook the soft snow—a twittering of birds

Chirping a strange old note, but heard before
In English hedges and on roofs red-tiled,
Of cottage homes that looked on village greens!
An old familiar note! Who says the ear
Forgets a voice once heard? the eye, a charm?
The heart, affection's touch, from man or woman?
Not mine at least! I knew my own birds' language,
And recognised their little forms with joy.

A flock of English sparrows at my door,
With feathers ruffled in the cold north wind,
Claimed kinship with me—hospitality!—
Brown-coated things! Not for uncounted gold
Would I have made denial of their claims!
Five! six! ten! twenty! But I lost all count
In my great joy. Whence come I knew not; glad
They came to me, who loved them for the sake
Of that dear land at once both theirs and mine.

I ran to get the food I knew they liked,
Remembering how—a child—in frost and snow—
I used to scatter crumbs before the door,
And wheat in harvest gleaned, to feed the birds
Which left us not in winter, but made gay
The bleak, inclement season of the year.
The sparrows chirped and pecked while eyeing me
With little diamond glances, like old friends,
As round my feet they fluttered, hopped and fed,
In perfect confidence and void of fear.
Their forms, their notes, their pretty ways so strange,
Yet so familiar—like a rustic word
Learned in my childhood and not spoken since—
All, all came back to me! and as I looked
And listened—a thousand memories rose up,
Like a vast audience at the nation's song!

Old England's hills and dales of matchless charm,
Sweeping in lines of beauty, stood revealed:

Her fragrant lanes where woodbine trailed the hedge,
And little feet with mine ran side by side
As we plucked primroses, or marked the spot
Where blackbird, thrush or linnet reared its young,
While sang the cuckoo on the branching tree.
Those meadows, too! Who can forget them ever?
So green! with buttercups and daisies set,
Where skylarks nested and sprang up at dawn
To heaven's top, singing their rapturous lay!
Those gentle rivers, not too large to grasp
By the strong swimmer of his native streams;
Those landward homes that breed the nation's strength;
Those beaconed cliffs that watch her stormy seas,
Covered with ships that search all oceans round:
Those havens, marts, and high-built cities, full
Of work and wealth and men who rule the world!
All rose before me in supernal light,
As when beheld with childhood's eyes of strength,
And stirred my soul with impulses divine.

My heart opened its depths—glad tears and sad
Mingled upon my cheek, which forty years'
Strange winds had fanned and heat and cold embrowned.
God's hand is nearer than we think—a touch
Suffices to restore the dead; a word
Becomes a wonder of creative power.
The little sparrows in their rustic speech
Talking a tongue I knew—this message brought
From Christ, who spake it, merciful to man:
"Are not two sparrows for a farthing sold,
And not one falls without the Father's leave?
Fear not, therefore! for of more value, ye,
Than many sparrows, yea, whose very hairs
Are numbered by the loving care of God."

I blessed the little messengers who brought
These words of comfort to my lonely heart,
To teach me resignation, hope and peace.

Like children in a darkened room we cry,
Despairing of the light when 'tis most nigh. . . .
The callow bird must wait its wings to fly,
And so must thou! God's love is law in love,
Working in elements of moral strife
That will not yield obedience but with pain.

"Perfect through suffering." Comprehend'st thou
that?
Upon the cross who was it, dying, cried,
In the last agony that rends the soul:
"Eli! Eli! lama sabacthani!"
No other way! Christ, too, must drink that cup
Before His human life was made divine
And our redemption possible from sin!
Or if a gentler lesson thou would'st learn,
Dismayed at those tremendous mysteries,
Think of the birds, the lilies, all things He
Takes care of to the end: why not of thee?
But while their round of life is here complete,
Thine but begins! The law of laws is love,
That needs two worlds to perfect all of man,
And an eternity to teach God's ways! . . .

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT

JACQUES CARTIER

NO flame of war was he, no flower of grace,
No star of wisdom; but a plain, bold man,
More careful of the end than of the plan.
No mystery was he afraid to face;
No savage strategy, no furious storm,
No stings of climate, no unthought disease:
His master purpose would not bend to these,
But saw, through all, achievement's towering form.

He first beheld the gloomy Saguenay,
  And Stadacona's high, forbidding brow;
  His venturous vision too did first survey
Fair Hochelaga, but not fair as now.
  St. Malo holds his dust, the world his fame,
  But his strong, dauntless soul 'tis ours to claim.

SOVEREIGN MOMENTS

LIFE has two sovereign moments;
  One when we settle down
To some life-worthy purpose,—
  One when we grasp the crown.

THE MERCY OF GOD

THEY have a saying in the East:—
  Two angels note the deeds of men,
And one is first and one is least.
When men do right, one takes his pen
And magnifies the deed to ten.
This angel is at God's right hand,
And holds the other in command.
He says to him when men do wrong,
"The man was weak, temptation strong,—
"Write not the record down to-day;
"To-morrow he may grieve and pray."
It may be myth; but this is sooth—
No ruth is lasting as God's ruth;
The strongest is the tenderest;
He who best knows us loves us best.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

THE RAILWAY STATION

THE darkness brings no quiet here, the light
No waking: ever on my blinded brain
The flare of lights, the rush, and cry, and strain,
The engines' scream, the hiss and thunder smite:
I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp, the flight,
Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain:
I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train
Move laboring out into the bourneless night.

So many souls within its dim recesses,
So many bright, so many mournful eyes:
Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and guesses;
What threads of life, what hidden histories,
What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,
What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!

OUTLOOK

NOT to be conquered by these headlong days,
But to stand free: to keep the mind at brood
On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude
Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;
At every thought and deed to clear the haze
Out of our eyes, considering only this,
What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,
This is to live, and win the final praise.

Though strife, ill fortune, and harsh human need
Beat down the soul, at moments blind and dumb
With agony; yet, patience—there shall come
Many great voices from life's outer sea,
Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men heed,
Murmurs and glimpses of eternity.

AMONG THE MILLET

THE dew is gleaming in the grass,
The morning hours are seven;
And I am fain to watch you pass,
Ye soft white clouds of heaven.
Ye stray and gather, part and fold;
The wind alone can tame you;
I think of what in time of old
The poets loved to name you.
They called you sheep, the sky your sward,
A field without a reaper;
They called the shining sun your lord,
The shepherd wind your keeper.
Your sweetest poets I will deem
The men of old for moulding,
In simple beauty, such a dream,—
And I could lie beholding,
Where daisies in the meadow toss,
The wind from morn till even
Forever shepherd you across
The shining field of heaven.

THE LOONS

ONCE ye were happy, once by many a shore,
Wherever Glooscap's gentle feet might stray,
Lulled by his presence like a dream, ye lay
Floating at rest; but that was long of yore.
He was too good for earthly men; he bore
Their bitter deeds for many a patient day,
And then at last he took his unseen way.
He was your friend, and ye might rest no more.

And now, though many hundred altering years
Have passed, among the desolate northern meres
Still must ye search and wander querulously,

Crying for Glooscap, still bemoan the light
With weird entreaties, and in agony
With awful laughter pierce the lonely night.

THE SUN CUP

THE earth is the cup of the sun,
That he filleth at morning with wine,—
With the warm, strong wine of his might
From the vintage of gold and of light,
Fills it, and makes it divine.

And at night when his journey is done,
At the gate of his radiant hall,
He setteth his lips to the brim,
With a long last look of his eye,
And lifts it and draineth it dry,—
Drains till he leaveth it all
Empty and hollow and dim.

And then, as he passes to sleep,
Still full of the feats that he did
Long ago in Olympian wars,
He closes it down with the sweep
Of its slow-turning luminous lid,
Its cover of darkness and stars,
Wrought once by Hephæstus of old
With violet and vastness and gold.

AFTER RAIN

FOR three whole days across the sky,
In sullen packs that loomed and broke,
With flying fringes dim as smoke,
The columns of the rain went by;

At every hour the rain went by;
At every hour the wind awoke;
  The darkness passed upon the plain;
  The great drops rattled at the pane.

Now piped the wind, or far aloof
Fell to a sough remote and dull;
And all night long with rush and lull
The rain kept drumming on the roof:
I heard till ear and sense were full
  The clash or silence of the leaves,
  The gurgle in the creaking eaves.

But when the fourth day came—at noon,
The darkness and the rain were by;
The sunward roofs were steaming dry;
And all the world was flecked and strewn
With shadows from a fleecy sky.
  The haymakers were forth and gone,
  And every rillet laughed and shone.

Then, too, on me that loved so well
The world, despairing in her blight,
Uplifted with her least delight,
On me, as on the earth, there fell
New happiness of mirth and might;
  I strode the valleys pied and still;
  I climbed upon the breezy hill.

I watched the gray hawk wheel and drop,
Sole shadow on the shining world;
I saw the mountains clothed and curled,
With forest ruffling to the top;
I saw the river's length unfurled,
  Pale silver down the fruited plain,
  Grown great and stately with the rain.

Through miles of shadow and soft heat,
Where field and fallow, fence and tree,
Were all one world of greenery,
I heard the robin singing sweet,
The sparrow piping silverly,
  The thrushes at the forest's hem;
  And as I went I sang with them.

JUNE

LONG, long ago, it seems, this summer morn,
  That pale-browed April passed with pensive tread
  Through the frore woods, and from its frost-bound bed
Woke the arbutus with her silver horn;
    And now May, too, is fled,
The flower-crowned month, the merry laughing May,
  With rosy feet and fingers dewy wet,
Leaving the woods and all cool gardens gay
  With tulips and the scented violet.

Gone are the wind-flower and the adder-tongue,
  And the sad drooping bellwort, and no more
  The snowy trilliums crowd the forest floor;
The purpling grasses are no longer young,
    And summer's wide-set door
O'er the thronged hills and the broad panting earth
  Lets in the torrent of the later bloom,
Haytime, and harvest, and the after mirth,
  The slow soft rain, the rushing thunder plume.

All day in garden alleys moist and dim,
  The humid air is burdened with the rose;
  In moss-deep woods the creamy orchid blows;
And now the vesper-sparrow's pealing hymn
    From every orchard close

At eve comes flooding rich and silvery;
  The daisies in great meadows swing and shine;
And with the wind a sound as of the sea
  Roars in the maples and the topmost pine.

High in the hills the solitary thrush
  Tunes magically his music of fine dreams,
  In briary dells, by boulder-broken streams;
And wide and far on nebulous fields aflush
      The mellow morning gleams.
The orange cone-flowers purple-bossed are there,
  The meadow's bold-eyed gypsies deep of hue,
And slender hawkweed tall and softly fair,
  And rosy tops of fleabane veiled with dew.

So with thronged voices and unhasting flight
  The fervid hours with long return go by;
  The far-heard bugles, piping shrill and high,
Tell the slow moments of the solemn night
      With unremitting cry;
Lustrous and large out of the gathering drouth
  The planets gleam; the baleful Scorpion
Trails his dim fires along the drousëd south;
  The silent world-incrusted round moves on.

And all the dim night long the moon's white beams
  Nestle deep down in every brooding tree,
  And sleeping birds, touched with a silly glee,
Waken at midnight from their blissful dreams,
      And carol brokenly.
Dim surging motions and uneasy dreads
  Scare the light slumber from men's busy eyes,
And parted lovers on their restless beds
  Toss and yearn out, and cannot sleep for sighs.

Oft have I striven, sweet month, to figure thee,
  As dreamers of old time were wont to feign,
  In living form of flesh, and striven in vain;
Yet when some sudden old-world mystery
      Of passion fixed my brain,

Thy shape hath flashed upon me like no dream,
  Wandering with scented curls that heaped the breeze,
Or by some hollow of some reeded stream
  Sitting waist-deep in white anemones;

And even as I glimpsed thee thou wert gone,
  A dream for mortal eyes too proudly coy,
  Yet in thy place for subtle thoughts employ
The golden magic clung, a light that shone
    And filled me with thy joy.
Before me like a mist that streamed and fell
  All names and shapes of antique beauty passed
In garlanded procession, with the swell
  Of flutes between the beechen stems; and, last,

I was the Arcadian valley, the loved wood,
  Alpheus stream divine, the sighing shore,
  And through the cool green glades, awake once more,
Psyche, the white-limbed goddess, still pursued,
    Fleet-footed as of yore,
The noonday ringing with her frighted peals,
  Down the bright sward and through the reeds she ran,
Urged by the mountain echoes, at her heels
  The hot-blown cheeks and trampling feet of Pan.

SEPTEMBER

NOW hath the summer reached her golden close,
  And, lost amid her corn-fields, bright of soul,
Scarcely perceives from her divine repose
  How near, how swift, the inevitable goal:
Still, still she smiles, though from her careless feet
  The bounty and the fruitful strength are gone,
  And through the soft long wandering days goes on
The silent sere decadence sad and sweet.

The kingbird and the pensive thrush are fled,
  Children of light, too fearful of the gloom;
The sun falls low, the secret word is said,
  The mouldering woods grow silent as the tomb;
Even the fields have lost their sovereign grace,
  The corn-flower and the marguerite; and no more
  Across the river's shadow-haunted floor
The paths of skimming swallows interlace.

  Already in the outland wilderness
  The forests echo with unwonted dins;
In clamorous gangs the gathering woodmen press
  Northward, and the stern winter's toil begins.
Around the long low shanties, whose rough lines
  Break the sealed dreams of many an unnamed lake,
  Already in the frost-clear morns awake
The crash and thunder of the falling pines.

Where the tilled earth, with all its fields set free,
  Naked and yellow from the harvest lies,
By many a loft and busy granary,
  The hum and tumult of the threshers rise;
There the tanned farmers labor without slack,
  Till twilight deepens round the spouting mill,
  Feeding the loosened sheaves, or with fierce will
Pitching waist-deep upon the dusky stack.

Still a brief while, ere the old year quite pass,
  Our wandering steps and wistful eyes shall greet
The leaf, the water, the beloved grass;
  Still from these haunts and this accustomed seat
I see the wood-wrapt city, swept with light,
  The blue, long-shadowed distance, and, between,
  The dotted farm-lands with their parcelled green,
The dark pine forest and the watchful height.

I see the broad rough meadow stretched away
  Into the crystal sunshine, wastes of sod,

Acres of withered vervain, purple-gray,
  Branches of aster, groves of goldenrod;
And yonder, toward the sunlit summit, strewn
  With shadowy boulders, crowned and swathed with weed,
  Stand ranks of silken thistles, blown to seed,
Long silver fleeces shining like the moon.

In far-off russet corn-fields, where the dry
  Gray shocks stand peaked and withering, half concealed
In the rough earth, the orange pumpkins lie,
  Full-ribbed; and in the windless pasture-field
The sleek red horses o'er the sun-warmed ground
  Stand pensively about in companies,
  While all around them from the motionless trees
The long clean shadows sleep without a sound.

Under cool elm-trees floats the distant stream,
  Moveless as air; and o'er the vast warm earth
The fathomless daylight seems to stand and dream,
  A liquid cool elixir—all its girth
Bound with faint haze, a frail transparency,
  Whose lucid purple barely veils and fills
  The utmost valleys and the thin last hills,
Nor mars one whit their perfect clarity.

Thus without grief the golden days go by,
  So soft we scarcely notice how they wend,
And like a smile half happy, or a sigh,
  The summer passes to her quiet end;
And soon, too soon, around the cumbered eaves
  Shy frosts shall take the creepers by surprise,
  And through the wind-touched reddening woods shall rise
October with the rain of ruined leaves.

THE GOAL OF LIFE

THERE is a beauty at the goal of life,
A beauty growing since the world began,
Through every age and race, through lapse and strife,
Till the great human soul complete her span.
Beneath the waves of storm that lash and burn,
The currents of blind passion that appal,
To listen and keep watch till we discern
The tide of sovereign truth that guides it all;
So to address our spirits to the height,
And so attune them to the valiant whole,
That the great light be clearer for our light,
And the great soul the stronger for our soul:
To have done this is to have lived, though fame
Remember us with no familiar name.

MARY JANE KATZMANN LAWSON

THE FACE IN THE CATHEDRAL

IT was one of those grand cathedrals,
"A poem in wood and stone,"
Fashioned by master-builders,
For the glory of God alone.
The sound of hammer and chisel
From morning till night was there,
As it rose in its Gothic grandeur,
A temple so vast and fair!

Workmen from every nation
With skill and craft had planned
Column and nave and chancel,
All wrought with cunning hand.
Strength was inlaid with beauty—
A goodly sight to see
The rainbow light through the mullioned panes
Of that glorious sanctuary!

One day past the crowd of watchers
  Came a man with silver hair,
And asked of the master-builder
  For leave to labor there.
The workmen stood in wonder,
  For the stranger's eyes were dim,
And the hands so thin and nerveless
  Ne'er told of work in him.

The master smiled as he answered,
  "Our men must be strong and true,
Able, as well as willing,
  For the work they have to do;
Your skill and your strength are over."
  "Try me," the old man said,
"Let me but work in the windowed niche
  Of the turret above my head."

And the master in pity yielded
  To the pleading of voice and eye.
The old man climbed the minster stairs,
  To the window aslant the sky;
And there where the sunrise glory
  Fell first through the diamond pane,
And pillar and arch and chancel
  Were bathed in golden rain,

Day after day on the panel
  He had won from the builder's grace,
His trembling hands were busy,
  Carving a single face;
Silent, and always keeping
  From watchers and workers aloof,
There by the oriel window,
  Under the fretted roof.

But once when the sun was setting,
  And the minster's walls were dim,

The workmen waited and listened—
  What had befallen him?
He stood not before the panel,
  Nor came down the lofty stair,
Yet the light of the turret window
  Was shining upon him there!

For he lay in the quiet shadow
  That follows the setting sun;
His tired hands were folded,—
  The old man's work was done!
And fresh from the shining panel,
  Finished with perfect grace,
Looked down on the pale dead artist
  A pure, young, tender face,

Fresh in its dewy softness,
  As a rose in the light may glow,
The face that had made the sunshine
  Of his life in the long ago;
And the love, through whose perfect fulness
  Our nature becomes divine,
Had transferred from his faithful keeping
  That face to this holy shrine.

There in its place of beauty,
  Eyes turned to the rising sun,
He had made her face immortal,—
  He died, for his work was done!

In that grand old English temple
  There are marvels of wondrous skill,
Where the brain and hand of the craftsman
  Have worked with a perfect will;
But naught has the grace and beauty
  Of the face in the niche above;—
Their work was for gain or glory,
  But his was done for Love!

SOPHIA V. GILBERT LEE

THE BROOK

RIPPLE, ripple, ripple,
  Goes the little brook,
Ripple, ripple, ripple,
  Backward casts no look;
On through vale and woodland,
  And flowery meadows green,
Staying not its progress
  To see or to be seen.

Ripple, ripple, ripple,
  Bubbling on its way,
Ripple, ripple, ripple—
  Hark! I hear it say:
O foolish man, why dwellest thou
  On themes of long ago?
Pass by the old, take up the new,
  Time's fleeting—let me go!

LILY ALICE LEFEVRE

IMPRISONED

WITHIN, a panic stricken throng
  That sudden fear appals,
In blindest fury crashing close
Wide doors to rigid walls—
A wild fierce struggle, life or death,
Each holding ground with gasping breath
Until the weaker falls,—
Each inch of room a battle-field
Where one exults and one must yield.

Without, the boundless earth and air,
The depths of starry space,
Vast oceans that the strong white moon
Uplifts to her embrace;
Free winds of heaven blowing light,
Far planets wheeling through the night
To their appointed place,—
Marvels unseen to captives there,
Imprisoned by their own despair.

Within the gloomy walls of Doubt
Fierce factions wage their war;
Fair Hope lies slain where they have set
Negation's iron bar.
Pent in their narrow bounds they cry,
"No stars, no sky,—we struggle, die,
And know not why we are."
Oh, self-immured! ye cannot see?
Stand back!—your brother shall be free.

Stand back!—from 'neath your trampling feet
The young, the weak shall rise.
Their white lips breathe in silent pain
The prayer your pride denies;
Their pale hands clasp the faded flowers
Of faith that bloomed in happier hours
Beneath their childhood's skies.
Oh, still for these within your walls
May justice, truth and self-control
Set wide the gateways of the soul
To where, beyond, God's glory calls
Man's spirit to its goal.

INSPIRATION

A LARK sprang up to greet the dawn
Close to a rose one day,
The tears upon her glowing cheek
His light wing brushed away,

Her fragrant beauty fresh and fair
He kissed in passing by,
And wove her name into his song
Of rapture in the sky.

The lonely rose sighed, "Ah, my love,
I cannot follow thee;
Far, far above in golden light
Thou hast forgotten me.
Yet am I blest for evermore
Though but an instant dear,—
Thou singest now a sweeter song
For all the world to hear!"

R. E. MULLINS LEPROHON

THE HURON CHIEF'S DAUGHTER

THE dusky warriors stood in groups around the funeral pyre;
The scowl upon their knotted brows betrayed their vengeful ire.
It needed not the cords, the stake, the rites so stern and rude,
To tell it was to be a scene of cruelty and blood. . . .

O lovely was that winsome child of a dark and rugged line,
And e'en 'mid Europe's daughters fair surpassing might she shine:
For ne'er had coral lips been wreathed by brighter, sunnier smile,
Or dark eyes beamed with lustrous light more full of winsome wile. . . .

And, yet it was not wonderful, that haughty, high-
born grace—
She stood amid her direst foes a Princess of her race;
Knowing they'd met to wreak on her their hatred
'gainst her name,
To doom her to a fearful death, to pangs of fire and
flame. . . .

One moment,—then her proud glance fled, her form
she humbly bowed,
A softened light stole o'er her brow, she prayed to
heaven aloud:
"Hear me, Thou Great and Glorious One, Protector
of my race,
Whom in the far-off Spirit Land I'll soon see face to
face!

"Pour down thy blessings on my tribe, may they
triumphant rise
Above the guileful Iroquois—Thine and our enemies;
And give me strength to bear each pang with courage
high and free,
That, dying thus, I may be fit to reign, O God, with
Thee."

Her prayer was ended, and again, like crowned and
sceptered Queen,
She wore anew her lofty smile, her high and royal mien,
E'en though the chief the signal gave, and quick two
warriors dire
Sprang forth to lead the dauntless girl to the lit
funeral pyre.

Back with an eye of flashing scorn recoiled she from
their grasp,
"Nay, touch me not, I'd rather meet the coil of
poisoned asp!

My aged sire and all my tribe will learn with honest pride
That, as befits a Huron's child, their chieftain's daughter died!"

She dashed aside her tresses dark with bright and fearless smile,
And like a fawn she bounded on the fearful funeral pile;
And even while those blood-stained men fulfilled their cruel part
They praised that maiden's courage rare, her high and dauntless heart.

WILLIAM DOUW LIGHTHALL

THE ARTIST'S PRAYER

I KNOW thee not, O Spirit fair!
O Life and flying Unity
Of Loveliness! Must man despair
Forever in his chase of thee!

When snowy clouds flash silver-gilt,
Then feel I that thou art on high;
When fire o'er all the west is spilt,
Flames at its heart thy majesty.

Thy beauty basks on distant hills;
It smiles in eve's wine-coloured sea;
It shakes its light on leaves and rills,
In calm ideals it mocks at me.

Thy glances strike from many a lake
That lines through woodland scapes a-sheen;
Yet to thine eyes I never wake:—
They glance, but they remain unseen.

I know thee not, O Spirit fair!
  Thou fillest heaven: the stars are thee:
Whatever fleets with beauty rare
  Fleets radiant from thy mystery.

Forever thou art near my grasp;
  Thy touches pass in twilight air;
Yet still—thy shapes elude my clasp—
  I know thee not, thou Spirit fair!

O Ether, proud, and vast, and great,
  Above the legions of the stars!
To this thou art not adequate;—
  Nor rainbow's glorious scimitars.

I know thee not, thou Spirit sweet!
  I chained pursue, while thou art free.
Sole by the smile I sometimes meet
  I know thou, Vast One, knowest me.

In old religions hadst thou place:
  Long, long, O Vision, our pursuit!
Yea, monad, fish and childlike brute
  Through countless ages dreamt thy grace.

Gray nations felt thee o'er them tower;
  Some clothed thee in fantastic dress;
Some thought thee as the unknown Power,
  I, e'er the unknown Loveliness.

To all thou wert as harps of joy;
  To bard and sage their fulgent sun:
To priests their mystic life's employ;
  But unto me the Lovely One.

Veils clothed thy might; veils draped thy charm;
  The might they tracked, but I the grace;
They learnt all forces were thine Arm,
  I that all beauty was thy Face.

Night spares us little. Wanderers we.
  Our rapt delights, our wisdoms rare
But shape our darknesses of thee,—
  We know thee not, thou Spirit fair!

Would that thine awful Peerlessness
  An hour could shine o'er heaven and earth,
And I the maddening power possess
  To drink the cup,—O Godlike birth!

All life impels me to thy search:
  Without thee, yea, to live were null;
Still shall I make the dawn thy Church,
  And pray thee "God the Beautiful."

THE SWEET STAR

THE sweet Star of the Bethlehem night
  Beauteous guides and true,
And still, to me and you
  With only local, legendary light.

For us who hither look with eyes afar
  From constellations of philosophy,
All light is from the Cradle; the true star,
  Serene o'er distance, in the Life we see.

MY NATIVE LAND

ROME, Florence, Venice—noble, fair and quaint,
  They reign in robes of magic round me here;
But fading, blotted, dim, a picture faint,
  With spell more silent, only pleads a tear.
Plead not! Thou hast my heart, O picture dim!
  I see the fields, I see the autumn hand

Of God upon the maples! Answer Him
With weird, translucent glories, ye that stand
Like spirits in scarlet and in amethyst!
I see the sun break over you; the mist
On hills that lift from iron bases grand
Their heads superb!—the dream, it is my native land.

STUART LIVINGSTON

THE VOLUNTEERS OF '85

WIDE are the plains to the north and the westward;
Drear are the skies to the west and the north—
Little they cared, as they snatched up their rifles,
And shoulder to shoulder marched gallantly forth.
Cold are the plains to the north and the westward,
Stretching out far to the gray of the sky—
Little they cared as they marched from the barrack-room,
Willing and ready, if need be, to die.

Bright was the gleam of the sun on their bayonets;
Firm and erect was each man in his place;
Steadily, evenly, marched they like veterans;
Smiling and fearless was every face;
Never a dread of the foe that was waiting them;
Never a fear of war's terrible scenes;
"Brave as the bravest" was stamped on each face of them;
Half of them boys not yet out of their teens.

Many a woman gazed down at them longingly,
Scanning each rank for her boy as it passed;
Striving through tears just to catch a last glimpse of him,
Knowing that glimpse might, for aye, be the last.

Many a maiden's cheek paled as she looked at them,
  Seeing the lover from whom she must part;
Trying to smile and be brave for the sake of him,
  Stifling the dread that was breaking her heart.

Every heart of us, wild at the sight of them,
  Beat as it never had beaten before;
Every voice of us, choked though it may have been,
  Broke from huzza to a deafening roar.
Proud! were we proud of them? God! they were part of us,
  Sons of us, brothers, all marching to fight;
Swift at their country's call, ready each man and all,
  Eager to battle for her and the right.

Wide are the plains to the north and the westward,
  Stretching out far to the gray of the sky—
Little they cared as they filed from the barrack-room,
  Shoulder to shoulder, if need be, to die.
Was there one flinched? Not a boy, not a boy of them;
  Straight on they marched to the dread battle's brunt—
Fill up your glasses and drink to them, all of them,
  Canada's call found them all at the front.

TO E. N. L.

THOU sweet-souled comrade of a time gone by
  Who in the infinite dost walk to-day,
And lift thy spirit lips in song, while I
  Lift up but lips of clay—

Oft do I think on thee, thou steadfast heart,
  Who, when the summons dread was in thine ear,
Didst raise thy calm brow up and challenge death,
  As one that knows no fear.

And I have wondered if thy passionate lips
  Now voice the songs that surged within thy heart;
By the great alchemy of mighty death
  Freed to diviner art.

And didst thou find a welcome on the shore
  That rims the vastness of that shadow land?
Did those sweet singing prophet bards of yore
  Stretch thee a greeting hand?

And did they gather round about thee there,
  With faces gray against the coming day;
And, with wan fingers on thy trembling lips,
  Teach thee their mighty lay?—

Till thy enraptured soul, by thine own lips,
  Was filled with such great harmony of song
As gave thee place among their matchless selves,
  A brother of the throng.

THE KING'S FOOL

IN sooth he was a mighty King,
  And ruled in splendid state,
Surrounded by a haughty band
  Of nobles small and great;
And he was good to one and all,
Yet they were plotting for his fall.

For though a king be good and great
  And generous, I trow
His nobles yet will envy him,
  And seek his overthrow;
For so hath been the ancient strife
Since man first took his sovereign's life.

And thus, to gain their foul design,
  They planned to lie in wait,
And drop a deadly poison in
  The golden flagon great,
That never more the King should rule;
And no one heard them but the fool.

So when the King came down that night
  Into his hall to dine,
He found his flagon in its place,
  And at its side the wine—
The blood-red wine—at which he said,
"Such wine should put life in the dead!"

Then poured he full the poisoned cup,
  And, raising it on high,
O'er all his courtiers in the hall
  He ran his noble eye:
"Oh, I would drink," he said, with zest,
"Unto the man that loves me best!"

Then mute they sat around the board,
  And each looked to the other,
Till rose, with mocking reverence,
  The fool, and said, "Good brother,
All round this board, of every guest,
I am the man that loves thee best."

Then wrothful was the King, and said,
  "Thou art no man, I wis,
That makest such a silly jest
  At such a time as this.
Give us a better jest," he said,
"Or pay the forfeit with thy head."

Then quoth the fool, "My good liege lord,
  I'll give another jest,
But after it, I tell thee now,
  That I will take my rest,

No more to be thy jester," and
He snatched the flagon from his hand.

Then dark became the King's great brow,
  Amazed was every guest,
While with the flagon at his lips
  The fool quoth, "This sweet jest
That man, I trow, will best divine
Who poured such strength into this wine"—

Then drained the goblet at a draught,
  And set it down anon,
While round the board each face grew pale,
  And strange to look upon;
Then sank the fool into his place,
And on the table laid his face.

Amid the silence stood the King,
  As if perplexed with doubt;
He looked upon his poor dead fool,
  And then looked round about;
And then in thunder called the guard
That near him kept their watch and ward.

He bid them take the traitors forth
  And put them all to death.
"Would God," he cried, "their lives could give
  My poor fool back his breath—
My poor dead fool, whose silent breast
Doth show, too late, he loved me best!"

This is the legend of a fool
  Who died his king to save,
And to its truth a monument
  Was built above his grave;
And on it in gold this wording ran,
"He lived a fool, but died a man."

KEATS

A YOUNG-EYED seer, amid the leafy ways
Of Latmos' groves, sacred to mighty Pan,
Afar from all the busy marts of man,
Content to seek the beautiful, he strays;
With mild eyes lifted in their starry gaze
Of ravishment divine, a priest, he stands
Before the altar builded by his hands,
And on his pipe, with pallid lip, he plays.

This night, O god-like singer, have I knelt
Before that altar listening to thy strain,
Till off my soul mortality did melt,
Dissolvëd from all weariness of pain;
And at thy magic melody I felt
All life were mine, could I such rapture drain.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART

ACADIE

LIKE mists that round a mountain gray
Hang for an hour, then melt away,
So I, and nearly all my race,
Have vanished from my native place.

Each haunt of boyhood's loves and dreams
More beautiful in fancy seems;
Yet if I to those scenes repair
I find I am a stranger there.

O thou belovëd Acadie,
Sweet is thy charmëd world to me!
Dull are these skies 'neath which I range,
And all the summer hills are strange.

Yet sometimes I discern thy gleam
In sparkles of the chiming stream;
And sometimes speaks thy haunting lore
The foam-wreathed sibyl of the shore.

And sometimes will mine eyes incline
To hill or wood that seems like thine;
Or, if the robin pipeth clear,
It is thy vernal note I hear.

And oft my heart will leap aflame
To deem I hear thee call my name,—
To see thy face with gladness shine,
And find the joy that once was mine.

THE WATERS OF CARR

O DO you hear the merry waters falling,
In the mossy woods of Carr?
O do you hear the child's voice, calling, calling,
Through its cloistral deeps afar?
'Tis the Indian's babe, they say,
Fairy stolen; changed a fay;
And still I hear her, calling, calling, calling,
In the mossy woods of Carr!

O hear you, when the weary world is sleeping
(Dim and drowsy every star),
This little one her happy revels keeping
In her halls of shining spar?
Clearer swells her voice of glee,
While the liquid echoes flee,
And the full moon through deep green leaves comes peeping,
In the dim-lit woods of Carr.

Know ye from her wigwam how they drew her,
Wanton-willing, far away,—
Made the wild-wood halls seem home unto her,
Changed her to a laughing fay?

Never doth her bosom burn,
Never asks she to return ;—
Ah, vainly care and sorrow may pursue her
Laughing, singing, all the day !

And often, when the golden west is burning,
Ere the twilight's earliest star,
Comes her mother, led by mortal yearning
Where the haunted forests are ;—
Listens to the rapture wild
Of her vanished fairy child :
Ah, see her then, with smiles and tears, returning
From the sunset woods of Carr !

They feed her with the amber dew and honey,
They bathe her in the crystal spring,
They set her down in open spaces sunny,
And weave her an enchanted ring ;
They will not let her beauty die,
Her innocence and purity ;
They sweeten her fair brow with kisses many,
And ever round her dance and sing.

O do you hear the merry waters falling,
In the mossy woods of Carr ?
O do you hear the child's voice, calling, calling,
Through its cloistral deeps afar ?
Never thrill of plaintive pain
Mingles with that ceaseless strain ;—
But still I hear her joyous calling, calling,
In the morning woods of Carr !

THE LONELY PINE

I

REMOTE, upon the sunset shrine
Of a green hill, a lonely pine
Beckons this hungry heart of mine.

"Draw near," it always seems to say,
Look thither whensoe'er I may
From the dull routine of my way:

"I hold for thee the heavens in trust;
My priestly branches toward thee thrust.
Absolve thy fret, assoil thy dust."

II

Yet if I come it heeds not me;
The stars amid the branches see
But lonely man and lonely tree,—

And lonely earth that holds in thrall
Her creatures, while Eve gathers all
To fold within her shadowy wall.

Now, with this spell around me thrown,
Dreaming of social pleasures flown,
I grieve, yet joy, to be alone;

While whispering through its solitude,
Far from its green-robed brotherhood,
The pine tree shares my wonted mood.

It museth that felicity
Which, being not, we deem may be,
And mingles hope and certainty.

III

In starry senate doth arise
The lumined spirit of the skies,
Walking with radiant ministries.

Yet in my lonely pine tree dwells,
When 'mid its breast the warm wind swells,
A prophet of sweet oracles.

Like a faint sea on far-off shore,
With its low elfin roll and roar,
It speaks one language evermore;—

One language, unconstrained and free,
The converse of the answering sea,
The old rune of Eternity.

Then, from this lonely sunset shrine,
I turn to toils and cares of mine,
And, grateful, bless my healing pine.

BURTON W. LOCKHART

From "THE RETROSPECT"

O BROTHERS! thro' how many lands
We've sought the Holy Grail!
Lo, here is truth! Lo, there she stands!—
Bow down, and cry, "All hail!"

Still she looks on us far withdrawn,
With stars and clouds bedight;
The vision of our spirit's dawn,
The watch-fire of our night.

Trust thy soul's highest vision—trust!
Think not to touch or taste:
Time's ancient mystery—poor dust!—
For thee will not make haste.

The noble still must seek the light;
The doctrinaire still raves;
But Faith holds fast, while the long night
Shines o'er our fathers' graves.

LOVE AND SONG

LOVE sayeth: Sing of me!
What else is worth a song?
I had refrained
Lest I should do Love wrong.

"Clean hands, and a pure heart,"
I prayed, "and I will sing:"
But all I gained
Brought to my word no wing.

Stars, sunshine, seas and skies,
Earth's graves, the holy hills,
Were all in vain;
No breath the dumb pipe fills.

I dreamed of splendid praise,
And Beauty watching by
Gray shores of Pain:
My song turned to a sigh.

I saw in virgin eyes
The mother warmth that makes
The dead earth quick
In ways no Spring awakes.

No song. In vain to sight
Life's clear arch heavenward sprang.
Heart still, or sick!
—I loved! Ah, then I sang!

BY THE GASPEREAU

DO you remember, dear, a night in June,
So long, so long ago,
When we were lovers, wandering with the moon,
Beside the Gaspereau?

The river plashed and gurgled thro' its glooms,
  Slow stealing to the sea,
A silver serpent; in the apple blooms
  The soft air rustled free.

And o'er the river from afar the sound
  Of mellow tinkling bells
From browsing cattle stirred the echo round
  In gentle falls and swells.

No sound of human sorrow, nor of mirth,
  Streamed on that peace abroad,
And all the night leaned low upon the earth
  Like the calm face of God.

And in our hearts there breathed, like life, a breath
  Of most delicious pain:
It seemed a whisper ran from birth to death,
  And back to birth again,

And bound in airy chains our shining hours,
  Past, present, and to come,
In one sweet whole, strong to defy the powers
  Of change, till Time be dumb.

Yes, you remember, dear, that night in June,
  So long, so long ago,
When we were lovers, wandering with the moon,
  Beside the Gaspereau.

JOHN E. LOGAN

THE INDIAN MAID'S LAMENT

A BLOOD-RED ring hung round the moon,
  Hung round the moon. Ah me! Ah me!
I heard the piping of the Loon,
  A wounded Loon. Ah me!

And yet the eagle feathers rare
I, trembling, wove in my brave's hair.

He left me in the early morn,
  The early morn. Ah me! Ah me!
The feathers swayed like stately corn,
  So like the corn. Ah me!
A fierce wind swept across the plain,
The stately corn was snapt in twain.

They crushed in blood the hated race,
  The hated race. Ah me! Ah me!
I only clasped a cold, blind face,
  His cold, dead face. Ah me!
A blood-red ring hangs in my sight,
I hear the Loon cry every night.

AGNES MAULE MACHAR

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

SANS peur et sans reproche!—our lion-heart
  To whom we turn when other hopes betray,
  When tyrant-might puts forth her power to slay
Young, struggling Freedom, with her poisoned dart,
And Britain hath forgot the nobler part
  She played, as Freedom's champion,—that proud day
  She led a world to break one despot's sway,—
And from her old traditions stands apart.

Milton hath gone, and Wordsworth,—but, through thee,
  Still rings their hate of tyranny defied;
Still breathes the voice whose sound was "of the sea,"
  And that one "of the mountains;"—far and wide
Their echoes roll, where'er true Britons be,
  Or men for liberty have lived and died!

SCHILLER'S DYING VISION

("Many things are growing clearer.")

I

AS the light beyond draws nearer,
  Streaming from the farther shore,
Many things are growing clearer
  I but dimly guessed before,—
How those legends quaint and olden
  Veiled a truth beyond their ken,
In their tales of ages golden,
  When immortals walked with men:

How, in symbol and in shadow,
  Light through darkness dimly broke,
Poesy illumed the meadow,
  And the woodland's music woke;
And the spirits, softly sighing
  Through the forest, in the stream,
On the wind's swift pinions flying,
  Were not all an idle dream!

Now I see how Faith immortal
  Oft hath worn a fable's guise,
While she lingered at the portal
  Of unfathomed mysteries;—
How the vague, half-conscious dreamings
  Of earth's artless, questioning youth
Were but iridescent gleamings
  From the inmost heart of Truth.

How the clear Hellenic vision
  Read the soul in Nature's face,
And the gods of her tradition
  Made the earth their dwelling place,—

Throned on peaks of hoary mountains,
  Walking earth in form divine,
While, in spray of silvery fountains,
  Naiads' gleaming tresses shine!

Dryads, in the forest-shadow,
  Whispered light at eve and dawn,
And the fairies, on the meadow,
  Danced a measure with the Faun:
Radiant forms to earth descending
  In the moonlight, with the dew,—
Earthly grace with heavenly blending,—
  Shone before the poet's view.

II

'Tis a truth profound that dwelleth
  In these bright and broken gleams
Of the glory that excelleth
  Noblest poet's fairest dreams!
For, with eyes no longer holden,
  We may trace a presence bright
In the sunset's radiance golden,
  In the dawn's pale rosy light;

In the beauty round us glowing,
  And in Nature's wondrous course,
We may trace, with surer knowing,
  Her eternal spring and source;
And, still more, the deathless story
  Through the ages we may read,
How infinite Love and Glory
  Bent themselves to human need,—

How the asphodel forever
  Fades before the amaranth bright—
Light hath touched the Stygian river,
  Dawn the Acherontian night!—

For we hear a voice supernal
  Tell us Pluto's reign is o'er,
And the rays of Love eternal
  Light our path for evermore!

Love and Hope and Truth and Duty
  Guide the upward-striving soul,
Still evolving higher beauty
  As the ages onward roll;
Till the light of consecration
  Glorify earth's radiant clod,
And Life's highest Incarnation—
  God in man—draw man to God!

LOVE AND FAITH

FAITH spread her wings to seek the realms of day;
  Unfathomable depths before her lay.
Hope drooped beside her, as there stretched afar,
Space beyond space, outreaching endlessly,
  The faintest gleam of the remotest star.
Her heart grew faint, her wings flagged heavily;
Vain seemed the quest, and endless seemed the way.

Then Love cried out, with voice that pierced the night:
  "Lo, I am here!" and straight all space was light;
Darkness had vanished, and the weary way
Was all forgotten in the vision bright—
  For Faith had reached the glorious gates of day!

A MADONNA OF THE ENTRY

I

IN a city of churches and chapels,
  From belfry and spire and tower,
In the solemn and starlit silence,
  The bells chimed the midnight hour.

Then in silvery tones of gladness
  They rang in the Christmas morn—
The wonderful, mystical season
  When Jesus Christ was born.
All thought of the Babe in the manger,
  —The Child that knew no sin,
That hung on the breast of the mother
  Who found no room in the inn!
All thought of the choir of angels
  That swept through the darkness then,
To chant forth the glad evangel
  Of peace and love to men!

II

In that city of churches and chapels
  A mother crouched, hungry and cold,
In a bleak and cheerless entry,
  With a babe in her nerveless hold.
Hungry and cold and weary,
  She had paced the streets all night—
No room for *her* in the city,
  No food, no warmth, no light!
And just as the bells' glad chiming
  Pealed in the Christmas day,
The angels came through the darkness,
  And carried the babe away!

No room for one tiny infant
  In that city of churches fair,—
But the Father hath "many mansions"
  And room for the baby *there*!

EVAN MACCOLL

THE CHILD OF PROMISE

SHE died—as die the roses
On the ruddy clouds of dawn,
When the envious sun discloses
His flame, and morning's gone.

She died—like snow glad-gracing
Some sea-marge fair, when, lo!
Rude waves, each other chasing,
Quick hide it 'neath their flow.

She died—like snow fair showering
Some sea-marge, when, anon,
In comes the wave devouring—
The beautiful is gone.

She died—as dies the glory
Of music's sweetest swell:
She died—as dies the story
When the best is still to tell!

She died—as dies moon-beaming
When scowls the rayless wave;
She died—like sweetest dreaming
That hastens to its grave.

She died—and died she early;
Heaven wearied for its own.
As the dipping sun, my Mary,
Thy morning ray went down!

GLENORCHY

TALK not to me of Tempe's flowery vale,
With fair Glenorchy stretched before my view!
If of *its* charms he sung, I would right well
Believe the Grecian poet's picture true.
What were his boasted groves in scent and hue
To lady-birches and the stately pine,
The crimsoned heather and the hare-bell blue?
Be his the laurel—the red heath be mine!
No faun nor dryad here I care to see,
More pleased by far to mark the bounding roe
Sport with his mate behind the forest tree;
Nor less the joy when in the glen below
Some milking Hebe sings her *luinneag* free,
All hearts enchanting by its graceful glow.

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

A SONG OF SEASONS

SING a song of Spring-time!
Catkins by the brook,
Adders-tongues uncounted,
Ferns in every nook;
The cataract on the hillside
Leaping like a fawn;
Sing a song of Spring-time,—
Ah, but Spring-time's gone!

Sing a song of Summer!
Flowers among the grass,
Clouds like fairy frigates,
Pools like looking-glass,
Moonlight through the branches,
Voices on the lawn;
Sing a song of summer,—
Ah, but Summer's gone!

Sing a song of Autumn!
  Grain in golden sheaves,
Woodbine's crimson clusters
  Round the cottage eaves,
Days of crystal clearness,
  Frosted fields at dawn;
Sing a song of Autumn,—
  Ah, but Autumn's gone!

Sing a song of Winter!
  North-wind's bitter chill,
Home and ruddy firelight,
  Kindness and good-will,
Hemlock in the churches,
  Daytime soon withdrawn;
Sing a song of Winter,—
  Ah, but Winter's gone!

Sing a song of loving!
  Let the seasons go;
Hearts can make their gardens
  Under sun or snow;
Fear no fading blossom,
  Nor the dying day;
Sing a song of loving,—
  That will last for aye!

JOHN MACFARLANE

THE TWO ANGELS

I STOOD and saw the angel of the dawn,
  Whose rest had been in heaven the dark night through,
Pressing, with jewelled feet, the silent lawn
  In radiant robes of dew,

And slowly to the west, in ebon gloom,
  Upbearing in his lifted hands on high
The scroll of destiny—of life and doom—
  The night-watch passëd by.

But ere he turned his step from earth away
  I gazed upon his countenance again,
And, lo! I thought upon his brow there lay
  A shadow as of pain.

But he, the brother-angel of the day,
  Bore on his breast the beaming star of hope,
And in his golden chalice balm, alway,
  On bruisëd hearts to drop.

And so to men there cometh evermore
  One angel fraught with promise, making glad;
And one who taketh from the stricken sore
  Much anguish, wild and sad.

A GRAVE IN SAMOA

THE wild birds strangely call,
  And silent dawns and purple eves are here,
Where Southern stars upon his grave look down,
  Calm-eyed and wondrous clear!

  No strife his resting mars!
And yet we deem far off from tropic steeps
His spirit cleaves the pathway of the storm,
  Where dark Tantallon keeps.

  For still in plaintive woe,
By haunting mem'ry of his yearning led,
The wave-worn Mother of the misty strand
  Mourns for her absent dead:

Ah! bear him gently home,
To where Dunedin's streets are quaint and gray,
And ruddy lights across the steaming rains
Shine soft at close of day!"

A MIDSUMMER MADRIGAL

AT the postern gate of Day
Stands Apollo, clad in light,
Trilling forth a summons gay
To the wrinkled warder Night:

"Ho! old laggard, what has kept?
Dost not hear this challenge mine?
Well I wot thy beard has dipt
In the wassail's ruddy wine.

Song and story, gibe and jest,
With thy boon companions all;
To the donjon of the West
Now betake thee, Seneschal.

Ward and watch, and vigil keen,
Still thy beacon fires confest,
Blazing in the blue serene;
Hie thee, warrior, to thy rest!"

And in armor silver-dight,
As becomes a knight to win,
At the postern held by Night
Crowned Apollo enters in.

KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN

BALLAD OF THE MAD LADYE

THE rowan tree grows by the tower foot,
(*Flotsam and jetsam from over the sea,*
Can the dead feel joy or pain?)
And the owls in the ivy blink and hoot,

And the sea-waves bubble around its root,
  Where kelp and tangle and sea-shells be,
  When the bat in the dark flies silently.
    (*Hark to the wind and the rain!*)

The ladye sits in the turret alone,
  (*Flotsam and jetsam from over the sea,*
    The dead—can they complain?)
And her long hair down to her knee has grown,
And her hand is cold as a hand of stone,
  And wan as a hand of flesh may be,
  While the bird in the bower sings merrily.
    (*Hark to the wind and rain!*)

Sadly she leans by her casement side,
  (*Flotsam and jetsam from over the sea,*
    Can the dead arise again?)
And watcheth the ebbing and flowing tide,
But her eye is dim, and the sea is wide;
  The fisherman's sail and the cloud flies free,
  And the bird is mute in the rowan tree.
    (*Hark to the wind and the rain!*)

The moon shone in on the turret stair,
  (*Flotsam and jetsam from over the sea,*
  The dead are bound with a chain.)
And touched her cheek and brightened her hair,
And found naught else in the world so fair,
  So ghostly fair as the mad ladye,
  While the bird in the bower sang lonesomely.
    (*Hark to the wind and the rain!*)

The weary days and the months crept on,
  (*Flotsam and jetsam from over the sea,*
  The words of the dead are vain.)
At last the summer was over and gone,
And still she sat in her turret alone,
  Her white hands clasping about her knee,
  And the bird was mute in the rowan tree.
    (*Hark to the wind and the rain!*)

Wild was the sound of the wind and the sleet,
(*Flotsam and jetsam from over the sea,*
The dead—do they walk again?)
Wilder the roar of the surf that beat;
Whose was the form that it bore to her feet,
Swayed with the swell of the unquiet sea,
While the raven croaked in the rowan tree?
(*Hark to the wind and the rain!*)

O Ladye, strange is the silent guest—
(*Flotsam and jetsam cast up by the sea,*
Can the dead feel sorrow or pain?)
With the sea-drenched locks and the pulseless breast,
And the close-shut lips which thine have pressed,
And the wild sad eyes that heed not thee,
While the raven croaks in the rowan-tree.
(*Hark to the wind and the rain!*)

The tower is dark, and the doors are wide,
(*Flotsam and jetsam cast up by the sea,*
The dead are at peace again.)
Into the harbor the fisher boats ride,
But two went out with the ebbing tide,
Without sail, without oar, full fast and free,
And the raven croaks in the rowan tree.
(*Hark to the wind and the rain!*)

BIRD SONG

ART thou not sweet,
Oh, world, and glad to the inmost heart of thee!
All creatures rejoice
With one rapturous voice,
As I, with the passionate beat
Of my over-full heart, feel sweet,
And all things that live, and are part of thee!

Light, light as a cloud,
Swimming, and trailing its shadow under me,
I float in the deep
As a bird-dream in sleep,
And hear the wind murmuring loud,
Far down, where the tree-tops are bowed,—
And I see where the secret place of the thunders be.

Oh! the sky free and wide,
With all the cloud-banners flung out in it!
Its singing wind blows
As a grand river flows,
And I swim down its rhythmical tide,
And still the horizon spreads wide,
With the birds' and the poets' songs like a shout in it!

Oh, life, thou art sweet!
Sweet, sweet to the inmost heart of thee!
I drink with my eyes
Thy limitless skies,
And I feel with the rapturous beat
Of my wings thou art sweet,—
And I,—I am alive, and a part of thee!

ELIZABETH S. MACLEOD

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

DRAW nigh with reverence, Canada!
Beyond all strain of mortal toil
He lieth, with unstained crest,
Calm-sleeping on his chosen soil.
No higher boon may patriot crave
Than grateful country's honest tear;
Whilst Faith, outreaching 'yond the grave,
With stainless emblem decks the bier.

Rare mind! firm as the granite stone
  From out thy much-loved Scottish hills;
Soul, clear as sunlight's upper zone
  When smiling o'er Canadian rills!
Oh, well for thee, belovëd land,
  That, ripening to thy golden prime,
Stout hearts, and faithful, held thine hand
  And led thee on to ampler time.

Embalm his memory, Canada!
  Nor taint with ill his honored name,
Who loved thee dearer than his life;
  Who, serving thee, rejected fame.
Not now!—through many an after year,
  In cool, calm retrospect of time,
Shall all his sterling worth appear,
  In grandeur fitting and sublime.

Though stilled the aims of lofty end,
  Though leaders in the field lie low,
Heaven's purposes shall onward tend,
  As ocean wavelets shoreward flow.
Wail not! he walketh in the light;
  His work, imbued with high intent,
Doth magnify a country's might,
  And build his fairest monument.

A. D. MACNEILL

THE SEA-GULL

FAIR bird, whose silvery pinions sweep
  The hoary bosom of the deep,
Or braced against the raging gale
Across the vast of heaven sail,
I hold thee as a symbol dear
Of loving hearts who persevere

Amid the woes of life, and brave
Temptation's dark and forceful wave,
That sweeps across us unawares;
And swooping gusts of froward cares
That shrewdly vex us. But again,
When throned upon the tranquil tide
In snowy robe unflecked of stain,
You seem a soul beatified.

DONALD M'CAIG

THE TRAMP

ON a stone by the wayside, half-naked and cold,
And soured in the struggle of life,
With his parchment envelope grown wrinkled and old,
Sat the Tramp, with his crust and his knife.
And the leaves of the forest fell round him in showers,—
And the sharp, stinging flurries of snow,
That had warned off the robins to summer bowers,
Admonished him, too, he should go.

But Autumn had gone, having gathered her sheaves,
And the glories of Summer were past;
And Spring, with the swallows that built in the eaves,
Had left him the weakest and last!
So he sat there alone, for the world could not heal
A disease without pain, without care,—
Without joy, without hope, too insensate to feel,—
Too utterly lost for despair!

But he thought, while the night, and the darkness, and gloom,
That gathered around him so fast,
Hid the moon and the stars in their cloud-shrouded tomb,
Of the fair, but the far-distant past!

Around him a vision of beauty arose,
Unpainted, unpencilled by art,—
His home, father, mother, sweet peace and repose,
From the sad *repertoire* of the heart.

And brightly the visions came gliding along
Through the warm golden gates of the day,—
With voices of childhood, and music and song,
Like echoes from lands far away.
And the glad ringing laughter of girlhood was there,
And one 'mong the others so dear
That o'er his life's record, too black for despair,
Flowed the sad sacred joy of a tear!

And he held, while he listened, his crust half consumed,
In his cold, shrivelled hand, growing weak,
While a glory shone round him that warmed and illumed
The few frozen tears on his cheek.
In the dark, silent night, thus his spirit had flown,
Like the sigh of a low passing breath;—
Life's bubble had burst, and another gone down
In the deep, shoreless ocean of death.

In the bright waking morn, by the side of the way,
On the crisp, frozen leaves shed around,
The knife, and the crust, and the casket of clay,
Which the tramp left behind him, were found!
And bound round his neck, as he lay there alone,
Was the image, both youthful and fair,
Of a sweet, laughing girl, with a blue ribbon zone,
And a single white rose in her hair.

Was he loved? Was she wed? Was she daughter or wife,
Or sister? The world may not read
Her story or his. They are lost with the life—
Recorded, "A tramp was found dead!"

"Found dead by the way," in the gloom and the cold—
The boy whom a mother had kissed,
The son whom a father could proudly enfold,
The brother a sister had missed!

"Found dead by the way!" whom a maiden's first love
Had hallowed—e'en worshipped in part,
And clothed in a light from the glory above,
To enshrine in her pure virgin heart!
Found dead, and alone, by the way where he died,
To be thrown, like a dog, in his lair!
Yet he peacefully sleeps, as the stone by his side,
And rich as the proud millionaire?

JAMES M'CARROLL

A ROYAL RACE

AMONG the fine old kings that reign
Upon a simple wooden throne,
There's one with but a small domain,
Yet, mark you, it is all his own.

And though upon his rustic towers
No ancient standard waves its wing,
Thick leafy banners, flushed with flowers,
From all the fragrant casements swing.

And here, in royal homespun, bow
His nut-brown court, at night and morn,—
The bronzed Field-Marshal of the Plough,
The Chancellor of the Wheat and Corn,

The Keeper of the Golden Stacks,
  The Mistress of the Milking-Pail,
The bold Knights of the Ringing-Axe,
  The Heralds of the Sounding Flail,

The Ladies of the New-Mown Hay,
  The Master of the Spade and Hoe,
The Minstrels of the Glorious Lay
  That all the Sons of Freedom know.

And thus, while on the seasons roll,
  He wins from the inspiring sod
The brawny arm and noble soul
  That serve his country and his God.

DAWN

WITH folded wings of dusky light
  Upon the purple hills she stands,
An angel between day and night,
  With tinted shadows in her hands—

Till suddenly transfigured there,
  With all her dazzling plumes unfurled,
She climbs the crimson-flooded air,
  And flies in glory o'er the world.

THE GRAY LINNET

THERE'S a little gray friar in yonder green bush,
  Clothed in sackcloth—a little gray friar
Like a druid of old in his temple—but hush!
He's at vespers; you must not go nigher.

Yet, the rogue! can those strains be addressed to the skies,
And around us so wantonly float,
Till the glowing refrain like a shining thread flies
From the silvery reel of his throat?

When he roams, though he stains not his path through
the air
With the splendor of tropical wings,
All the lustre denied to his russet plumes there
Flashes forth through his lay when he sings;

For the little gray friar is so wondrous wise,
Though in such a plain garb he appears,
That on finding he can't reach your soul through
your eyes,
He steals in through the gates of your ears.

But the cheat!—'tis not heaven he's warbling about—
Other passions, less holy, betide—
For, behold, there's a little gray nun peeping out
From a bunch of green leaves at his side.

WILLIAM M'DONNELL

From "MANITA"

As time past onwards, day by day
Manita by the grave would stay;
And often she would steal by night
To that lone spot to glad her sight . . .
And many came to hear the song
She sung at times the whole day long.
She fancied, too, that flowers and birds
Were listening to its tender words,
And that at night the dreaming moon
Sent echoes to her simple tune—
It was a loving lay to cheer
While Ogemah lay sleeping near:

"I have a little friend
Up in the tall pine tree.

In the sunny air he sings,
Sits and sings with folded wings,
Sings low and soft down by the lake,
Lest he should Ogemah awake.

I have a pretty friend,
The redbreast in the tree.
All day for me he sings,
Word from Ogemah he brings,
And often warbles by the lake
To see if he is yet awake."

BERNARD M'EVOY

A PHOTOGRAPH IN A SHOP WINDOW

THROUGH a Gethsemane of city streets,
Whose ministering angels seemed from hell,
And ever stabbed me with their venomed darts,
Till soul and body writhed in misery,
I strayed—a hunted mortal—sport of Fate.
Then, when 'twas worst, behold thy pictured face!
Calm, peaceful, resolute; thy comrades true
Around thee, "helmed and tall;" ah! then I knew
How angels strengthen us in time of need,
And from thy face drew solace for my smart.

REVISED PROOFS

I WATCH the printer's clever hand
Pick up the type from here and there—
Make it in ordered row to stand,
And gather it with practised care.

Maybe 'twill make the poet's page,
The leaf of some romantic book,
The sheet that chronicles the age,
The tome on which the sage shall look.

But ah! not yet; full well he knows
  No printer lives from error free;
And in those neat and serried rows
  Are letters that ought not to be.

He takes his proof-sheet with a sigh,
  Deleting here, and adding there,
Till not the keenest reader's eye
  But must confess the whole is fair.

And shall the pages of our lives—
  Letter by letter daily set—
Be subject, when the end arrives,
  To no revising process yet?

Sometimes our eyes are blurred with tears,
  Sometimes our hands with passion shake,
Sometimes a tempting Devil leers
  At all the errors that we make.

Forbid, O God! that work so vain
  Shall stand in an eternal scroll—
With faults of sin, and joy, and pain—
  As long as future ages roll!

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE

OUR LADYE OF THE SNOW

I

IF, Pilgrim, chance thy steps should lead
  Where, emblem of our holy creed,
    Canadian crosses glow—
There you may hear what here you read,
And seek in witness of the deed
    Our Ladye of the Snow! *

* The church of *Notre Dame des Neiges*, (now) behind Mount Royal.

In the old times when France held sway
From the Balize to Hudson's Bay,
O'er all the forest free,
A noble Breton cavalier
Had made his home for many a year
Beside the Rivers three.

To tempest and to trouble proof
Rose in the wild his glittering roof,
To every traveller dear;
The Breton song, the Breton dance,
The very atmosphere of France,
Diffused a generous cheer.

Strange sight that on those fields of snow
The genial vine of Gaul should grow
Despite the frigid sky!
Strange power of Man's all-conquering will,
That here the hearty Frank can still
A Frenchman live and die!

II

The Seigneur's hair was ashen grey,
But his good heart held holiday,
As when in youthful pride
He bared his shining blade before
De Tracey's regiment on the shore
Which France has glorified.

Gay in the field, glad in the hall,
The first at danger's frontier call,—
The humblest devotee
Of God and of St Catharine dear
Was the stout Breton cavalier
Beside the Rivers three.

When bleak December's chilly blast
Fettered the flowing waters fast,
And swept the frozen plain—

When with a frightened cry, half heard,
Far southward fled the arctic bird,
Proclaiming winter's reign—

His custom was, come foul, come fair,
For Christmas duties to repair,
Unto the *Ville Marie*,
The city of the mount, which north
Of the great River looketh forth
Across its sylvan sea.

Fast fell the snow, and soft as sleep,
The hillocks looked like frozen sheep,
Like giants grey the hills—
The sailing pine seemed canvas-spread,
With its white burden over-head,
And marble hard the rills.

A thick dull light, where ray was none
Of moon or star, or cheerful sun,
Obscurely showed the way—
While merrily upon the blast
The jingling horse-bells, pattering fast,
Timed the glad roundelay.

Swift eve came on, and faster fell
The winnowed storm on ridge and dell,
Effacing shape and sign—
Until the scene grew blank at last,
As when some seaman from the mast
Looks o'er the shoreless brine.

Nor marvel aught to find ere long
In such a scene the death of song
Upon the bravest lips—
The empty only could be loud
When Nature fronts us in her shroud
Beneath the sky's eclipse.

Nor marvel more to find the steed,
Though famed for spirit and for speed,
Drag on a painful pace—
With drooping crest and faltering foot,
And painful whine, the weary brute
Seems conscious of disgrace;

Until he paused with mortal fear,
Then plaintive sank upon the mere
Stiff as a steed of stone—
In vain the master winds his horn,
None save the howling wolves forlorn
Attend the dying roan.

III

Sad was the heart and sore the plight
Of the benumbed, bewildered knight
Now scrambling through the storm.
At every step he sank apace—
The death dew freezing on his face—
In vain each loud alarm!

The torpid echoes of the Rock
Answered with one unearthly mock
Of danger round about!
Then, muffled in their snowy robes,
Retiring sought their bleak abodes,
And gave no second shout.

Down on his knees himself he cast,
Deeming that hour to be his last,
Yet mindful of his faith—
He prayed St Catharine and St John,
And our dear Ladye called upon
For grace of happy death.

When lo! a light beneath the trees,
Which clank their brilliants in the breeze,
And lo! a phantom fair

As God's in heaven! by that blest light
Our Ladye's self rose to his sight,
In robes that spirits wear!

Oh! lovelier, lovelier far than pen,
Or tongue, or art, or fancy's ken
Can picture, was her face—
Gone was the sorrow of the sword,
And the last passion of our Lord
Had left no living trace!

As when the moon across the moor
Points the lost peasant to his door,
And glistens on his pane—
Or when along her trail of light
Belated boatmen steer at night,
A harbor to regain—

So the warm radiance from her hands
Unbind for him Death's icy bands,
And nerve the sinking heart—
Her presence makes a perfect path.
Ah! he who such a helper hath
May anywhere depart.

All trembling, as she onward smiled,
Followed that Knight our mother mild,
Vowing a grateful vow—
Until, far down the mountain gorge,
She led him to the antique forge
Where her own shrine stands now.

If, Pilgrim, chance thy steps should lead
Where, emblem of our holy creed,
Canadian crosses glow—
There you may hear what here you read,
And seek, in witness of the deed,
Our Ladye of the Snow!

WILLIAM P. M'KENZIE

MOONLIGHT

SO tremulous the flame of thinking burns
Beneath mine eyelids, that I may not keep
My restless couch; I watch the still moon sweep
Through starry space, like some white soul that spurns
Earth-life, and to the sunlight ever turns;
In her cool beams my burning eyes I steep—
Oh, that my spirit thus may rest in sleep
When my pale ashes mother Earth inurns!

And as the moonlight quieteth unrest,
Changing thought's scorching glow to truth's pure light,
So Thou, who art my heart's most holy guest,
Dost make its ruddy flame glow spirit white;
And like pure-hearted child 'mid happy dreams,
I rest my heart and soul in Thy love-beams.

GABRIELLE

'TIS the sound of a silver-toned bell:
Gabrielle,—
And a gladness the chime doth foretell,
Gabrielle;
As music that thrilled once floats back to the mind,
And tells of a joy yet to grasp, yet to find,
So thy name seems to come on the wind,
Gabrielle!
I find in its musical swell,
Gabrielle,
A charm evil passions to quell,
Gabrielle;

When I utter thy name all the might is destroyed
Of the glittering shapes in the dark that annoyed,
And they flit back again to the void,
Gabrielle!
Thy name holds my heart by a spell,
Gabrielle!
In my life thy sweet music shall dwell,
Gabrielle!
As one with a vision celestial in sight,
The vision of love hath redoubled my might,
And my eyes mirror heavenly light,
Gabrielle!

THE MOTHER'S SONG

Come, O Sleep, from Chio's isle,
Take my little one awhile.—GREEK FOLK-SONG.

COME hither, Sleep, from Chio's isle!
My wakeful babe canst thou beguile?
Let rose of dawn be on the cheek,
On sweet lips parted as to speak,
But bring a twilight o'er these eyes
As bright and blue as summer skies.
Then swing the cradle to and fro
Till all the wingëd shadows go;
Like drowsy flower my baby sway
Until my daughter hails the day.

Come hither, Sleep, from Chio's isle!
Take thou my little one awhile,
And twine soft fabric of the night
O'er merry eyes that glance too bright;
Make silent thou the laughter sound,
But leave the smile, and dimple round,
And rock my baby on thy breast
Like wee bird swaying in the nest;
At morning bring her fresh as day,
Then on a sunbeam fly away.

LULLABY SONG

WHERE does my sweetheart Baby go
While the cradle is swinging her to and fro,—
While Mother is singing a lullaby
In a voice like none other, so sweet and low?

Lullaby Baby, lullaby dear!
Yield thee to slumber, Mother is near;
Far on Sleep's ocean fear not to go,
God is around thee, loving thee so!

Does she fly away to the home of Night,
When eyelids droop over blue eyes bright?
Does she seek the place where the dreams are born,
Clad in her dreaming-dress of white?

Her cradle sways like a fairy boat
On the gentle Slumber river afloat,
That bears on its bosom a baby fleet,
As the sunbeam many a shining mote.

So swiftly the babies are sweeping along
As if a breeze in the sail blew strong,
Yet no waves beat, for it is not the wind
But the crooning of many a mother-song.

Down Slumber river their course they keep,
Until they come to the sea of Sleep;
And the mermaids tell them of wonderful things,
For they are the dreams that arise from the deep.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN

INDIAN SUMMER

DOWN from the blue the sun has driven,
And stands between the earth and heaven,
In robes of smouldering flame:
A smoking cloud before him hung,
A mystic veil, for which no tongue
Of earth can find a name;
And o'er him bends the vault of blue,
With shadowy faces looking through
The azure deep profound;
The stillness of eternity,—
A glory and a mystery,
Encompass him around.
The air is thick with golden haze,
The woods are in a dreamy maze,
The air enchanted seems;
Have we not left the realms of care,
And entered in the regions fair
We see in blissful dreams?

•

O, what a sacred stillness broods
Above the awful solitudes!
Peace hangs with dove-like mien;
She's on the earth, she's in the air,
O, she is brooding everywhere—
Sole spirit of the scene!
And yonder youths and maidens seem
As moving in a heavenly dream,
Through regions rich and rare;
Have not their very garments caught
A tone of spiritual thought,
A still, a Sabbath air?
Yon cabins by the forest side
Are all transformed and glorified!

O, surely grief nor care,
Nor poverty with strife and din,
Nor anything like vulgar sin,
Can ever enter there!

The ox, let loose to roam at will,
Is lying by the water still;
And on yon spot of green
The very herd forget to graze,
And look in wonder and amaze
Upon the mystic scene.
And yonder Lake Ontario lies,
As if that wonder and surprise
Had hushed her heaving breast—
And lies there with her awful eye
Fixed on the quiet of the sky
Like passion soothed to rest;
Yon very maple feels the hush—
That trance of wonder, that doth rush
Through nature everywhere—
And meek and saint-like there she stands
With upturned eye and folded hands,
As if in silent prayer.

O Indian Summer, there's in thee
A stillness, a serenity—
A spirit pure and holy,
Which makes October's gorgeous train
Seem but a pageant light and vain,
Untouched by melancholy!
But who can paint the deep serene—
The holy stillness of thy mien—
The calm that's in thy face,
Which make us feel, despite of strife,
And all the turmoil of our life—
Earth is a holy place?
Here, in the woods, we'll talk with thee,
Here, in thy forest sanctuary

We'll learn thy simple lore ;
And neither poverty nor pain,
The strife of tongues, the thirst for gain,
Shall ever vex us more.

BOBOLINK

MERRY mad-cap on the tree,
Who so happy are as thee !
Is there aught so full of fun,
Half so happy 'neath the sun,
With thy merry whiskodink—
Bobolink ! Bobolink !

With thy mates, such merry meetings,
Such queer jokes and funny greetings,
O, such running and such chasing,
O, such banter and grimacing,
Thou'rt the wag of wags the pink—
Bobolink ! Bobolink !

How you tumble 'mong the hay,
Romping all the summer's day ;
Now upon the wing all over
In and out among the clover—
Far too happy e'er to think—
Bobolink ! Bobolink !

Now thou'rt on the apple tree,
Crying, "Listen unto me !"
Now upon the mossy banks,
Where thou cuttest up such pranks—
One would swear thou wert in drink—
Bobolink ! Bobolink !

Nothing canst thou know of sorrow,
As to-day shall be to-morrow ;

Never dost thou dream of sadness—
All thy life a merry madness,
Never may thy spirits sink—
Bobolink! Bobolink!

THE MAN WHO ROSE FROM NOTHING

AROUND the world the fame is blown
Of fighting heroes, dead and gone;
But we've a hero of our own—
The man who rose from nothing.

He's a magician great and grand;
The forests fled at his command;
And here he said, "Let cities stand!"—
The man who rose from nothing.

And in our legislative hall
He towering stands alone, like Saul,
"A head and shoulders over all,"—
The man who rose from nothing.

His efforts he will ne'er relax,
His faith in figures and in facts,
And always calls an axe an axe,—
The man who rose from nothing.

The gentleman in word and deed;
And short and simple in his creed;
"Fear God and help the soul in need!"
The man who rose from nothing.

In other lands he's hardly known,
For he's a product of our own;
Could grace a shanty or a throne,—
The man who rose from nothing.

Here's to the land of lakes and pines,
On which the sun of freedom shines,
Because we meet on all our lines
The man who rose from nothing.

JOHN M'PHERSON

THE MAYFLOWER

SWEET child of an April shower,
First gift of spring to Flora's bower,
Acadia's own peculiar flower,
I hail thee here!
Thou com'st, like hope in sorrow's hour,
To whisper cheer.

I love to stray with careless feet,
Thy balm on morning breeze to meet—
Thy earliest opening bloom to greet—
To take thy stem,
And bear thee to my lady sweet,
Thou lovely gem.

What though green mosses o'er thee steal,
And half thy lovely form conceal—
Though but thy fragrant breath reveal
Thy place of birth—
Gladly I own thy mute appeal,
Of modest worth!

Thy charms so pure a spell impart,
Thy softening smiles so touch my heart,
That silent tears of rapture start,
Sweet flower of May!
E'en while I sing, devoid of art,
This simple lay.

IN THE WOODS

I COME, ye lovely wild-wood groves,
  Where placid contemplation roves,
  And breathes untroubled air;
I come to woo your genial sweets,
To wander in your green retreats,
  And lose the sense of care.

Unformed to brook the vulgar strife
And heartlessness of worldly life,
  I court your silent gloom—
Where Thought may nurse, without annoy,
The soothing sense of native joy—
  The soul's inherent bloom.

Receive me to your fostering arms—
Surround me with your varied charms
  Of birds and streams and flowers;
And bless me with the sweet repose
That crowns the simple thoughts of those
  Who love your leafy bowers.

Here in the ancient forest maze,
Remote from Mammon's specious ways,
  And wandering at my will,
Herbs, flowers, and trees shall be my friends,
And birds and streamlets make amends
  For much of earthly ill.

Yet give me here a kindred tie—
Affection's sympathetic eye,
  And kind consoling tone;
For though the multitude are cold,
And anxious most for sordid gold,
  I would not live alone.

The heart—the heart is human still,
And yearns for trusting love to fill
  Its frequent, aching void;
Unless partaken with our kind,
The sweetest joys of sense and mind
  Are not enough enjoyed.

Then will I seek repose from strife,
The tender ministries of life,
  And peace, the timid dove,
In one still calm, one dear retreat,
The circle of my cottage sweet—
  The home of wedded love.

CHARLES MAIR

UNTAMED

THERE was a time on this fair continent
  When all things throve in spacious peacefulness.
The prosperous forests unmolested stood,
For where the stalwart oak grew, there it lived
Long ages, and then died among its kind.
The hoary pines—those ancients of the earth,
Brimful of legends of the early world—
Stood thick on their own mountains unsubdued.
And all things else illumined by the sun,
Inland, or by the lifted wave, had rest.
The passionate or calm pageants of the skies
No artist drew; but in the auburn west
Innumerable faces of fair cloud
Vanished in silent darkness with the day.
The prairie realm—vast ocean's paraphrase—
Rich in wild grasses numberless, and flowers
Unnamed save in mute Nature's inventory,
No civilized barbarian trenched for gain.
And all that flowed was sweet and uncorrupt:

The rivers and their tributary streams,
Undammed, wound on forever, and gave up
Their lonely torrents of weird gulfs of sea,
And ocean wastes unshadowed by a sail.
And all the wild life of this western world
Knew not the fear of man; yet in those woods . . .
There lived a soul more wild than barbarous;
A tameless soul—the sunburnt savage free—
Free, and untainted by the greed of gain:
Great Nature's man content with Nature's food.

THE VOICE OF THE PINES

WE fear not the thunder, we fear not the rain,
For our stems are stout and long;
Or the growling winds, though they blow amain,
For our roots are great and strong;
Our voice is eternal, our song sublime,
And its theme is the days of yore—
Back thousands of years of misty time,
When we first grew old and hoar!

Deep down in the crevice our roots were hid,
And our limbs were thick and green
Ere Cheops had builded his pyramid,
Or the Sphinx's form was seen.
Whole forests have risen within our ken,
Which withered upon the plain;
And cities, and race after race of men,
Have risen and sunk again.

We commune with the stars thro' the paly night,
For we love to talk with them;
The wind is our harp, and the marvellous light
Of the moon our diadem.
Like the murmur of ocean our branches stir
When the night air whispers low;
Like the voices of ocean our voices are,
When the hurtling tempests blow.

We nod to the sun ere the glimmering morn
  Prints her sandals on the mere;
We part with the sun when the stars are borne
  By the silvery waters clear.
And when lovers are breathing a thousand vows,
  With their hearts and cheeks aglow,
We chant a love strain 'mid our breezy boughs,
  Of a thousand years ago!

We stand all aloof, for the giant's strength
  Craveth naught from lesser powers;
'Tis the shrub that loveth the fertile ground,
  But the sturdy rock is ours!
We tower aloft where the hunters lag
  By the weary mountain side,
By the jaggy cliff, by the grimy crag,
  And the chasms yawning wide.

When the great clouds march in a mountain heap,
  By the light of the dwindled sun,
We steady our heads 'gainst their misty sweep,
  And accost them one by one.
Then our limbs they jostle in thunder-mirth,
  And the storm-fires flash again;
But baffled and weary they sink to earth,
  And the monarch-stems remain.

The passage of years doth not move us much,
  And Time himself grows old
Ere we bow to his flight, or feel his touch
  In our "limbs of giant mould."
And the dwarfs of the wood, by decay oppressed,
  With our laughter grim we mock;
For the burden of age doth lightly rest
  On the ancient forest folk.

Cold Winter, who filches the flying leaf,
  And steals the floweret's sheen,
Can injure us not, or work us grief,
  Or make our tops less green.

And Spring, who awakens her sleeping train
By meadow, and hill, and lea,
Brings no new life to our old domain,
Unfading, stern, and free.

Sublime in our solitude, changeless, vast,
While men build, work, and save,
We mock—for their years glide away to the past,
And we grimly look on their grave.
Our voice is eternal, our song sublime,
For its theme is the days of yore—
Back thousands of years of misty time,
When we first grew old and hoar.

THE HUMMING BIRD

IT comes! This strange bird from a distant clime
Has fled with arrowy speed on fluttering wing.
From the sweet south, all sick of revelling,
It wanders hitherward to rest a time,
And taste the hardy flora of the west.
And now, O joy! the urchins hear the mirth
Of its light wings, and crouch unto the earth
In watchful eagerness, contented, blest.

Bird of eternal summers! thou dost wake,
Whene'er thou comest and where'er thou art,
A new born gladness in my swelling heart.
Go, gentle flutterer, my blessing take!
Less like a bird thou hast appeared to me
Than some sweet fancy in old poesy.

INNOCENCE

OFT I have met her
In openings of the woods and pleasant ways,
Where flowers beset her,
And hanging branches crowned her head with bays.

Oft have I seen her walk
Through flower-decked fields unto the oaken pass,
Where lay the slumbery flock,
Swoln with much eating of the tender grass.

Oft have I seen her stand
By wandering brooks o'er which the willows met;
Or where the meadow-land
Balmed the soft air with dew-mist drapery wet.

Much patting of the wind
Had bloomed her cheek with color of the rose;
Rare beauty was entwined
With locks and looks in movement or repose . . .

The floriage of the spring
And summer coronals were hers in trust,
Till came the winter-king
To droop their sweetness into native dust . . .

The dingle and the glade,
The brown-ribbed mountains, and tall, talking trees
Seemed fairer while she stayed,
And drank of their dim meanings and old ease . . .

And chiefly she did love
To soothe the widow's ruth and orphan's tear;
With counsel from above,
Alleviating woe, allaying fear . . .

There was a quiet grace
In all her actions, tokening gentleness,
Yet firm intent to trace
The paths of duty leading up to bliss . . .

She thought of One who bore
The awful burden of the world's despair—
What could she give Him more
Than blameless thoughts, a simple life and fair?

She was and is, for still
She lives and moves upon the grass-green earth,
And, as of old, doth fill
Her heart with peace, still mingling tears with mirth.

O, could we find her out,
And learn of her this wildering maze to tread!
And, eased of every doubt,
Let deadly passions linger with the dead! . . .

GEORGE MARTIN

SHELLEY

LOVER of Man, if not of God, the Sea
That took thy latest breath, and fondly bore
Its music round the world from shore to shore,
Will never cease to make lament for thee;
For thou wert of its spirit, tameless, free,
At war with ermined Custom, and the hoar
Enslavements of a venerated lore,—
At deadly feud with all the Powers that be.
Supreme Enchanter, lord of rhythmic sound,
Child of Imagination, born for flight,
Loved of all poets, and by all men crowned
The foe of every form of savage might,
Thou wert the true Prometheus unbound,
Whose genius shaped an Era's golden height.

TO MY CANARY BIRD

BORNE on the wavelets of thy fluent notes,
Impassioned little minstrel of the cage,
My spirit like a happy sea-gull floats,
Unheedful of the clamor and the rage
Of storms that menace ruin as they pass,
Impatient for the freedom of the plain,

Crusted and polished like a sea of glass,
  Whereon they shout their wild and weird refrain.

There is no touch of winter in thy song,
  No wail of winds, my yellow-coated friend;
All beauties of the Spring to thee belong,
  All bloomy charms and all the scents that lend
A drowsy gladness to the summer hours.
  Again I hear swift rivulets descend
The mountain slopes, like children loosed from school;
  Again I see the lily on the pool,
And hear the whispered loves of leaves and flowers.

Not only through the golden hours of day,
  From early dawn till dusk, melodious sprite,
Do thy delicious trills and quavers stray
  Around the quiet chamber where I write,
  But often in the slumbrous hush of night,
When moonbeams silver o'er the pendant swing,
On which thy head thou pillowest 'neath thy wing,
Thou wakest, and again thy transports ring,
  As if thy soul wert skyward seeking flight.

Blow, all ye winds, and at my window tap,
  Like sheeted ghosts, with icy finger-tips;
  Press hard against the pane your whitened lips,
And at the outer portal louder rap;
My songster hears you not: a higher note,
  A more reverbant, more delirious strain,
Issues exultant from his quivering throat,
And reaches to the people on the street,
  Who pause, look up, take step, and pause again,
Retiring slowly with unwilling feet.

O that thou couldst to me this hour impart
  The secret of thy unremitting joy!
The music that dilates thy little heart
  No frost can chill, no doubt, no fear destroy.

Here, seated listless in my easy chair,
  I can but yield to phantasy and dream,
  And gird my spirit with a jewelled beam
Of soft enchantment, hopeful that a share
  Of thy divine emotion, happy bird,
  By which my holiest thoughts are often stirred,
May slip into my verse and warble there.

LALEET

HOW beautiful she was, the little maiden,
  Scarce twelve years old,
Who faded like a fading star, love laden,
  Her love untold.

I knew not, I who far outran her days,
  How much I erred
In making much of her endearing ways,
  How much I stirred
The fount of her affection with my praise.

No sunrise fairer is than was her face,
  No moonlit skies
More lovely than the tenderness and grace
  That filled her eyes.

Her presence harmonized all dissonance,
  And ever wore
A charm akin to music and romance,
  And faery lore.

Poor child! among her hidden notes one said
  She dreamed of me,
And fancied that she saw me lying dead,
  Drowned in the sea,
But that no dream it was the tears she shed.

When life's white rose its latest leaf was shedding,
And o'er her broke
The sobs of mourners in her chamber treading,
Vaguely she spoke :
He knew not of my weeping at his wedding !

Those simple words, in whispered cadence spoken,
All winds repeat ;
I shudder at the tale which they betoken,
My lost Laleet !

I hear them in the surging of the billow,
Through storm and gloom ;
They pierce me from the rustle of the willow
That shades her tomb
And drops a denser shadow on my pillow.

Ye softest harmonies of air and ocean,
Of mount and vale,
Rehearse, to love-led maids, her heart's devotion
Till suns shall fail
And orphaned planets lose the joy of motion.

HELEN M. MERRILL

THE BLUE FLOWER

STILL, though the sun is setting,
She lingers unheeding the hour,
Her face held to its splendor,
Her heart in thrall of its power.

Her hair is golden burnished ;
In her eye the heaven's hue ;
Her charm of immortal beauty
Holds me from dawn till dew.

She has a soul of fire,
  Pure as a star's white flame;
I gaze in silence, and wonder
  The glory whence it came.

She is the spirit elusive
  Sorrowing poets seek;
I stand rapt in her presence,
  And listen to hear her speak.

All time in the forest olden,
  She tells her wondrous chain;
My hope of suns eternal,
  Priest of a mighty fane.

Through the pale light glowing golden,
  She watches the day decline;
She sings from her ancient volume,
  I interpret line on line.

Flower or star bright shining,
  A bird, or a silver sheaf;
In her great book I discover
  An enigma on every leaf.

Her song is of paradises
  Where wheeling fires shine,
To mystic dreams beguiling
  Like whispering wind in a pine.

She would that the spirits of mortals
  Wander in amaranth meads;
Never a shadow trembles
  On the soul-path where she leads,

Under the flashing stars
  And the splendor of suns in prime,
In a land of new horizons,
  In the unknown aftertime.

AT EDGEWATER

ONE by one they pass away,
Days, like white ships which sail peacefully
From the shore, yet come not back again.
And their freight is Life, and Love, and lesser things,
Yet as beautiful and good. And ever they set sail
Under golden suns for sea,
Till the summer is gone and shadows fall so gloomily,
At Edgewater!

When the winds of autumn blow
Through the brown vines swinging mournfully,
Calling for the sun disconsolate,
And the rain falls, and the spirit of the deep,
Grieving for the summer, chants its death-song of the sun,
It is lonely by the sea,
And the heart is haunted by unhappy memory,
At Edgewater.

Yet again a golden day
Gilds the blue wave flowing tranquilly,
And a sudden splendor lights the shore,
And the heart of autumn, trembling, turneth warm,
As though summer loitered in it dreaming of the sun.
By-gone dreams, and dreams to be,
Their white shadows on the soul reflect ceaselessly,
At Edgewater.

THE PROMISE OF SPRING

BLUE-BLACK like the breast of the gusty sea,
Cumulus clouds where the sun goes down,
Stormful shadows against the gold,
Under the arches of even blown.

Nowhere a white bird beating the storm,
  Nowhere a sunray gilding the sea;
Bud nor leaf on the orchard bough,
  Butterfly, nor blossom, nor bee.

Yet to-night, where the blue waves beat,
  Under the shadows, the storm-winds bring
Omen mysterious out of the dusk,
  Out of the darkness the promise of Spring.

SUN-GOLD

ALL day the sun drops gold, the grassy mead
  Like miser olden hoarding underground,
Till soft-shod June will track it, like a hound
Scents the lone covert where the wild deer feed.

Then from an ample mint, with lavish hand,
  In every field, by every fountain-side,
She'll scatter gold-bits round her far and wide,
In flower cups o'er all the fragrant land.

Wherever butter-flowers and wild daisies blow,
  You'll mark her presence in the green lush grasses;
You'll hear her blithely singing as she passes
On sunny uplands where gold violets grow.

SUSANNA MOODIE

THE MAPLE-TREE

HAIL to the pride of the forest—hail
  To the maple, tall and green!
It yields a treasure which ne'er shall fail
  While leaves on its boughs are seen.
    When the moon shines bright
    On the wintry night,

And silvers the frozen snow,
    And echo dwells
    On the jingling bells
As the sleighs dart to and fro,
    Then it brightens the mirth
    Of the social hearth
With its red and cheery glow.

Afar, 'mid the bosky forest shades,
  It lifts its tall head on high,
When the crimson-tinted evening fades
  From the glowing saffron sky;
    When the sun's last beams
    Light up woods and streams,
And brighten the gloom below;
    And the deer springs by
    With his flashing eye,
And the shy, swift-footed doe;
    And the sad winds chide
    In the branches wide,
With a tender plaint of woe.

The Indian leans on its rugged trunk,
  With the bow in his red right-hand,
And mourns that his race, like a stream, has sunk
  From the glorious forest land.
    But, blithe and free,
    The maple-tree,
Still tosses to sun and air
    Its thousand arms,
    While in countless swarms
The wild bee revels there;
    But soon not a trace
    Of the red-man's race
Shall be found in the landscape fair.

When the snows of winter are melting fast,
  And the sap begins to rise,

And the biting breath of the frozen blast
  Yields to the spring's soft sighs,
    Then away to the wood,
    For the maple good
Shall unseal its honeyed store;
    And boys and girls,
    With their sunny curls,
Bring their vessels brimming o'er
    With the luscious flood
    Of the brave tree's blood,
Into caldrons deep to pour.

The blaze from the sugar-bush gleams red;
  Far down in the forest dark
A ruddy glow on the trees is shed,
  That lights up their rugged bark;
    And with merry shout
    The busy rout
Watch the sap as it bubbles high;
    And they talk of the cheer
    Of the coming year,
And the jest and the song pass by;
    And brave tales of old
    Round the fire are told,
That kindle youth's beaming eye.

Hurrah! for the sturdy maple-tree!
  Long may its green branch wave
In native strength, sublime and free,
  Meet emblem for the brave.
    May the nation's peace
    With its growth increase,
And its worth be widely spread;
    For it lifts not in vain
    To the sun and rain
Its tall, majestic head.
    May it grace our soil,
    And reward our toil,
While the nation's day is sped!

THE FISHERMAN'S LIGHT

THE air is still, the night is dark,
No ripple breaks the dusky tide;
From isle to isle the fisher's bark,
Like fairy meteor, seems to glide,—
Now lost in shade, now flashing bright;
On sleeping wave and forest tree,
We hail with joy the ruddy light,
Which far into the darksome night
Shines red and cheerily.

With spear high poised and steady hand,
The centre of that fiery ray,
Behold the skilful fisher stand,
Prepared to strike the finny prey.
"Now, now!" the shaft has sped below,—
Transfixed the shining prize we see;
On swiftly glides the birch canoe,
The woods send back the long halloo
In echoes loud, and cheerily!

Around yon bluff, whose pine crest hides
The noisy rapids from our sight,
Another bark! another glides!
Red spirits of the murky night!
The bosom of the silent stream
With mimic stars is dotted free;
The tall woods lighten in the beam,
Through darkness shining cheerily.

MARY MORGAN

"IN APPREHENSION, SO LIKE A GOD."

TAKE the mouldering dust,
Wake it into life,—
Matter is but servant of the mind.

Touch the silent keys :
Genius can evoke
Music wherein gods commune with men.

Read the soul of man,
And the farthest star ;
Truth is one, and is forever true.

Think the wildest thought,
Hope the utmost hope—
Time shall be when all shall be fulfilled.

Wonder not at deed,
Wonder more at thought,
Wonder at the hope that feeds itself.

Genius is divine,
Genius is the true :
Man becomes that which he worships,—God !

CHARITY

THOU askest not to know the creed,
The rank or name is naught to thee ;
Where'er the human heart cries "Help !"
Thy kingdom is, O Charity !

LIFE

MYSTERIOUS Life ! we speak as if we knew
What meant this vortex : Ah, what doth it mean ?
A spirit of unrest is Life—hath been
Alluring made with many-tinted hue.
From darkest chasm it lifts man to a peak
Where he may see ideal flowers blow ;
But as he learns to love them, it will show
Him other heights that he is forced to seek.

Enchantress, Disenchantress,—both in one!
  Surrounding us to-day with dazzling light,
  To-morrow hiding every ray of sun
Till we are sunk in the abyss of night.
  The oracles are dumb: whate'er Life be,
  Man walks by faith alone; he cannot see.

IRENE ELDER MORTON

BROWNING

HE sits at last among his peers,
  While we stand chilled with eyes grown dim
In looking over life's grey fields,
  And feel the heart-light folded in.

O great soul! entered in to know
  The fulness of the Central Life!
O giant leader of the race,
  Who never with the world made strife,

But led it surely, grandly on,
  Scaling clear heights with leap and bound,—
Then, beckoning with a strong man's hand,
  He kept his way to higher ground!

No maudlin cry he gave the world,—
  "Behold my grief, pity my pain;"
Strong as the breath of Alpine hills,
  Sweet as the sound of summer rain,

The songs he gave us. Evermore
  The deathless might of English speech
Shall sound their notes from shore to shore,
  And to the coming nations teach

That it is nobler to endure,
  And smother back the cry of pain—
Shall call us onward to the heights,
  To press ahead and bear the strain.

He wore no caste-bound fetters here;
  A man of men he proved his soul;
The mighty pulse within his words
  Beat full and free above control.

The illumined fringes of his thoughts
  Have set the world's face after him,
As one would follow clear flute notes
  Heard in cool aisles of forests dim.

With loving face of child and friend
  To look on as the last of earth,
God wrapt him in a robe of light,
  And gave him strong immortal birth.

He looks again in the clear eyes
  Of her, the love-dream of his youth,
The moonlit side of his great heart,
  To whom he gave his manhood's truth.

Perfect conditions of new life
  Are vibrant to his being there,—
Gone in to feel the wider thrill,
  Gone in to breathe the purer air.

COMPLETENESS

LIFE gives us better than it takes away,—
  In brighter hope, and broader, fuller day.

There is no past, but all things move and blend
In sure fulfilment of a promised end.

We leave the misty capes and vales we trod,
For the glad sunshine on the Hills of God.

To slow grand measure up the aisle of years
Move truths enfranchised from long bonds and tears.

Hands that groped darkly for the truth of things
Hold the clear signet of the King of Kings.

Broad waves that tossed in fierce white passion-heat
Fall into psalm and kiss the resting feet.

MY GARDEN WALL

I

IT comforts me through all my days
To know that on this strange old earth,
On which we two found human birth,
I have a friend who cares for me.

Not a high God, serene and just,
Who from His calm sure place of bliss
Looks down from His world into this,
And burns me that I grow more white.

But just a man, so strong and dear—
How dear the stars know in the sky,
And the sweet birds as home they fly,
When evening comes, to the warm nest!

He can do things that I can not:
He builds a wall around my heart;
Some day we will not dwell apart—
A man is stronger than a girl.

II

Within the wall that he has made
I plant the seeds of life's queen flowers;
I watch them grow through pleasant hours,—
Be sure they neither droop nor fade.

Perhaps some passers-by may think:
"It only is a common wall,
Solid and square, not very tall"—
But could they look over the brink,

And see the rose and mignonette,
Spicy carnations red and white,
That pulse their perfume in the light,
With tall pale lilies firmly set!

III

Now while the sweet wild autumn rain
Is falling on the world outside,
How safely does my heart abide
In the dear shelter of my wall!

IN JUNE

SOME glad thing comes to me
Always in June,
Some new joy gladly set
To a sweet tune.

Is it that earth so thrills
With bud and bloom,
That the sad heart of life
Lets go its gloom?

Some dear long absent face
Answers some prayers,
Or may be just a token
That some one cares.

Some glad thing hidden long
  In some old room,
Says, "Let us go to her,
  For it is June.

"Why cheat her any more,
  For we are hers,
Unlock the dusty door,
  My being stirs

"With longing to behold
  A human face,
And with a touch of joy
  Add some new grace."

Far back in earth's grey dawn,
  Before God's words
Had crystalized in suns,
  Or stars had heard

That clear creative call,
  "Let there be light
On all My works below,
  For day and night"—

When first earth's wrinkled face
  Saw the white moon
Gleam on unfinished work,
  There was no June,—

But as the thoughts of God
  Shewed perfect spheres,
We think He called up June
  To gem the years!

When we are inward drawn
  To God's dear heart,
And the white silence falls
  As we depart,

And the new air seems filled
With some rare tune,
How sweet our last earth-look
If it were June!

SONG OF THE PAGAN PRINCESS

THE rivers that sweep to the sea
Bear to it the heart of the land—
The eyes of the gods in the stars
The thoughts of my heart understand.

And the joy in the heart of the rose,
The song in the heart of the rain,
The glory of gladness that flows
O'er the billows of tall ripened grain,

The strength in the heart of the hills,
The unmeasured lament of the sea,
The low happy laugh of the rills,—
All answer to something in me,
To something in me!

SONG

WHERE the soft shadows fall,
Where the wind's voices call,
Softly and low,—

Mother earth, cover me!
Daisies, grow over me!
Bury me low.

Far from the sound of strife,
From the rude voice of life,
Bury me deep!

Where the soft summer rain
Soothes all my weary pain,
    There let me sleep.

Wild are earth's hopes and vain,
Even love touches pain—
    Bury me low!

Mother earth, cover me!
Daisies, grow over me!
    Bury me low!

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANEY

POPPŒA

(*At the Theatre*)

DARK tresses made rich with all treasures,
  Earth's gold-dust, and pearls of the sea—
She is splendid as Rome that was Cæsar's,
  And cruel as Rome that was free!

Could I paint her but once as I found her!
  From her porphyry couch let her lean,
With the reek of the circus around her—
  Who is centre and soul of the scene:

Grey eyes that glance keen as the eagle
  When he swoops to his prey from on high;
Bold arms by the red gold made regal—
  White breast never vexed with a sigh:

And haughty her mien as of any
  Her sires whom the foemen knew well,
As they rode through the grey mist at Cannæ,
  Ere consul with consular fell.

Unabashed in her beauty of figure—
  Heavy limbs, and thick tresses uncurled
To our gaze, give the grace and the rigor
  Of the race that has conquered the world.

And fierce with the blood of the heroes—
  In their sins and their virtues sublime—
Sits the Queen of the world that is Nero's,
  And as keen for a kiss as a crime!

But the game that amuses her leisure
  Loses zest as the weaker gives way;
And the victor looks up for her pleasure—
  Shall he spare with sword-point or slay?

Half-grieving she gathers her tresses,
  Now the hour for the games has gone by,
And those soft arms, so sweet for caresses,
  Point prone, as she signs, "Let him die!"

GEORGE MURRAY

THE THISTLE

A Legendary Ballad

'TWAS midnight! Darkness, like the gloom of some funereal pall,
Hung o'er the battlements of Slaines,—a fortress grim and tall.
The moon and stars were veiled in clouds, and from the Castle's height
No gleam of torch or taper pierced the shadows of the night;
Only the rippling of the Dee blent faintly with the sound
Of weary sentry-feet that paced their slow, unvarying round.

The Earl was sleeping like a child that hath no cause
for fear;
The Warder hummed a careless song his lonely watch
to cheer;
Knight, squire, and page, on rush-strewn floors, were
stretched in sound repose,
While spear and falchions, dim with dust, hung round
in idle rows;
And none of all those vassals bold, who calmly
dreaming lay,
Dreamed that a foe was lurking near, impatient for
the fray.

But in that hour,—when Nature's self serenely seemed
to sleep,—
In the dim valley of the Dee, a bow-shot from the
keep,
A ghost-like multitude defiled in silence from the
wood
That with its stately pines concealed the Fort for
many a rood,—
The banner of that spectral host is soiled with
murderous stains—
They are the "Tigers of the Sea," the cruel-hearted
Danes!

Far o'er the billows they have swept to Caledonia's
strand;
They carve the record of their deeds with battle-axe
and brand;
Their march each day is tracked with flame, their path
with carnage strewn,
For Pity is an angel-guest their hearts have never
known.
And now the caitiffs steal by night to storm the Fort
of Slaines—
They reck not of the fiery blood that leaps in
Scottish veins!

Onward they creep with noiseless tread — their treacherous feet are bare,
Lest the harsh clang of iron heels their slumbering prey should scare.
"Yon moat," they vow, "shall soon be crossed, yon rampart soon be scaled,
And all who hunger for the spoil with spoil shall be regaled.
Press on, press on, and high in air the Raven Standard wave;
Those drowsy Scots this night shall end their sleep within the grave!"

Silent as shadows, on they glide; the gloomy fosse is nigh—
"Glory to Odin, Victory's Lord! its shelving depths are dry.
Speed, warriors, speed!"—but, hark! a shriek of agonizing pain
Bursts from a hundred Danish throats—again it rings, again!
Rank weeds had overgrown the moat, now drained by summer's heat,
And bristling crops of thistles pierced the raiders' naked feet!

That cry, like wail of pibroch, stirred the sentry's kindling soul,
And, shouting "Arms! to arms!" he sped the Castle bell to toll.
But ere its echoes died away upon the ear of night,
Each clansman started from his couch and armed him for the fight;
The drawbridge falls,—and, side by side, the banded heroes fly
To grapple with the pirate-horde and conquer them or die!

As eagles, on avenging wings, from proud Ben Lomond's crest
Swoop fiercely down and dash to earth the spoilers of their nest;
As lions bound upon their prey, or as the burning tide
Sweeps onward with resistless might from some volcano's side—
So rushed that gallant band of Scots, the garrison of Slaines,
Upon the Tigers of the Sea, the carnage-loving Danes.

The lurid glare of torches served to light them to their foes:
They hewed those felons, hip and thigh, with stern, relentless blows;
Claymore and battle-axe and spear were steeped in slaughter's flood,
While every thistle in the moat was splashed with crimson blood;
And when the light of morning broke, the legions of the Danes
Lay stiff and stark, in ghastly heaps, around the Fort of Slaines!

Nine hundred years have been engulfed within the grave of Time
Since those grim Vikings of the North by death atoned their crime.
In memory of that awful night, the thistle's hardy grace
Was chosen as the emblem meet of Albin's dauntless race;
And never since, in battle's storm, on land or on the sea,
Hath Scotland's honor tarnished been—God grant it ne'er may be!

M. H. NICKERSON

A RECOLLECTION

O'ER the white waste of drifted sands unstable
We climbed the sedgy dune,
Where, like a sleeping giant, old Cape Sable
Basked at the feet of June.

Beneath the summer noon the shore birds twittered
Around in glancing flocks,
And, like a fair display of jewels, glittered
The foam-bells on the rocks.

Deep peace was in the air and on the billows,
That in smooth slumber lay,
Or gently tossed upon their sandy pillows
As infants wake to play.

The breeze moved landward, scarcely felt in blowing,
But such the fisher hails
With joy when, after weary hours of rowing,
It swells his spritted sails.

The brave flotilla then, like snowy sprinkles,
Far outward we could trace;
The sight was fair and seemed to have smoothed the wrinkles
From out old Ocean's face.

No envious shadow on the flood descended;
Unflecked, the sky's broad sweep
In silent grandeur with the horizon blended,
Deep calling unto deep.

And every shadow, from my life retreating,
Left free the placid mind;
The finite with the infinite was meeting
Undimmed and unconfined.

How many times my eager gaze had rested
  Upon that sea and shore;
But never, never had they been invested
  With such a charm before.

They wear it still in calm ideal perfection,
  Though years since then have flown;
That summer day's unclouded recollection
  Shall ever be my own.

CORNELIUS O'BRIEN

ST CECILIA

A SHELL lies silent on a lonely shore;
  High rocks and barren stand with frowning brow;
Hither no freighted ships e'er turn their prow
  Their treasures on the fated sand to pour;
Afar the white-robed sea-gull loves to soar;
  But, pure as victim for a nation's vow,
  A lovely maiden strikes the shell, and now
  Its music charms, and sadness reigns no more.
Thus, Christian poesy, thus on pagan coasts
  For ages mute had lain thy sacred lyre,
  Untouched since from the prophet's hand it fell,
Till fair Cecilia, taught by angel hosts,
  Attuned its music to the heavenly choir,
  And gave a Christian voice to Clio's shell.

THOMAS O'HAGAN

RIPENED FRUIT

I KNOW not what my heart has lost,
  I cannot strike the chords of old;
The breath that charmed my morning life
  Hath chilled each leaf within the wold.

The swallows twitter in the sky,
  But bare the nest beneath the eaves;
The fledglings of my care are gone,
  And left me but the rustling leaves.

And yet, I know my life hath strength,
  And firmer hope and sweeter prayer,
For leaves that murmur on the ground
  Have now for me a double care.

I see in them the hope of spring,
  That erst did plan the autumn day;
I see in them each gift of man
  Grow strong in years, then turn to clay.

Not all is lost—the fruit remains
  That ripened through the summer's ray;
The nurslings of the nest are gone,
  Yet hear we still their warbling lay.

The glory of the summer sky
  May change to tints of autumn hue;
But faith that sheds its amber light
  Will lend our heaven a tender blue.

O altar of eternal youth!
  O faith that beckons from afar!
Give to our lives a blossomed fruit—
  Give to our morns an evening star!

THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS

O SWEET unto my heart is the song my mother sings
As eventide is brooding on its dark and noiseless wings!
Every note is charged with memory—every memory bright with rays
Of the golden hours of promise in the lap of childhood's days.

The orchard blooms anew, and each blossom scents the way,
And I feel again the breath of eve among the new-mown hay;
While through the halls of memory in happy notes there rings
All the life-joy of the past in the song my mother sings.

I have listened to the dreamy notes of Chopin and of Liszt,
As they dripped and drooped about my heart and filled my eyes with mist;
I have wept strong tears of pathos 'neath the spell of Verdi's power,
As I heard the tenor voice of grief from out the donjon tower;
And Gounod's oratorios are full of notes sublime
That stir the heart with rapture thro' the sacred pulse of time;
But all the music of the past, and the wealth that memory brings,
Seem as nothing when I listen to the song my mother sings.

It's a song of love and triumph, it's a song of toil and care,
It is filled with chords of pathos, and it's set in notes of prayer;
It is bright with dreams and visions of the days that are to be,
And as strong in faith's devotion as the heart-beat of the sea;
It is linked in mystic measure to sweet voices from above,
And is starred with ripest blessing thro' a mother's sacred love.

O sweet and strong and tender are the memories that
it brings,
As I list in joy and rapture to the song my mother
sings!

GILBERT PARKER

I LOVED MY ART

I LOVED my Art. I loved it when the tide
Was sweeping back my hopes upon the sand;
When I had missed the hollow of God's hand
Held over me, and there was none to guide.
I set my face towards it, raising high
My arm in token that I would be true
To all great motives, though I sorely knew
That there was one star wanting in my sky.
Touching the chords of many harmonies,
I needed one to make them all complete.
I heard it sound like thunder-gathered seas,
What time my soul knelt at my lady's feet.
And there transfigured in her light I grew
In stature to the work that poets do.

IT IS ENOUGH

IT is enough that in this burdened time
The soul sees all its purposes aright.
The rest—what does it matter? Soon the night
Will come to whelm us, then the morning chime.
What does it matter, if but in the way
One hand clasps ours, one heart believes us true;
One understands the work we try to do,
And strives through Love to teach us what to say?
Between me and the chilly outer air
Which blows in from the world, there standeth one
Who draws Love's curtains closely everywhere,

As God folds down the banners of the sun.
  Warm is my place about me, and above,
  Where was the raven, I behold the dove.

THEIR WAVING HANDS

SINCE I rose out of child-oblivion
  I have walked in a world of many dreams,
  And noble souls beside the shining streams
  Of fancy have with beckonings led me on.
Their faces oft, mayhap, I could not see,
  Only their waving hands and noble forms.
  Sometimes there sprang between quick-gathered storms,
  But always they came back again to me.
Women with smiling eyes and star-spun hair
  Spake gentle things, bade me look back to view
  The deeds of the great souls who climbed the stair
Immortal, and for whom God's manna grew:
  Dante, Anacreon, Euripides,
  And all who set rich wine upon the lees.

AMY PARKINSON

THE MESSENGER HOURS

I

I THOUGHT as I watched in the dawning dim
  The hours of the coming day,
That each shadow form was surely robed
  In the selfsame hue of gray;
And that sad was each half-averted face,
  Unlit by a cheering ray.

But as one by one they drew near to me,
  And I saw them true and clear,
I found that the hours were all messengers,
  Sent forth by a Friend most dear,
To bring me whatever I needed most—
  Of chastening or of cheer.

And though some of them, truly, were grave and sad,
  And moved with reluctant feet,
There were others came gladly, with smiling eyes,
  And footsteps by joy made fleet;
But whatever with gladness or sorrow fraught,
  The message each bore was sweet.

For even the saddest, and weighted most
  With trial and pain for me,
Yet breathed in my ear, ere it passed from sight,
  "This cross I have brought to thee
Comes straight from the Friend Who, of all thy friends,
  Doth love thee most tenderly;

"He would rather have sent thee a joyous hour,
  And fraught with some happy thing,
But He saw that naught else could so meet thy need
  As this strange, sad gift I bring;
And He loved thee too well to withhold the gift,
  Though it causes thee suffering."

II

So, now, as I watch in the dawning dim
  The hours of each coming day,
I remember that golden threads of love
  Run all through their garments gray;
And I know that each face as it turns to me
  Will be lit with a friendly ray.

And whether they most be sombre or glad,
  No hour of all the band
But will bring me a greeting from Him I love,
  And reach out a helping hand
To hasten my steps, as I traverse the road
  That leads to the better land.

For the Lord of that land is the Friend I love,
  And I know He keeps for me
A home of delight in His kingdom fair,
  That I greatly long to see;
And the hours that shall speed me on my way
  I must welcome gratefully.

III

And soon I shall trace through the dawning dim,
  'Mid the hours of some coming day,
A figure unlike to its sister forms,
  With garments more gold than gray;
And the face of that one, when it meets my gaze,
  Will send forth a wondrous ray.

So I watch for that latest and brightest hour
  Which my Lord will send to me;
I know that its voice will be low and sweet,
  And this shall its message be:
"Come quickly, and enter thy Home of joy,
  For the King is calling thee."

I shall go to Him soon! I have waited long
  To behold His beauty rare;
But I surely shall see Him and hear His voice,
  And a part in His glory share,
When I answer the summons, solemn yet glad,
  Which the last sweet hour shall bear.

FRANK L. POLLOCK

AD BELLONAM

MOTHER of Swords! while the river runs,
Or the steamer seeks the sea;
While the North wind blows from the chill of snows,
And the South from the scented Key,
So long, so long will live the song
That thy lilting bugles sing,
As the warship rides down the deep sea tides,
Where the green foams white on her armored sides,
And the wind'ard gun-shields ring.

There be they who sing that the song will cease,
The song that thy sons began;
That the good old World will loll in peace,
In the bond of the Peace of Man.
They sing,—and clear 'twixt the notes we hear
The clink of the warrior's trade,
And the thund'rous call where the hammers fall,
And the steam-power shrieks o'er the factory wall,
Where the rifled guns are made.

The Breath of the Lord may rule the sea,
And the Lies of Men the land;
And the craft of the tongue may hold in fee
The strength of the heavy hand;
But though tongues may quicken and strength may sicken,
And hands grow soft and small,
Year upon year the day draws near
Of the unsheathed sword and the shaken spear,
That shall make amends for all.

When the Armageddon sunrise breaks
On the iron-clads' smoking line,
When the last dawn lights on that last of fights
Where the strength of man shall shine,

One great grim day of the world at play,
  With bugle and tuck of drum,
While the red drops beat on the shattered fleet,
Till the red sun sinks on the last defeat,
  Then—let the Millennium come!

THE TRAIL OF GOLD

UNDER the ward of the Polar Star,
  Where the great auroras snap and blaze,
There are crashing blows on the icy bar
  That is set at the end of the open ways.
There are axes ringing across the crest,
  The sluices shackle the streams that rolled,
As the gamesters gather from East and West,—
  The men that follow the Trail of Gold.

A black line crawls o'er the glacier's face,
  Where the worn pack-horses scrape and slide;
The muskeg swallows and leaves no trace,
  The boats go down in the snow-swelled tide.
Blood and bones on the snow and sod,
  From the cañons black to the barrens gray,
Blaze the trail that the vanguard trod,
  That those who follow may find the way.

There are strange ships west of the lonely isles
  Where the red volcanoes burn and freeze;
There's a fading wake o'er the misty miles,
  There are smokes that trouble the Smoky Seas.
There are corpses swept from the sinking hull,
  As the steamer dips to the swelling gale,
For the rising shark and the wheeling gull
  That hunt the sea on the Golden Trail.

The storm sweeps out from its Polar den,
  Till the air grows dense with the cutting snow;
The North makes mock of the sons of men,
  As the diggers lie in the drifts below.

The workers lie where the last work ceased,
  The strong men scatter the lifeless wold;
And the tall wolves howl at the gathered feast—
  The hounds that hunt on the Scent of Gold.

ANDREW RAMSAY

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER

AFTER her bath, yet early in the day,
  She donned a ketonet or tunica;
With gems enclasped it, close as a caress,
And smoothed its folds out o'er her loveliness
In fondly fashioned outlines. It was made
Of Persian satin, opaline and white,
Like moving mists around the moon arrayed,
Thro' which she shone, a lovelier light in light
Almost immortal: on a low divan
A fleecy texture tinted Tyrian,
Alone reclining, on each pliant knee
Her white feet poised by turns to sandalled be.
The sandal buckles were with gems aflame,
And those fine bands that bound each knee the same.
On restless anklets tinkled bells of gold,
A symbol which of princely lineage told.
Their music summoning a tiring maid
Who all her glorious midnight hair arrayed:
A purple black it was, alive and long,
And seemed, if such could be, like a carved song,
Some Hebrew pæan of triumphant power
Arrested, and remaining her rare dower.
'Twas girt in frequent fillets of fine gold,
Bestarred with sardon flashing manifold.
And o'er her shoulders, exquisitely graced,
A sedijin, encircled at the waist.
This sedijin was sleeveless, but both arms
Had aspen bands that blazed in jasper charms.

[illegible]

I WILL NOT TELL

I WILL not tell thee why our land
With so much glory glows;
There is but one in all the world
My sacred secret knows.

O, she is fairer than the flowers
Of rosy June or May,
When every bird is singing near
And every blossom gay!

I asked her eyes to let their beams
Make life supremely grand;
Their answer like a flood of light
Flushed all the flowery land.

The sunbeams gleamed among the grass,
Warm-waving in the breeze,
A new life gladdened every bloom,
More vivid grew the trees.

I shall not tell thee why the land
With so much glory glows;
There is but one in all the world
My sacred secret knows.

ATKINSON'S MILL

THIS river of azure with many a weed in
Comes far from the past as those famous of old;
Its dawns are the same as made blossoms in Eden,
And still it remembers their crimson and gold.
As vivid this valley with forests around it,
And low, waving evergreens shading the hill,
But color has gone from the cottage that crowned it—
The alders have faded by Atkinson's mill.

This stream is the same with its tinting of azure,
Yet the old bridge is moved from its mooring of stone;
Departed are those who once made it a pleasure
To sail here, or skate when the summer had gone.
This pathway through cedar is trampled no longer
By feet that went daily to school 'gainst their will;
The fragrance of hope in the springtime is stronger
And sweeter than summer by Atkinson's mill.

No more will the big wheel revolve with a clatter,
No more the bolts turn with a turbulent clank,
Nor down the dim flume rush the wonderful water
To burst forth in foam by the green-colored bank.
The blue flag has gone from the shore that we cherish,
The song of the gray bird in autumn is still,
Yet memory kindles the blossoms that perish
Like hope that was happy by Atkinson's mill.

———

THEODORE HARDING RAND

THE DRAGONFLY

I

WINGED wonder of motion
In splendor of sheen,
Cruising the shining blue
Waters all day,
Smit with hunger of heart
And seized of a quest
Which nor beauty of flower
Nor promise of rest
Has charm to appease
Or slacken or stay,—
What is it you seek,
Unopen, unseen?

II

Are you blind to the sight
Of the heavens of blue,
Or the wind-fretted clouds
On their white, airy wings,
Or the emerald grass
That velvets the lawn,
Or glory of meadows
Aflame like the dawn?
Are you deaf to the note
In the woodland that rings
With the song of the whitethroat,
As crystal as dew?

III

Winged wonder of motion
In splendor of sheen,
Stay, stay a brief moment
Thy hither and thither

Quick-beating wings,
Thy flashes of flight;
And tell me thy heart,
Is it sad, is it light,
Is it pulsing with fears
Which scorch it and wither,
  Or joys that up-well
  In a girdle of green?

IV

"O breather of words
And poet of life,
I tremble with joy,
I flutter with fear!
Ages it seemeth,
Yet only to-day
Into this world of
Gold sunbeams at play,
I came from the deeps.
  O crystalline sphere!
  O beauteous light!
  O glory of life!

V

"On the watery floor
Of this sibilant lake,
I lived in the twilight dim.
'There's a world of Day,'
Some pled, 'a world
Of ether and wings athrob
Close over our head.'
'It's a dream, it's a whim,
A whisper of reeds,' they said,—
  And anon the waters would sob.
And ever the going
Went on to the dead
Without the glint of a ray,
  And the watchers watched
  In their vanishing wake.

VI

"The passing
Passed for aye,
And the waiting
Waited in vain!
Some power seemed to enfold
The tremulous waters around,
Yet never in heat
Nor in shrivelling cold,
Nor darkness deep or gray,—
Came token of sound or touch,—
A clear unquestioned 'Yea!'
And the scoffers scoffed,
In swelling refrain,
'Let us eat and drink,
For to-morrow we die.'

VII

"But, O, in a trance of bliss,
With gauzy wings I awoke!
An ecstasy bore me away
O'er field and meadow and plain.
I thought not of recent pain,
But revelled, as splendors broke
From sun and cloud and air,
In the eye of golden Day.

VIII

"I'm yearning to break
To my fellows below
The secret of ages hoar;
In the quick-flashing light
I dart up and down,
Forth and back, everywhere,
But the waters are sealed
Like a pavement of glass,—
Sealed that I may not pass.

O for waters of air!
Or the wing of an eagle's might
To cleave a pathway below!"

IX

And the Dragonfly in splendor
Cruises ever o'er the lake,
Holding in his heart a secret
Which in vain he seeks to break.

BEAUTY

I

"HAD I two loaves of bread—ay, ay!
One would I sell and hyacinths buy
To feed my soul."—"Or let me die!"

Beauty, dew-sweet, of heavenly birth,
Thy flower is writ of grief, not mirth,
Thy rainbow's footed on the earth.

Rainbows and Hyacinths! O seers,
Your voices call across the years:
"The bread of Beauty's wet with tears!"

II

The living words from Beauty's mien,
Than blade by swordsman swung more keen,
Spirit and soul divide between:

"Pure as the sapphire-blue from blame,
Humble as glad, of holiest aim—
Love's sevenfold beam a flashing flame!"

III

It yearns me sore, so near, so far!
My heart moans like the harbor-bar,
For coming of the morning star.

Buy Hyacinths—a goodly share!
Ascend, O soul, Love's iris-stair,
The bridegroom waiteth for thee there!

LOVE

THE blooming flowers, the galaxies of space,
Lie pictured in a sheeny drop of even;
And globed in one round word, on lips of grace,
Shine out the best of earth and all of heaven.

THE HEPATICA

HAIL, first of the spring,
Pearly sky-tinted thing
Touched with pencil of Him
Who rollest the year!
Lo, thy aureole rim
No painter may limn—
Vision thou hast, and no fear!

Fair child of the light,
What fixes thy sight?
Wide-open thy roll
From the seal of the clod,
And thy heaven-writ scroll
Glows, beautiful soul,
With the shining of God!

Thou look'st into heaven
As surely as Stephen,

So steadfast thy will is!
And from earth's inglenook
Seest Christ of the lilies
And daffadowndillies,
And catchest His look.

And a portion is mine,
Rapt gazer divine,
From thy countenance given—
Angel bliss in thy face!
I've looked into heaven
As surely as Stephen,
From out of my place!

"I AM"

I AM, and therefore these,
Existence is by me,—
Flux of pendulous seas,
The stable, free.

I am in blush of the rose,
The shimmer of dawn;
Am girdle Orion knows,
The fount undrawn.

I am earth's potency,
The chemic ray's, the rain's,
The reciprocity
That loads the wains.

I am, or the heavens fall!
I dwell in my woven tent,
Am immanent in all,—
Suprámanent!

I am the Life in life,
  Impact and verve of thought,
The reason's lens and knife,
  The ethic "ought."

I am of being the stress,
  I am the brooding Dove,
I am the blessing in "bless,"
  The Love in love.

I am the living thrill
  And fire of poet and seer,
The breath of man's goodwill,
  The Father near;

Am end of the way men grope,
  Core of the ceaseless strife,
I am man's bread of hope,
  Water of life.

I am the root of faith,
  Substance of vision, too,
The spirit shadowed in wraith,
  Urim in dew.

I am the soul's white Sun,
  Love's slain, enthronëd Lamb,
I am the Holy One,
  I am I AM.

THE VEILED PRESENCE

AN ashen gray touched faint my night-dark room,
  I flung my window wide to the whispering lawn—
Great God! I saw the mighty globe from gloom
Roll with its sleeping millions to the dawn.

No tremor spoke its motion swift and vast,
In hush it swept the awful curve adown,
The shadow that its rushing speed did cast
Concealed the Father's hand, the Kingly crown.

Into the deeps an age has passed since then,
Yet evermore for me, more humble grown,
The vision of His awesome presence veiled
Burns in the flying spheres, still all unknown,
In nature's mist-immantled seas unsailed,
And in the deeper shadowed hearts of men.

THE GHOST FLOWER

LIKE Israel's seer I come from out the earth
Confronting with the question air and sky,
Why dost thou bring me up? White ghost am I
Of that which was God's beauty at its birth.
In eld the sun kist me to ruby red,
I held my chalice up to heaven's full view,
The wistful stars dropt down their golden dew,
And skyey balms exhaled about my bed.
Alas, I loved the darkness, not the light!
The deadly shadows, not the bending blue,
Spoke to my trancëd heart, made false seem true,
And drowned my spirit in the deeps of night.
O Painter of the flowers, O God most sweet,
Dost say my spirit for the light is meet?

GLORY-ROSES

"ONLY a penny, Sir!"—
A child held to my view
A bunch of "glory-roses," red
As blood, and wet with dew.

(O earnest little face,
With living light in eye,
Your roses are too fair for earth,
And you seem of the sky!)

"My beauties, Sir!" he said,
"Only a penny, too!"—
His face shone in their ruddy glow
A Rafael cherub true.

"Yestreen their hoods were close
About their faces tight,
But ere the sun was up, I saw
That God had come last night.

O, Sir, to see them then!
The bush was all aflame!—
O yes, they're glory-roses, Sir,
That is their holy name.

Only a penny, sir!"—
Heaven seemed across the way!
I took the red, red beauties home—
Roses to me for aye!

For aye, that radiant voice
As if from heaven it came—
"O yes, they're glory-roses, Sir,
That is their holy name!"

THE CARVEN SHORES

HOW bold the Imagination and how strong
That makes so rich with carven-work these shores!
More gorgeous they than Oriental throng—
What altar-pomps, and rough with beaten ores!

These great events, once fluid as a song,
  Now gates uplift, e'en His authentic doors!
  (His stay no tent is for-a-night along
  The murmuring floods and boisterous battle-roars.)

The wedge of frost, and beetle wave, sand blast,
  With stroke of pencil-sun, and wash of rain,
  Outline unsearchable and shadow vast!
And evermore, as moons grow or decline,
  The whirl and speed of tidal lathe and plane
  Shaping chaotic mass to forms divine!

WALTER A. RATCLIFFE

WANTED

WANTED, a stalwart man!
  The man who, when he knows the Right,
The same pursues against all Might;
The man who dares to stand alone
For Conscience' sake when Hope is gone;
Who dares to leave a beaten path,
And live within the light he hath,
Nor shrinks to strike a deadly blow
At Error found in friend or foe:
  This is the stalwart man.

  Wanted, an honest man!
A man may live within the laws,
Or 'scape their grasp through flimsy flaws,
But he who scorns an action mean,
Is honest where he is not seen,
Nor dares advance at others' cost,
Counts all ill-gotten wealth as lost,
Ne'er grudges each his fullest due,
Whose word as is his oath is true:
  This is the honest man.

Wanted, a noble man!
Not one who from a favored place
Claims kindred with a worn-out race;
Whose empty titles, ancient name,
Are all his wealth, are all his fame;
But one whose usefulness men see,
Though humble may his station be;
For such will bless on every hand
His friend, his home, his native land:
This is the noble man.

Wanted, the broader man!
Untrammelled by a narrow creed
That loves to make its doubters bleed;
The man who learns from nature's plan
That man should love his fellowman;
The man whose soul, so deep and true,
Embraces all as brothers too;
The man whom none may buy with pelf,
The man delivered from himself:
Such is the needed man.

JOHN READE

RIZPAH

IT is growing dark.
At such a sunset I have been with Saul—
But saw it not. I only saw his eyes
And the wild beauty of his roaming locks,
And—oh! there never was a man like Saul!
Strong arm, and gentle heart and tender ways
To win a woman's very soul, were his.
When he would take my hand and look on me,
And whisper "Rizpah"—ah! those days are gone!
Why should I weep? was I not loved by Saul?
And Saul was king of all the Land of God.

"God save the king!" But, hush! what noise was that?
Oh heaven! to think a mother's eyes should look
On such a sight! Away! vile carrion-beast!
Those are the sons of Saul,—poor Rizpah's sons.
O my dead darlings! O my only joy!
O sweet twin treasure of my lonely life,
Since that most mournful day upon Gilboa,
Torn from me thus!
I have no tears to shed.
O God! my heart is broken! Let me die!

. . . . . .

Gilboa! David wrote a song on it,
And had it put in *Jasher*—"Weep for Saul."
Armoni used to sing it to his harp.
Poor blackened lips! . . .
I wonder if they dream,
My pretty children. . . .
Come, Mephibosheth,
Here is your father; say "God save the king!"
The Gibeonites! Ah! that was long ago.
Why should they die for what they never did?
No; David never would consent to that?

. . . . . .

Whose son is he, this youth? Dost know him, Abner?
Ha, ha! they shout again "God save the king!"

. . . . . .

Was I asleep? I came not here to sleep.
O poor old eyes, sorrow has made you weak.
My sons! No, nought has touched them. O, how cold!
Cold, cold! O stars of God, have pity on me,
Poor lonely woman! O my sons, Saul's sons!
Kind stars, watch with me; let no evil beast
Rend that dear flesh. O God of Israel,
Pardon my sins! My heart is broken!

PICTURES OF MEMORY

I

HERE is the old church. Now I see it all—
The hills, the sea, the bridge, the waterfall.
The dear old sleepy town is still abed
Although the eastern clouds are tinged with red.
And everything is as this graveyard still,
Except the soldiers at their morning drill,
And in the Pool a fishing boat or two
Belated, homeward pulled with weary oar,
And the dim curlews on the distant shore,
And the lark soaring through the ether blue.
But now the lazy smoke curls through the air—
I will go down and see who tenant there,
And meet old friends. "First, wanderer, look around
And see what friends of thine are underground!"

II

The mountains gather round thee as of yore,
O holy lake, across whose tranquil breast
Was borne the saint who to the farthest west
Brought the sweet knowledge that transcends all lore.
There on the islet at the chapel door
The penitents are kneeling, while along
There flows the mystic tide of sacred song
To where I stand upon the rugged shore.
But now there is a silence weird and dread—
And utter loneliness is in my heart.
I came to seek the living but the dead—
This is *their* welcome. Slowly I depart,
Nor read the name beneath a single cross—
He still is rich who doth not know his loss.

III

There is the school-house; there the lake, the lawn;
And there, just fronting it, the barrack square;

But of all those I knew not one is there—
Even the old gate-keeper—he is gone.
Ah, me! ah, me! when last I stood upon
This grassy mound, with what proud hopes elate
I was to wrestle with the strength of fate
And conquer! Now—I live and that is all.
Oh! happier those whose lot it was to fall
In noble conflict with their country's foes
Far on the shores of Taurie Chersonese!
Nay, all are blest who answer duty's call.
But—do I dream or wake? What ghosts are these?
Hush, throbbing heart! *these* are the sons of *those.*

IV

Oh! what could wake to life that first sweet flame
That warmed my heart when by the little bay
On blissful summer evenings I lay
Beneath our thorn-bush, waiting till she came
Who was to me far more than wealth or fame,
But yet for whom I wished all fair things mine,
To make her, if she could be, more divine
By outer splendor and a noble name.
Now I may wait in vain from early morn
Till sunset for the music of her feet.
And yet how little change has come upon
This fairy scene her beauty made so sweet!
It weareth still the glory of her smile.
Ah! if she were but here a little while.

IN MY HEART

IN my heart are many chambers through which I wander free;
Some are furnished, some are empty, some are sombre, some are light;
Some are open to all comers, and of some I keep the key,
And I enter in the stillness of the night.

But there's one I never enter,—it is closed to even me!
Only once its door was opened, and it shut forevermore;
And though sounds of many voices gather round it, like a sea,
It is silent, ever silent as the shore.

In that chamber long ago my love's casket was concealed,
And the jewel that it sheltered I knew only one could win;
And my soul foreboded sorrow, should that jewel be revealed,
And I almost hoped that none might enter in.

Yet day and night I lingered by that fatal chamber door,
Till—she came at last, my darling one, of all the earth my own;
And she entered—and she vanished with my jewel, which she wore;
And the door was closed—and I was left alone.

She gave me back no jewel, but the spirit of her eyes
Shone with tenderness a moment, as she closed that chamber door,
And the memory of that moment is all I have to prize—
But that, at least, is mine forevermore.

Was she conscious, when she took it, that the jewel was my love?
Did she think it but a bauble she might wear or toss aside?
I know not, I accuse not, but I hope that it may prove
A blessing, though she spurn it in her pride.

TO LOUIS FRECHETTE *

O GIFTED son of our dear land and thine,
We joy with thee on this thy joyous day,
And in thy laurel crown would fain entwine
A modest wreath of our own simple bay!
Shamrock and thistle and sweet roses gay,
Both red and white, with parted lips that smile,
Like some bright maiden of their native isle—
These, with the later maple, take, we pray,
To mingle with thy laurelled lily, long
Pride of the brave and theme of poet's song.
They err who deem us aliens. Are not we
Bretons and Normans, too? North, south and west
Gave us, like you, of blood and speech their best,
Here, re-united, one great race to be.

KINGS OF MEN

AS hills seem Alps, when veiled in misty shroud,
Some men seem kings, through mists of ignorance;
Must we have darkness, then, and cloud on cloud,
To give our hills and pigmy kings a chance?
Must we conspire to curse the humbling light,
Lest some one, at whose feet our fathers bowed,
Should suddenly appear, full length, in sight,
Scaring to laughter the adoring crowd?
Oh, no! God send us light!—Who loses then?
The king of slaves, and not the king of men.
True kings are kings for ever, crowned of God,
The King of Kings,—we need not fear for them.
'Tis only the usurper's diadem
That shakes at touch of light, revealing fraud.

* On the occasion of his poems being crowned by the French Academy.

DOMINION DAY

CANADA, Canada, land of the maple,
Queen of the forest and river and lake,
Open thy soul to the voice of thy people,
Close not thy heart to the music they make.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Silence is vocal, and sleep is awake!

Canada, Canada, land of the beaver,
Labor and skill have their triumph to-day;
Oh! may the joy of it flow like a river,
Wider and deeper as time flies away.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Science and industry laugh and are gay.

Canada, Canada, land of the snow-bird,
Emblem of constancy change cannot kill,
Faith, that no strange cup has ever unsobered,
Drinketh, to-day, from love's chalice her fill.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Loyalty singeth and treason is still!

Canada, Canada, land of the bravest,
Sons of the war-path, and sons of the sea,
Land of no slave-lash, to-day thou enslavest
Millions of hearts with affection for thee.
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Let the sky ring with the shout of the free.

Canada, Canada, land of the fairest,
Daughters of snow that is kissed by the sun,

Binding the charms of all lands that are rarest,
Like the bright cestus of Venus in one!
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
A new reign of beauty on earth is begun!

ROBERT REID

POESIE

WHENCE comes the charm that broods along thy shore,
O sunny land of song? What potent thrall,
Reckless of ocean's rise, or flow, or fall,
Holds us about thy marge for evermore?
Here, where the long wave breaks in measured time,
And fills our being with its rhythmic moan,
From far inland the glories of thy zone
Burst on our view, and beckon us to climb.

Shades of the mighty dead! whose snowy towers
Stud the deep gorges and the wooded braes,
Is there no nook for cots so small as ours?
No tree whereof we yet might gather bays?
But to be with thee, and to hear the wave
Roll music round the land, is all we crave.

A SONG OF CANADA

SING me a song of the great Dominion!
Soul-felt words for a patriot's ear!
Ring out boldly the well-turned measure,
Voicing your notes that the world may hear;
Here is no starveling—Heaven-forsaken—
Shrinking aside where the Nations throng;
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
Worthy is she of a noble song!

Sing me the might of her giant mountains,
  Baring their brows in the dazzling blue;
Changeless alone, where all else changes,
  Emblems of all that is grand and true:
Free as the eagles around them soaring;
  Fair as they rose from their Maker's hand;
Shout, till the snow-caps catch the chorus—
  The white-topp'd peaks of our mountain land!

Sing me the calm of her tranquil forests,
  Silence eternal, and peace profound,
Into whose great heart's deep recesses
  Breaks no tempest, and comes no sound;
Face to face with the death-like stillness,
  Here, if at all, man's soul might quail:
Nay! 'tis the love of that great peace leads us
  Thither, where solace will never fail!

Sing me the pride of her stately rivers,
  Cleaving their way to the far-off sea;
Glory of strength in their deep-mouth'd music—
  Glory of mirth in their tameless glee.
Hark! 'tis the roar of the tumbling rapids;
  Deep unto deep through the dead night calls;
Truly, I hear but the voice of Freedom
  Shouting her name from her fortress walls!

Sing me the joy of her fertile prairies,
  League upon league of the golden grain:
Comfort, housed in the smiling homestead—
  Plenty, throned on the lumbering wain.
Land of Contentment! May no strife vex you,
  Never war's flag on your plains unfurl'd;
Only the blessings of mankind reach you—
  Finding the food for a hungry world!

Sing me the charm of her blazing camp-fires;
  Sing me the quiet of her happy homes,
Whether afar 'neath the forest arches,
  Or in the shade of the city's domes;

Sing me her life, her loves, her labors;
All of a mother a son would hear;
For when a lov'd one's praise is sounding,
Sweet are the strains to the lover's ear.

Sing me the worth of each Canadian—
Roamer in wilderness, toiler in town—
Search earth over you'll find none stauncher,
Whether his hands be white or brown;
Come of a right good stock to start with,
Best of the world's blood in each vein;
Lords of ourselves, and slaves to no one,
For us or from us, you'll find we're—MEN!

Sing me the song, then; sing it bravely;
Put your soul in the words you sing;
Sing me the praise of this glorious country—
Clear on the ear let the deep notes ring.
Here is no starveling—Heaven-forsaken—
Crouching apart where the Nations throng;
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
Well is she worthy a noble song!

CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS

A NOCTURNE OF CONSECRATION

I TALKED about you, Dear, the other night,
Having myself alone with my delight.
Alone with dreams and memories of you,
All the divine-houred summer stillness through
I talked of life, of love the always new,
Of tears, and joy,—yet only talked of you.

To the sweet air
That breathed upon my face
The spirit of lilies in a leafy place,
Your breath's caress, the lingering of your hair,
I said—"In all your wandering through the dusk,
Your waitings on the marriages of flowers
Through the long, intimate hours
When soul and sense, desire and love confer,
You must have known the best that God has made.
What do you know of Her?"

Said the sweet air—
"Since I have touched her lips,
Bringing the consecration of her kiss,
Half passion and half prayer,
And all for you,
My various lore has suffered an eclipse.
I have forgot all else of sweet I know."

To the wise earth,
Kind, and companionable, and dewy cool,
Fair beyond words to tell, as you are fair,
And cunning past compare
To leash all heaven in a windless pool,
I said—"The mysteries of death and birth
Are in your care.
You love, and sleep; you drain life to the lees;
And wonderful things you know.
Angels have visited you, and at your knees
Learned what I learn forever at her eyes,
The pain that still enhances Paradise.
You in your breast felt her first pulses stir;
And you have thrilled to the light touch of her feet,
Blindingly sweet.
Now make me wise with some new word of Her."

Said the wise earth—
"She is not all my child.

But the wild spirit that rules her heart-beats wild
Is of diviner birth,
And kin to the unknown light beyond my ken.
All I can give to Her have I not given?
Strength to be glad, to suffer, and to know;
The sorcery that subdues the souls of men;
The beauty that is as the shadow of heaven;
The hunger of love
And unspeakable joy thereof.
And these are dear to Her because of you.
You need no word of mine to make you wise
Who worship at her eyes
And find there life and love forever new!"

To the white stars,
Eternal and all-seeing,
In their wide home beyond the wells of being,
I said—"There is a little cloud that mars
The mystical perfection of her kiss.
Mine, mine, She is,
As far as lip to lip, and heart to heart,
And spirit to spirit when lips and hands must part,
Can make her mine. But there is more than this,—
More, more of Her to know.
For still her soul escapes me unaware,
To dwell in secret where I may not go.
Take, and uplift me. Make me wholly Hers."

Said the white stars, the heavenly ministers,—
"This life is brief, but it is only one.
Before to-morrow's sun
For one or both of you it may be done.
This love of yours is only just begun.
Will all the ecstasy that may be won
Before this life its little course has run
At all suffice
The love that agonizes in your eyes?
Therefore be wise.

Content you with the wonder of love that lies
Between her lips and underneath her eyes.
If more you should surprise,
What would be left to hope from Paradise?
In other worlds expect another joy
Of Her, which blundering fate shall not annoy,
Nor time nor change destroy."

So, Dear, I talked the long, divine night through,
And felt you in the chrismal balms of dew.
The thing then learned
Has ever since within my bosom burned—
One life is not enough for love of you.

A NOCTURNE OF SPIRITUAL LOVE

SLEEP, sleep, imperious heart! Sleep, fair and undefiled!
Sleep, and be free!
Come in your dreams at last, comrade and queen and child,—
At last to me.

Come, for the honeysuckle calls you out of the night.
Come, for the air
Calls with a tyrannous remembrance of delight,
Passion and prayer.

Sleep, sovereign heart! And now—for dream and memory
Endure no door,—
My spirit undenied goes where my feet, to thee,
Have gone before.

A moonbeam or a breath, above thine eyes I bow,
Silent, unseen,
But not, ah not unknown! Thy spirit knows me now
Where I have been.

Surely my long desire upon thy soul hath power.
Surely for this
Thy sleep shall breathe thee forth, soul of the lily flower,
Under my kiss.

Sleep, body wonderful! Wake, spirit wise and wild,
White and divine!
Here is our heaven of dreams, O dear and undefiled,
All thine, all mine.

AN ODE FOR THE CANADIAN CONFEDERACY

AWAKE, my country, the hour is great with change!
Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North,—
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream.
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name;—

This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land!

O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard!
These mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,—
What fields of peace these bulwarks will secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North,
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame,
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name!

CANADIAN STREAMS

O RIVERS rolling to the sea
From lands that bear the maple tree,
How swell your voices with the strain
Of loyalty and liberty!

A holy music, heard in vain
By coward heart and sordid brain,
To whom this strenuous being seems
Naught but a greedy race for gain.

O unsung streams—not splendid themes
Ye lack to fire your patriot dreams!
Annals of glory gild your waves,
Hope freights your tides, Canadian streams!

St Lawrence, whose wide water laves
The shores that ne'er have nourished slaves!
  Swift Richelieu of lilied fame!
Niagara of glorious graves!

Thy rapids, Ottawa, proclaim
Where Daulac and his heroes came!
  Thy tides, St John, declare La Tour,
And, later, many a loyal name!

Thou inland stream, whose vales, secure
From storm, Tecumseh's death made poor!
  And thou, small water, red with war,
'Twixt Beaubassin and Beauséjour!

Dread Saguenay, where eagles soar,
What voice shall from the bastioned shore
  The tale of Roberval reveal,
Or his mysterious fate deplore?

Annapolis, do thy floods yet feel
Faint memories of Champlain's keel,
  Thy pulses yet the deed repeat
Of Poutrincourt and d'Iberville?

And thou far tide, whose plains now beat
With march of myriad westering feet,
  Saskatchewan, whose virgin sod
So late Canadian blood made sweet?

Your bulwark hills, your valleys broad,
Streams where de Salaberry trod,
  Where Wolfe achieved, where Brock was slain,—
Their voices are the voice of God!

O sacred waters! not in vain,
Across Canadian height and plain,
  Ye sound us in triumphant tone
The summons of your high refrain.

THE SILVER THAW

THERE came a day of showers
  Upon the shrinking snow;
The south wind sighed of flowers,
  The softening skies hung low.
Midwinter for a space
Foreshadowing April's face,
The white world caught the fancy,
  And would not let it go.

In reawakened courses
  The brooks rejoiced the land;
We dreamed the Spring's shy forces
  Were gathering close at hand.
The dripping buds were stirred,
As if the sap had heard
The long-desired persuasion
  Of April's soft command.

But antic Time had cheated
  With hope's elusive gleam;
The phantom Spring, defeated,
  Fled down the ways of dream.
And in the night the reign
Of winter came again,
With frost upon the forest
  And stillness on the stream.

When morn in rose and crocus
  Came up the bitter sky,
Celestial beams awoke us
  To wondering ecstasy.
The wizard Winter's spell
Had wrought so passing well,
That earth was bathed in glory,
  As if God's smile were nigh.

The silver'd saplings, bending,
  Flashed in a rain of gems;
The statelier trees, attending,
  Blazed in their diadems.
White fire and amethyst
All common things had kissed,
And chrysolites and sapphires
  Adorned the bramble-stems.

In crystalline confusion
  All beauty came to birth;
It was a kind illusion
  To comfort waiting earth—
To bid the buds forget
The Spring so distant yet,
And hearts no more remember
  The iron season's dearth.

EPITAPH FOR A SAILOR BURIED ASHORE

HE who but yesterday would roam
  Careless as clouds, and currents range,
In homeless wandering most at home,
  Inhabiter of change;

Who wooed the West to win the East,
  And named the stars of North and South,
And felt the zest of Freedom's feast
  Familiar in his mouth;

Who found a faith in stranger-speech,
  And fellowship in foreign hands,
And had within his eager reach
  The relish of all lands—

How circumscribed a plot of earth
  Keeps now his restless footsteps still,
Whose wish was wide as ocean's girth,
  Whose will the water's will!

THE TRAIN AMONG THE HILLS

VAST, unrevealed, in silence and the night
Brooding, the ancient hills commune with sleep.
Inviolate the solemn valleys keep
Their contemplation. Soon from height to height
Steals a red finger of mysterious light,
And lion-footed through the forests creep
Strange mutterings; till suddenly, with sweep
And shattering thunder of resistless flight
And crash of routed echoes, roars to view,
Down the long mountain gorge, the Night Express,
Freighted with fears and tears and happiness. . . .
The dread form passes; silence falls anew.
And lo! I have beheld the thronged, blind world
To goals unseen from God's hand onward hurled.

A SONG OF GROWTH

IN the heart of a man
Is a thought upfurled,
Reached its full span
It shakes the world,
And to one high thought
Is a whole race wrought.

Not with vain noise
The great work grows,
Nor with foolish voice,
But in repose,—
Not in the rush
But in the hush.

From the cogent lash
Of the cloud-herd wind
The low clouds dash,
Blown headlong, blind;

But beyond, the great blue
Looks moveless through.

O'er the loud world sweep
  The scourge and the rod;
But in deep beyond deep
  Is the stillness of God;—
At the Fountains of Life
No cry, no strife.

SLEEPY MAN

WHEN the Sleepy Man comes with dust in his eyes
  (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
He shuts up the earth, and he opens the skies.
  (So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He smiles through his fingers, and shuts up the sun;
  (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
The stars that he loves he lets out one by one.
  (So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He comes from the castles of Drowsy-boy Town;
  (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
At the touch of his hand the tired eyelids fall down.
  (So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He comes with a murmur of dreams in his wings
  (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
And whispers of mermaids and wonderful things.
  (So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

When the top is a burden, the bugle a bane,
  (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
When one would be faring down Dream-a-way Lane,
  (So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

When one would be wending in Lullaby Wherry
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
To Sleepy Man's Castle by Comforting Ferry.
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

NIGHT IN A DOWN-TOWN STREET

NOT in the eyed, expectant gloom,
Where soaring peaks repose
And incommunicable space
Companions with the snows;

Not in the glimmering dusk that crawls
Upon the clouded sea,
Where bourneless wave on bourneless wave
Complains continually;

Not in the palpable dark of woods
Where groping hands clutch fear,
Does Night her deeps of solitude
Reveal unveiled as here.

The street is a grim cañon carved
In the eternal stone,
That knows no more the rushing stream
It anciently has known.

The emptying tide of life has drained
The iron channel dry,
Strange winds from the forgotten day
Draw down, and dream, and sigh.

The narrow heaven, the desolate moon
Made wan with endless years,
Seem less immeasurably remote
Than laughter, love, or tears.

THE FALLING LEAVES

LIGHTLY He blows, and at His breath they fall,
The perishing kindreds of the leaves ; they drift,
Spent flames of scarlet, gold aërial,
Across the hollow year, noiseless and swift.
Lightly he blows, and countless as the falling
Of snow by night upon a solemn sea,
The ages circle down beyond recalling,
To strew the hollows of Eternity.
He sees them drifting through the spaces dim,
And leaves and ages are as one to Him.

AN EPITAPH FOR A HUSBANDMAN

HE who would start and rise
Before the crowing cocks—
No more he lifts his eyes,
Whoever knocks.

He who before the stars
Would call the cattle home,—
They wait about the bars
For him to come.

Him at whose hearty calls
The farmstead woke again,
The horses in their stalls
Expect in vain.

Busy, and blithe, and bold,
He labored for the morrow,—
The plough his hands would hold
Rusts in the furrow.

His fields he had to leave,
His orchards cool and dim ;
The clods he used to cleave
Now cover him.

But the green, growing things
  Lean kindly to his sleep,—
White roots and wandering strings,
  Closer they creep.

Because he loved them long
  And with them bore his part,
Tenderly now they throng
  About his heart.

ORIGINS

OUT of the dreams that heap
  The hollow hand of sleep,—
Out of the dark sublime,
The echoing deeps of time,—
From the averted Face
Beyond the bournes of space,
Into the sudden sun
We journey, one by one.
Out of the hidden shade
Wherein desire is made,—
Out of the pregnant stir
Where death and life confer,—
The dark and mystic heat
Where soul and matter meet,—
The enigmatic Will,—
We start! and then are still.

  Inexorably decreed
By the ancestral deed,
The puppets of our sires,
We work out blind desires,
And for our sons ordain
The blessing or the bane.
In ignorance we stand
With fate on either hand,

And question stars and earth
Of life, and death, and birth.
With wonder in our eyes
We scan the kindred skies,
While through the common grass
Our atoms mix and pass.
We feel the sap go free
When spring comes to the tree;
And in our blood is stirred
What warms the brooding bird.
The vital fire we breathe
That bud and blade bequeathe,
And strength of native clay
In our full veins hath sway.

But in the urge intense
And fellowship of sense,
Suddenly comes a word
In other ages heard.
On a great wind our souls
Are borne to unknown goals,
And past the bournes of space
To the unaverted Face.

THE WRESTLER

WHEN God sends out His company to travel through the stars,
There is every kind of wonder in the show;
There is every kind of animal behind its prison bars;
With riders in a many-colored row.
The master showman, Time, has a strange trick of rhyme,
And the clown's most ribald jest is a tear;
But the best drawing card is the Wrestler huge and hard,
Who can fill the tent at any time of year.

His eye is on the crowd, and he beckons with his hand,
With authoritative finger, and they come.
The rules of the game they do not understand,
But they go as in a dream, and are dumb.
They would fain say him nay, and they look the other way,
Till at last to the ropes they cling;
But he throws them one by one till the show for them is done,
In the blood-red dust of the ring.

There's none to shun his challenge—they must meet him soon or late,
And he knows a cunning trick for all heels.
The king's haughty crown drops in jeers from his pate
As the hold closes on him, and he reels.
The burly and the proud, the braggarts of the crowd,
Every one of them he topples down in thunder.
His grip grows mild for the dotard and the child
But alike they must all go under.

Oh, many a mighty foeman would try a fall with him—
Persepolis and Babylon and Rome,
Assyria and Sardis, they see their fame grow dim,
As he tumbles in the dust every dome.
At length will come an hour when the stars shall feel his power,
And he shall have his will upon the sun.
Ere we know what he's about, the stars will be put out,
And the wonder of the show will be undone.

RECESSIONAL

NOW along the solemn heights
Fade the Autumn's altar-lights;
Down the great earth's glimmering chancel
Glide the days and nights.

Little kindred of the grass,
Like a shadow in a glass
  Falls the dark and falls the stillness;
We must rise and pass.

We must rise and follow, wending
Where the nights and days have ending,—
  Pass in order pale and slow
Unto sleep extending.

Little brothers of the clod,
Soul of fire and seed of sod,
  We must fare into the silence
At the knees of God.

Little comrades of the sky
Wing to wing we wander by,
  Going, going, going, going,
Softly as a sigh.

Hark, the moving shapes confer,
Globe of dew and gossamer,
  Fading and ephemeral spirits
In the dusk astir.

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,
Worlds must go as well as we,
  In the long procession joining
Mount, and star, and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb
Where the round year rolls sublime,
  Rolls, and drops, and falls forever
In the vast of time;

Like a plummet plunging deep
Past the utmost reach of sleep,
  Till remembrance has no longer
Care to laugh or weep.

ASCRIPTION

O THOU who hast beneath Thy hand
The dark foundations of the land,—
The motion of whose ordered thought
An instant universe hath wrought;

Who hast within Thine equal hand
The rolling sun, the ripening seed,
The azure of the speedwell's eye,
The vast solemnities of sky,—

Who hear'st no less the feeble note
Of one small bird's awakening throat
Than that unnamed, tremendous chord
Arcturus sounds before his Lord,—

More sweet to Thee than all acclaim
Of storm and ocean, stars and flame,
In favor more before Thy face
Than pageantry of time and space,

The worship and the service be
Of him Thou madest most like Thee,—
Who in his nostrils hath Thy breath,
Whose spirit is the lord of death!

THEODORE ROBERTS

THE SPEARS OF KAN-MAR

EYES that we look into—so,
Hands that we kiss ere we go,
Keep us,—remember us, hold us a night and a day;
For the white road stretches ahead,
And our spears have a vision of red,
And our horses champ with their bits, and rear at the way.

The tussocks of grass in the glare
Are brown as a dream-maiden's hair,
And over them, white in the sun, the spears of Kan-Mar;
The curbs, and the froth at the lips—
The bridle chains snapping like whips,
And our plumes tossed red, and scenting the heels of war.

The eyes that twinkle and burn—
The wrists like elk-thongs that turn
With the balancing, pausing, slender, murderous spear;
The swords that lead us along,
The thrust, the shriek and the song—
Sights not fit for their eyes, nor sounds for their ears to hear.

The city gates in the sun,
The glory of brave deeds done,
The clatter of horning hoofs and the song of old Kan-Mar,
The roar of the narrow street
Filled with clanging of feet—
The white hands over the balconies, and the kiss on the burning scar!

COLD

"COLD," cried the wind on the hill,
"Cold," sang the tree;
Your eyes were blue-grey and still
And cold as the sea.

Cold lay the snow on the land;
Cold stood the pine;
But neither as cold as your hand
Lying in mine.

Ah, Love, has the fire died so soon—
  Just smoldered and gone;
A kiss by the light of the moon,
  A parting by dawn.

THE MEN OF MY HEART'S DESIRE

WHERE are the men of my heart's desire?
  Of the British blood and the loyal names?
Some are North, at the home hearth-fire,
  Where the hemlock glooms and the maple flames,
And some are tramping the old world round
For the pot of gold they have never found.

Oh, leal are the men of my heart's desire—
  Their fathers were leal in the days gone by—
And their blood is blithe with the subtle fire
  The purple breeds, and their hearts are high,—
Poor, and gallant, and dear to me,
With a strong hand each, and a pedigree.

Good men are bred in the East and the West,
  And ripe, true gentles in Boston town,
But the men of my blood to my blood seem best—
  Who still hold the honor of Mitre and Crown.
Though empty their cellars and worn their attire,
These are the men of my heart's desire.

So, gentles, these stumbling rhymes I send
  To our spruce-clad hills, for a word of cheer,—
Where there's ever a welcome and ever a friend,
  And the brown coat covers the cavalier.
Take them, I pray you, for what they are worth,
For I swear by my soul you're the salt of the earth.

THE CHASE

DOWN the long lanes of Arcadie
My lady canters merrily;
The grain is bleaching in the sun,
The russet hickories confer,
And mounted on old Cheveron
With laughing call I follow her.

The maples stand in flaming red,
The sturdy brakes are sere and dead;
But still my lady canters on
Through field and wood and busy town,
And mounted on old Cheveron
I try to ride her down.

Through the long lanes of Arcadie
The crickets skip and chirp to me;
My lady's just 'round yonder bend,
Methinks I hear her call to me—
Methinks our chase is at an end
Through these long lanes of Arcadie!

Nay, still she canters down the lane
With floating skirt and loosened rein.
We've traveled all this summer land,
And still we mount and gallop on;
Sometimes she turns and waves her hand,
A challenge to old Cheveron.

Through all this land of Arcadie
She leads old Cheveron and me,
And how her good mount stands it so
Is really more than I can see;
The valleys now are white with snow,
Yet still we ride through Arcadie.

Old Cheveron has cast his shoes!
The Chase is up, my Lady Muse!

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS

HISTORY

HER gold hair fallen about her face
Made light within that shadowy place,
But on her garments lay the dust
Of many a vanished race.

Her deep eyes, gazing straight ahead,
Saw years and days and hours long dead,
While strange gems glimmered at her feet,
Yellow, and green, and red.

And ever from the shadows came
Voices to pierce her heart like flame.
The great bats fanned her with their wings,
The voices called her name.

But yet her look turned not aside
From the black deep where dreams abide,
Where worlds and pageantries lay dead
Beneath that viewless tide.

Her elbow on her knee was set,
Her strong hand propt her chin, and yet
No man might name that look she wore,
Nor any man forget.

AN EASTER MEMORY

THE chime of bells across the waking year
Peals out "The White Christ risen from the dead"—
The gospel that the April winds have spread,
The mystery the golden-wing makes clear.

The tender sky smiles over it; the air
  Is kind with love to comfort all the earth.
  The brown parks have forgotten winter's dearth
Since daffodils and sunlight made them fair.

But still the gray church from the crowded street
  Allures me with the spell of broken dreams.
  O heart, my heart, to you and me it seems
That God has left His glory incomplete.

Can we not see her, as a year ago,
  Beyond that sunlight flaked in colored fire—
  The upturned face, the eyes of still desire,
The dusk-gold hair that now the angels know?

What means this tender April sky to her,
  With bells that chime against the winds of spring?
  Does memory move her when the blue birds sing,
Or does she feel the old sweet pulses stir?

The organ lays its voice across our strife.
  What is it that the sobbing notes would say?
  For you and me, my heart, another day!
For her—the Resurrection and the Life!

MY COMRADE CANOE

TRUE comrade, we have tasted life together;
  With the wild joy at heart have slipped the tether
  To follow, follow, to strange wildernesses,
The frank enticement of the wind and weather.

Joy of the quivering pole, the thrilling sinew,
When mad black rapids shook the soul within you.
  As climbing toward the lakes of inland silence
I laughed to see the fanged rocks strain to win you.

Joy of the moonlight on the quiet reaches,
Where loitering we caught the word that teaches
  The poise of Godhead to the questing spirit,
The urge of springtime to the budding beeches.

When through the dusk the serried clouds were massing,
Where some lost lake among the hills was glassing
  The stormy fire above the western spruces,
The looming moose would wonder at our passing.

Then, when the outland voices ceased to hold us,
When winds would tell no more what once they told us,
  We dreamed how far away a little village
Lay waiting with its welcome to infold us.

GEORGE JOHN ROMANES

I ASK NOT FOR THY LOVE, O LORD

I ASK not for thy Love, O Lord; the days
  Can never come when anguish shall atone.
  Enough for me were but Thy pity shown
  To me, as to the stricken sheep that strays,
With ceaseless cry for unforgotten ways—
  Oh, lead me back to pastures I have known,
  Or find me in the wilderness alone,
  And slay me as the hand of mercy slays.
I ask not for Thy love; nor e'en so much
  As for a hope on Thy dear breast to lie;
  But be Thou still my shepherd—still with such
Compassion as may melt to such a cry;
  That so I hear Thy feet, and feel Thy touch,
  And dimly see Thy face ere yet I die.

CARROLL RYAN

From "MALTA"

O, BELLA fior del mondo! to-morrow
I'll leave thee to follow the path of the sun,
No more to return, yet departing in sorrow—
The stranger may go as the stranger hath done.
I've met the hot breath of the scorching siroc
As I guarded thy ramparts that frown on the sea,
I've lain 'neath the shade of the vine-covered rock
Weaving bright fancies of glory and thee. . . .

Old Notabile * stands upon a hill
With olive groves and vineyards at its base,
Its lofty wall, half-ruined, beareth still
Of siege and battle many a cruel trace;
The centre of this lovely isle,—
The home of song and story,—
Whose tranquil beauty seems to smile
Forgetful of its glory.
Deserted streets of marble halls,
And temples grand and olden,
Where startled Echo rarely calls
Strange sounds thro' sunlight golden:
High convent walls in ivy wrapt,
Shrines of our blessed Lady,
In melancholy silence lapt,
In lanes of cypress shady.
And now and then
Queer aged men
Pass where the bastions moulder,
And seem to me,
So strange they be,
Old as the place or older.

* Citta Vecchia

And carved in stone above each door
  Is many a knightly crest,
That flamed in hostile fields of yore—
  But now the sparrow's nest.
The wingëd hand still grasps the sword
  Before the ancient palace;
In dungeons underneath is stored
  Verdala's burning chalice.
And Bellfiorè's ruined wall
  Frowns on the peasant's labor,
While from its brow strange echoes call
  Of song, and pipe, and tabor.
Oh! what a host of shadows wait
Before yon dark unopened gate;
Heroes from the east and west,
In their iron armor drest,
The white cross gleaming on each breast;
Stern warriors of the cross are they—
Those shadows of a former day!

But hark!
In the dark
The bells are tolling,
While, up from the Levant
The night cloud is rolling.
O, those bells! those Malta bells,
  Loudly, wildly ringing,
High their deafening chorus swells,
  All my spirit winging.

Now higher, higher,
The iron choir
Like tongues of fire
  From earth ascend;
The wide air beating,
Their notes repeating,
Like spirits meeting
  They rise and blend!

Now coming softly
From belfrys lofty
Sweet silver voices float thro' the gloom,
Then, loud as thunder,
From Cassels under
Rush sounds of wonder
As if from the tomb!

They cease, and slowly from afar,
Where Dhingli's vale reposes,
I hear a voice and see a star
That beams on paths of roses!

CHARLES SANGSTER

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

GREATEST twain among the nations,
Bound alike by kindred ties—
Ties that never should be sundered
While your banners grace the skies—
But united, stand and labor,
Side by side, and hand in hand,
Battling with the sword of Freedom
For the peace of every land.
Yours the one beloved language,
Yours the same religious creed,
Yours the glory and the power,
Great as ever was the meed
Of old Rome, or Greece, or Sparta,
When their arms victoriously
Proved their terrible puissance
Over every land and sea.

Let the son respect the sire,
Let the father love the son,
Both unitedly supporting
All the glories they have won:

Thus in concert nobly wrestling,
  They may work the world's release,
And when having crushed its tyrants,
  Stand the Sentinels of Peace—
Stand the mighty twin Colossus'
  Giants of the latter days,
Straightening for the coming kingdom
  All the steep and rugged ways,
Down which many a lofty nation—
  Lofty on the scroll of fame—
Has been swept to righteous judgment,
  Naught remaining but its name.

What! allied to Merrie England,
  Have ye not a noble birth?
Yours, America, her honors,
  Yours her every deed of worth.
Have ye not her Norman courage?
  Wear ye not her Saxon cast?
Boast ye not her love of Freedom?
  Do ye not revere the past
When her mighty men of genius—
  Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope—
Glorified that self-same language,
  Since become your pride and hope? . . .

There will come a time, my Brothers,
  And a dread time it will be,
When your swords will flash together,
  For your faith in jeopardy.
Not for crowns, or lands, or sceptres,
  Will the fight be fought and won,
Not for fame, or treaties broken,
  But for God and God alone:
For the mind with which He blessed us,
  That a false creed would keep down,
Shackle—bind it to its purpose—
  To uphold a falling crown.

See that then ye fail not, Brothers!
  Set the listening skies aglow
With such deeds as live in heaven,
  If your Faith be worth a blow.

Proud, then, of each other's greatness,
Ever struggle side by side;
Noble Son! time-honored Parent!
  Let no paltry strife divide
Hearts like yours, that should be mindful
  Only of each other's worth—
Mindful of your high position
  'Mongst the powers of the earth.
Mightiest twain among the nations!
  Bound alike by kindred ties—
Ties that never should be sundered,
  While your banners grace the skies:
Hearts and destinies once united,
  Steadfast to each other prove,
Bind them with enduring fetters—
  Bind them with the Bonds of Love.

A LIVING TEMPLE

I SAT within the temple of her heart,
  And watched the living soul as it passed through,
Arrayed in pearly vestments, white and pure.
The calm, immortal presence made me start.
It searched through all the chambers of her mind
With one mild glance of love, and smiled to view
The fastnesses of feeling, strong—secure
And safe from all surprise. It sits enshrined
And offers incense in her heart, as on
An altar sacred unto God. The dawn
Of an imperishable love passed through
The lattice of my senses, and I, too,
Did offer incense in that solemn place—
A woman's heart made pure and sanctified by grace.

THE ILLUMINED GOAL

SLOWLY rose the dædal Earth
Through the purple-hued abysm,
Glowing like a gorgeous prism,
Heaven exulting o'er its birth.

Still the mighty wonder came
Through the jasper-colored sphere,
Ether-winged, and crystal-clear,
Trembling to the loud acclaim.

In a haze of golden rain
Up the heavens rolled the sun,
Danäe-like the earth was won,
Else his love and light were vain.

So the heart and soul of man
Own the light and love of heaven;
Nothing yet in vain was given,
Nature's is a perfect plan.

LOVE'S RENEWAL

LOVE'S sun, like that of day, may set, and set,
It hath as bright a rising in the morn.
True love has no grey hairs; his golden locks
Can never whiten with the snows of time.
Sorrow lies drear on many a youthful heart,
Like snow upon the evergreens; but love
Can gather sweetest honey by the way,
E'en from the carcass of some prostrate grief.—
We have been spoiled with blessings. Though the world
Holds nothing dearer than the hope that's fled,
God ever opens up new founts of bliss—
Spiritual Bethsaidas where the soul

Can wash the earth-stains from its fevered loins.
We carve our sorrows on the face of joy,
Reversing the true image; we are weak
Where strength is needed most, and most is given.

'TIS SUMMER STILL

'TIS Summer still, yet now and then a leaf
Falls from some stately tree. True type of life!
How emblematic of the pangs that grief
Wrings from our blighted hopes, that one by one
Drop from us in our wrestle with the strife
And natural passions of our stately youth.
And thus we fall beneath life's summer sun.
Each step conducts us through an opening door
Into new halls of being, hand in hand
With grave Experience, until we command
The open, wide-spread autumn fields, and store
The full ripe grain of Wisdom and of Truth.
As on life's tottering precipice we stand,
Our sins, like withered leaves, are blown about the land.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

THE FIFTEENTH OF APRIL

PALLID saffron glows the broken stubble,
Brimmed with silver lie the ruts,
Purple the ploughed hill;
Down a sluice with break and bubble
Hollow falls the rill;
Falls and spreads and searches,
Where, beyond the wood,
Starts a group of silver birches,
Bursting into blood.

Under Venus sings the vesper sparrow,
Down a path of rosy gold
Floats the slender moon;
Ringing from the rounded barrow
Rolls the robin's tune;
Lighter than the robin—hark!
Quivering silver-strong
From the field a hidden shore-lark
Shakes his sparkling song.

Now the dewy sounds begin to dwindle,
Dimmer grow the burnished rills,
Breezes creep and halt,
Soon the guardian night shall kindle
In the violet vault,
All the twinkling tapers,
Touched with steady gold,
Burning through the lawny vapors
Where they float and fold.

ABOVE ST IRÉNÉE

I RESTED on the breezy height,
In cooler shade and clearer air,
Beneath a maple tree;
Below, the mighty river took
Its sparkling shade and sheening light
Down to the sombre sea,
And clustered by the leaping brook
The roofs of white St Irénée.

The sapphire hills on either hand
Broke down upon the silver tide,
The river ran in streams,
In streams of mingled azure-grey,
With here a broken purple band,
And whorls of drab, and beams
Of shattered silver light astray,
Where far away the south shore gleams.

I walked a mile along the height
Between the flowers upon the road,
Asters and golden-rod;
And in the gardens pinks and stocks,
And gaudy poppies shaking light,
And daisies blooming near the sod,
And lowly pansies set in flocks,
With purple monkshood overawed.

And there I saw a little child,
Between the tossing golden-rod,
Coming along to me;
She was a tender little thing,
So fragile-sweet, so Mary-mild,
I thought her name Marie;
No other name methought could cling
To any one so fair as she.

And when we came at last to meet,
I spoke a simple word to her,
"Where are you going, Marie?"
She answered, and she did not smile,
But oh! her voice,—her voice so sweet,
"Down to St Irénée,"
And so passed on to walk her mile,
And left the lonely road to me.

And as the night came on apace,
With stars above the darkened hills,
I heard perpetually,
Chiming along the falling hours,
On the deep dusk that mellow phrase,
"Down to St Irénée:"
It seemed as if the stars and flowers
Should all go there with me.

OFF RIVIÈRE DU LOUP

O SHIP incoming from the sea
With all your cloudy tower of sail,
Dashing the water to the lee,
And leaning grandly to the gale;

The sunset pageant in the west
Has filled your canvas curves with rose,
And jewelled every toppling crest
That crashes into silver snows!

You know the joy of coming home
After long leagues to France or Spain;
You feel the clear Canadian foam
And the gulf water heave again.

Between these sombre purple hills
That cool the sunset's molten bars,
You will go on as the wind wills,
Beneath the river's roof of stars.

You will toss onward toward the lights
That spangle over the lone pier,
By hamlets glimmering on the heights,
By level islands black and clear:

You will go on beyond the tide,
Through brimming plains of olive sedge,
Through paler shallows light and wide,
The rapids piled along the ledge.

At evening off some reedy bay
You will swing slowly on your chain,
And catch the scent of dewy hay,
Soft blowing from the pleasant plain.

THE END OF THE DAY

I HEAR the bells at eventide
  Peal slowly one by one,
Near and far off they break and glide;
  Across the stream float faintly beautiful
  The antiphonal bells of Hull;
The day is done, done, done,
  The day is done.

The dew has gathered in the flowers,
  Like tears from some unconscious deep:
The swallows whirl around the towers,
  The light runs out beyond the long cloud bars,
  And leaves the single stars;
'Tis time for sleep, sleep, sleep,
  'Tis time for sleep.

The hermit thrush begins again,—
  Timorous eremite—
That song of risen tears and pain,
  As if the one he loved was far away:
  'Alas! another day—'
'And now Good Night, Good Night,'
  'Good Night.'

A FLOCK OF SHEEP

OVER the field the bright air clings and tingles
  In the gold sunset, while the red wind swoops;
Upon the nibbled knolls, and from the dingles,
  The sheep are gathering in frightened groups.

From the wide field the laggards bleat and follow,
  A drover hurls his cry and hooting laugh;
And one young swain, too glad to whoop or hollo,
  Is singing wildly as he whirls his staff.

Now crowding into little groups and eddies
  They swirl about and charge and try to pass;
The sheep-dog yelps and heads them off and steadies
  And rounds and moulds them in a seething mass.

They stand a moment with their heads uplifted
  Till the wise dog barks loudly on the flank,
They all at once roll over and are drifted
  Down the small hill toward the river bank.

Covered with rusty marks and purple blotches
  Around the fallen bars they flow and leap;
The wary dog stands by and keenly watches
  As if he knew the name of every sheep.

Now down the road the nimble sound decreases,
  The drovers cry, the dog delays and whines,
And now with twinkling feet and glimmering fleeces
  They round and vanish past the dusky pines.

The drove is gone, the ruddy wind grows colder,
  The singing youth puts up the heavy bars,
Beyond the pines he sees the crimson smoulder,
  And catches in his eyes the early stars.

MEMORY

I SEE a schooner in the bay
  Cutting the current into foam;
One day she flies and then one day
  Comes like a swallow veering home.

I hear a water miles away
  Go sobbing down the wooded glen;
One day it falls and then one day
  Comes sobbing on the wind again.

Remembrance goes but will not stay;
  That cry of unpermitted pain
One day departs and then one day
  Comes sobbing to my heart again.

HOME SONG

THERE is rain upon the window,
  There is wind upon the tree;
The rain is slowly sobbing,
The wind is blowing free:
It bears my weary heart
To my own country.

I hear the whitethroat calling,
Hid in the hazel ring;
Deep in the misty hollows
I hear the sparrows sing;
I see the bloodroot starting,
All silvered with the spring.

I skirt the buried reed-beds,
In the starry solitude:
My snowshoes creak and whisper,
I have my ready blood.
I hear the lynx-cub yelling
In the gaunt and shaggy wood.

I hear the wolf-tongued rapid
Howl in the rocky break;
Beyond the pines at the portage
I hear the trapper wake
His *En roulant ma boulé*,
From the clear gloom of the lake.

O! take me back to the homestead,
To the great rooms warm and low,

Where the frost creeps on the casement,
When the year comes in with snow.
Give me, give me the old folk
Of the dear long ago.

Oh, land of the dusky balsam,
And the darling maple tree,
Where the cedar buds and berries,
And the pine grows strong and free!
My heart is weary and weary
For my own country.

LIFE AND DEATH

I THOUGHT of death beside the lonely sea,
That went beyond the limit of my sight,
Seeming the image of his mastery,
The semblance of his huge and gloomy might.

But firm beneath the sea went the great earth,
With sober bulk and adamantine hold,
The water but a mantle for her girth,
That played about her splendor fold on fold.

And life seemed like this dear familiar shore,
That stretched from the wet sands' last wavy crease,
Beneath the sea's remote and sombre roar,
To inland stillness and the wilds of peace.

Death seems triumphant only here and there;
Life is the sovereign presence everywhere.

OTTAWA

CITY about whose brow the north winds blow,
Girdled with woods and shod with river foam,
Called by a name as old as Troy or Rome,
Be great as they, but pure as thine own snow;

Rather flash up amid the auroral glow,
  The Lamia city of the northern star,
  Than be so hard with craft or wild with war,
Peopled with deeds remembered for their woe.

Thou art too bright for guile, too young for tears,
  And thou wilt live to be too strong for Time;
    For he may mock thee with his furrowed frowns,
But thou wilt grow in calm throughout the years,
  Cinctured with peace and crowned with power sublime,
    The maiden queen of all the towered towns.

GEORGE FREDERICK SCOTT

A REVERIE

O TENDER love of long ago,
  O buried love, so near me still
On tides of thought that ebb and flow,
  Beyond the empire of the will;
To-night with mingled joy and pain
I fold thee to my heart again.

And down the meadows, dear, we stray,
  And under woods still clothed in green,
Though many springs have passed away
  And many harvests there have been,
Since through the youth-enchanted land
We wandered idly hand in hand.

Then every brook was loud with song,
  And every tree was stirred with love,
And every breeze that passed along
  Was like the breath of God above;—
And now to-night we go the ways
We went in those sweet summer days.

Dear love, thy dark and earnest eyes
  Look up as tender as of yore,
And, purer than the evening skies,
  Thy cheeks have still the rose they wore;
I—I have changed, but thou art fair
And fresh as in life's morning air.

What little hands these were to chain
  So many years a wayward heart;
How slight a girlish form to reign
  As queen upon a throne apart
In a man's thought, through hopes and fears,
And all the changes of the years.

Dear girl, behold, thy boy is now
  A man, and grown to middle-age;
The lines are deep upon his brow,
  His heart hath been grief's hermitage;
But hidden where no eye can see,
His boyhood's love still lives for thee,—

Still blooms above thy grave to-day,
  Where death hath harvested the land,
Though such long years have passed away
  Since down the meadows hand in hand
We went, with hearts too full to know
How deep their love was long ago.

EASTER ISLAND

THERE lies a lone isle in the tropic seas,—
  A mountain isle, with beaches shining white,
Where soft stars smile upon its sleep by night,
And every noonday fans it with a breeze.
Here on a cliff, carved upward from the knees,
Three uncouth statues of gigantic height,
Upon whose brows the circling sea-birds light,
Stare out to ocean over the tall trees.

Forever gaze they at the sea and sky,
  Forever hear the thunder of the main,
    Forever watch the ages die away;
And ever round them rings the phantom cry
  Of some lost race that died in human pain,
    Looking towards heaven, yet seeing no more than they.

A DREAM OF THE PREHISTORIC

NAKED and shaggy, they herded at eve by the sound of the seas,
  When the sky and the ocean were red as with blood from the battles of God,
And the wind like a monster sped forth with its feet on the rocks and the trees,
  And the sands of the desert blew over the wastes of the drought-smitten sod.

Here, mad with the torments of hunger, despairing they sank to their rest,
  Some crouching alone in their anguish, some gathered in groups on the beach;
And with tears almost human the mother looked down at the babe on her breast,
  And her pain was the germ of our love, and her cry was the root of our speech.

Then a cloud from the sunset arose, like a cormorant gorged with its prey,
  And extended its wings on the sky till it smothered the stars in its gloom,
And ever the famine-worn faces were wet with the wind-carried spray,
  And dimly the voice of the deep to their ears was a portent of doom.

And the dawn that rose up on the morrow, apparelled in gold like a priest,
Through the smoke of the incense of morning, looked down on a vision of death;
For the vultures were gathered together and circled with joy to their feast
On hearts that had ceased from their sorrow, and lips that had yielded their breath.

Then the ages went by like a dream, and the shore-line emerged from the deep,
And the stars as they watched through the years saw a change on the face of the earth;
For over the blanket of sand that had covered the dead in their sleep
Great forests grew up with their green, and the sources of rivers had birth.

And here in the aftertimes, man, the white faced and smooth-handed, came by,
And he built him a city to dwell in and temples of prayer to his God;
He filled it with music and beauty, his spirit aspired to the sky,
While the dead by whose pain it was fashioned lay under the ground that he trod.

He wrenched from great Nature her secrets, the stars in their courses he named,
He weighed them and measured their orbits; he harnessed the horses of steam;
He captured the lightnings of heaven, the waves of the ocean he tamed,—
And ever the wonder amazed him as one that awakes from a dream.

But under the streets and the markets, the banks and the temples of prayer,
Where humanity laboured and plotted, or loved with an instinct divine,

Deep down in the silence and gloom of the earth that had shrouded them there
Were the fossil remains of a skull and the bones of what once was a spine.

Enfolded in darkness forever, untouched by the changes above,
And mingled as clay with the clay which the hands of the ages had brought,
Were the hearts in whose furnace of anguish was smelted the gold of our love,
And the brains from whose twilight of instinct has risen the dawn of our thought.

But the law, that was victor of old with its heel on the neck of the brute,
Still tramples our hearts in the darkness, still grinds down our face in the dust;
We are sown in corruption and anguish—whose fingers will gather the fruit?
Our life is but lent for a season—for whom do we hold it in trust?

In the vault of the sky overhead, in the gulfs that lie under our feet,
The wheels of the universe turn, and the laws of the universe blend;
The pulse of our life is in tune with the rhythm of forces that beat
In the surf of the furthest star's sea, and are spent and regathered to spend.

Yet we trust in the will of the Being whose fingers have spangled the night
With the dust of a myriad worlds, and who speaks in the thunders of space;
Though we see not the start or the finish, though vainly we cry for the light,
Let us mount in the glory of manhood and meet the God-Man face to face.

DAWN

THE immortal spirit hath no bars
To circumscribe its dwelling-place;
My soul hath pastured with the stars
Upon the meadow-lands of space.

My mind and ear at times have caught,
From realms beyond our mortal reach,
The utterance of Eternal Thought,
Of which all nature is the speech.

And high above the seas and lands,
On peaks just tipped with morning light,
My dauntless spirit mutely stands
With eagle wings outspread for flight.

VAN ELSEN

GOD spake three times and saved Van Elsen's soul;
He spake by sickness first, and made him whole;
Van Elsen heard Him not,
Or soon forgot.

God spake to him by wealth; the world outpoured
Its treasures at his feet, and called him lord;
Van Elsen's heart grew fat
And proud thereat.

God spake the third time when the great world smiled,
And in the sunshine slew his little child;
Van Elsen like a tree
Fell hopelessly.

Then in the darkness came a voice which said,
"As thy heart bleedeth, so My heart hath bled;
As I have need of thee,
Thou needest Me."

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,
And kneeling by the narrow winding sheet,
Praised Him with fervent breath
Who conquered death.

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY

THE WALKER OF THE SNOW

SPEED on, speed on, good Master!
The camp lies far away;
We must cross the haunted valley
Before the close of day.

How the snow-blight came upon me
I will tell you as I go,—
The blight of the Shadow hunter,
Who walks the midnight snow.

To the cold December heaven
Came the pale moon and the stars,
As the yellow sun was sinking
Behind the purple bars.

The snow was deeply drifted
Upon the ridges drear,
That lay for miles around me
And the camps for which we steer.

'Twas silent on the hill-side,
And by the solemn wood,
No sound of life or motion
To break the solitude,

Save the wailing of the moose-bird
With a plaintive note and low,
And the skating of the red leaf
Upon the frozen snow.

And said I, "Though dark is falling,
  And far the camp must be,
Yet my heart it would be lightsome
  If I had but company."

And then I sang and shouted,
  Keeping measure, as I sped,
To the harp-twang of the snow-shoe
  As it sprang beneath my tread.

Nor far into the valley
  Had I dipped upon my way,
When a dusky figure joined me,
  In a capuchon of grey,

Bending upon the snow-shoes,
  With a long and limber stride;
And I hailed the dusky stranger
  As we travelled side by side.

But no token of communion
  Gave he by word or look,
And the fear-chill fell upon me
  At the crossing of the brook.

For I saw by the sickly moonlight
  As I followed, bending low,
That the walking of the stranger
  Left no footmarks on the snow.

Then the fear-chill gathered o'er me,
  Like a shroud around me cast,
As I sank upon the snow-drift
  Where the Shadow-hunter passed.

And the other-trappers found me,
  Before the break of day,
With my dark hair blanched and whitened
  As the snow in which I lay.

But they spoke not as they raised me;
  For they knew that in the night
I had seen the Shadow-hunter,
  And had withered in his blight.

Sancta Maria speed us!
  The sun is falling low,—
Before us lies the valley
  Of the Walker of the Snow!

FRANCIS SHERMAN

THE BUILDER

COME and let me make thee glad
  In this house that I have made!
Nowhere (I am unafraid!)
Canst thou find its like on Earth:
Come, and learn the perfect worth
Of the labor I have had.

I have fashioned it for thee,
Every room and pictured wall;
Every marble pillar tall,
Every door and window-place;
All were done that thy fair face
Might look kindlier on me.

Here, moreover, thou shalt find
Strange, delightful, far-brought things:
Dulcimers, whose tightened strings
Once dead women loved to touch;
(Deeming they could mimic much
Of the music of the wind!)

Heavy candlesticks of brass;
Chess-men carved of ivory;

Mass-books written perfectly
By some patient monk of old;
Flagons wrought of thick, red gold,
Set with gems and colored glass;

Burnished armor, once some knight
(Dead, I deem, long years ago!)
Its great strength was glad to know
When his lady needed him:
(Now that both his eyes are dim
Both his sword and shield are bright!)

Come, and share these things with me,
Men have died to leave to us!
We shall find life glorious
In this splendid house of love;
Come, and claim thy part thereof,—
I have fashioned it for thee!

BETWEEN THE BATTLES

LET us bury him here,
Where the maples are red!
He is dead,
And he died thanking God that he fell with the fall
of the leaf and the year.

Where the hillside is sheer,
Let it echo our tread
Whom he led;
Let us follow as gladly as ever we followed who
never knew fear.

Ere he died they had fled;
Yet they heard his last cheer
Ringing clear,—
When we lifted him up, he would fain have pursued,
but grew dizzy instead.

Break his sword and his spear!
Let this last prayer be said
By the bed
We have made underneath the wet wind in the maple
trees moaning so drear:

"O Lord God, by the red
Sullen end of the year
That is here,
We beseech Thee to guide us and strengthen our swords
till his slayers be dead!"

From "A PRELUDE"

O COVERING grasses! O unchanging trees!
Is it not good to feel the odorous wind
Come down upon you with such harmonies

Only the giant hills can ever find?
O little leaves, are ye not glad to be?
Is not the sunlight fair, the shadow kind,

That falls at noontide over you and me?
O gleam of birches lost among the firs,
Let your high treble chime in silverly

Across the half-imagined wind that stirs
A muffled organ-music from the pines!
Earth knows to-day that not one note of hers

Is minor. For, behold, the loud sun shines
Till the young maples are no longer gray,
And stronger grows their faint, uncertain lines;

Each violet takes a deeper blue to-day,
And purpler swell the cones hung overhead,
Until the sound of their far feet who stray

About the wood, fades from me; and, instead,
I hear a robin singing—not as one
That calls unto his mate, uncomforted—
But as one sings a welcome to the sun.

A LITTLE WHILE BEFORE THE FALL WAS DONE

A LITTLE while before the fall was done
A day came when the frail year paused and said:
"Behold! a little while and I am dead;
Wilt thou not choose, of all the old dreams, one?"
Then dwelt I in a garden, where the sun
Shone always, and the roses all were red;
Far off the great sea slept, and overhead
Among the robins matins had begun.
And I knew not at all it was a dream
Only, and that the year was near its close;
Garden and sunshine, robin-song and rose,
The half-heard murmur and the distant gleam
Of all the unvext sea, a little space
Were as a mist above the Autumn's face.

GOLDWIN SMITH

FLOSSY (WITH HER OWN PORTRAIT) TO HER MISTRESS

ON HER WEDDING DAY

OF all the tiny race of Skye,
The prettiest, so friends say, am I;
My name is Flossy, well-bestowed,
A silkier coat Skye never shewed!
With sable back, and silver head,
Blue bow, and feathery paws outspread,
As on my crimson rug I lie,
What fairer sight for painter's eye?

Short are my legs, yet mark my pace
Whene'er I cats or postmen chase!
In human language if I fail,
What so expressive as my tail?
See how it wags, as if to say,
"Dear mistress, a glad wedding day!"
Though bounded is my being's range,
And knows no world beyond The Grange—
A universe by half-a-span
Less than the universe of man—
Yet am I Queen of all I see,
The household are but slaves to me.
Let others toil the livelong day,
I play and sleep, and sleep and play;
Or in my carriage proudly ride
With two fair ladies at my side.
Gaily I live, by all caressed,
And in a doting mistress blessed!
Affection's happiness I prove,
And see no fault in those I love;
Nor when my little bones are laid
Beneath the turf on which I played,
Nor when the rug which now I press
Each winter's eve is Flossieless,
Shall Flossy die; but pictured here
To her loved mistress still be dear.

LYMAN C. SMITH

CANADA TO COLUMBIA

O ELDER sister, though thou didst of yore
Forsake thy mother's ancient hall and flee
To be the chosen bride of Liberty,
She cherishes her grief and wrath no more,
Nor seeks her broken circle to restore,
Yet fain would clasp thee to her breast again,
But thou aloof uncertain dost remain.

O canst thou not the one mistake forget
Of her that bore thee, taught thy lips to frame
Thy early words, thy God in prayer to name;
That in the paths of right and justice set
Thy feet, where not infrequent walk they yet;
That stood devoted at thy youthful side,
Nor e'en her blood in thy defence denied?

But if thy younger sister yet abide
Content and happy in her mother's hall,
Nor feel the bond of blood a menial thrall,
But, leaning heart to heart, of choice confide
In mother yet as dearest guard and guide—
If thou wilt not thy mother's love regain,
Why must thy cradle sister plead in vain?

Yet all the best that bubbles in our veins
We sisters drew from that one Saxon breast.
Where oftentimes thy maiden cheek has pressed,
Mine resting still in loving trust remains.
Our bonds of blood should be unbroken chains!
Obey thy heart and grasp the proffered hand,
Then all the world our wills may not withstand.

From "A DAY WITH HOMER"

METHOUGHT the stream of Time had backward rolled,
And I was standing on the fruitful plain
That lay between the sea and ancient Troy.
I saw one standing on the curving beach
Whose hoary locks were playthings for the wind
That freshening came across the swelling waves
I listened to the mystic music of a voice
That chanted to their measured beat, in tones
Now whispering soft and low as rustling leaves,
Now rolling with the boom of tumbling waves,
Now clanging as the clash of brazen arms.

* * * * *

There sat the virgin queen whose buskined feet
Are swift to chase at early dawn, across
The breezy hills, the flying stag that falls
By wingëd shaft shot from her sounding bow;
And Venus, favored child of mighty Jove,
With perfect moulded arm and breast of snow,
Mirth-lighted eye and soft-caressing hand;—
Love, fairest form that ever found a home
On earth, or in the golden halls of heaven.

WILLIAM WYE SMITH

THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE

O, THE East is but the West, with the sun a little hotter;
And the pine becomes a palm by the dark Egyptian water;
And the Nile's like many a stream we know that fills its brimming cup;
We'll think it is the Ottawa as we track the batteaux up!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the batteaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward when we're at the top.

O, the cedar and the spruce line each dark Canadian river;
But the thirsty date is here, where the sultry sunbeams quiver;
And the mocking mirage spreads its view afar on either hand;
But strong we bend the sturdy oar towards the Southern land!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the batteaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward when we're at the top!

O, we've tracked the Rapids up, and o'er many a portage crossing;
And it's often such we've seen, though so loud the waves are tossing!
Then it's homeward when the run is o'er! o'er stream and ocean deep—
To bring the memory of the Nile, where the maple shadows sleep!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the batteaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward when we're at the top!

And it yet may come to pass that the hearts and hands so ready
May be sought again to help when some poise is off the steady!
And the Maple and the Pine be matched with British Oak the while,
As once beneath Egyptian suns the Canadians on the Nile!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the batteaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward when we're at the top!

———

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE

THE FORGOTTEN POET

WITH fragrance flown, as of a long-plucked bud,
The little song I sing with so much care,
Sweet for a day, will swoon upon the flood
Of days that will forget my song was fair.
The master-song is mighty rushing wind
Mixed with all fragrance, strong with a great breath
From cloudland, and the climes that win the mind,
And full of pulses to awaken death.

Full well I know the storm will smite my flower,
  My tiny short-stemmed blossom of the sod;
  But when my flower and I have lived an hour
I'll bear it on the wind away to God:
  And wind and flower and spirit may adorn
  Some Eden-garden where new worlds are born.

DEATH THE REVEALER

I KNOW that death is God's interpreter:
  His quiet voice makes gracious meanings clear
  In grievous things that vex us deeply here
  Between the cradle and the sepulchre.
We, gazing into darkness, greatly err,
  And fear the shrouded shadow of a fear
  Till dawn reveals the vestments of a Seer
  With gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.
There is a mystery I cannot read
  Around the mastery I no more dread;
  For love is but a heart to brood and bleed,
And life is but a dream among the dead
  Whose wisdom waits for us. God give me heed
  Till the day break and shadows all be fled!

HIRAM LADD SPENCER

THE RIVER

BY cliffs grown gray, as men grow gray
  With weariness and sorrow,
Awhile I pause, and then away,
And in the wild and restless Bay
  I lose myself to-morrow.

I turn the wheels of many mills,
  By many islands dally;
I gossip with the daffodils,
And to my bosom take the rills
  That from the woodlands sally.

I love the songs that childhood sings—
  Its smiles and roguish glances,—
A picture paint of many things
That o'er the mind a halo flings
  As onward time advances.

I listen to the tender chime
  Of city bells a-swaying:
O dower of youth! O wealth of time!
O pleasant dreams! O hopes sublime,
  When all the world's a-swaying!

By cliffs grown gray, as men grow gray
  With weariness and sorrow,
Awhile I pause, and then away,
Like you who loiter here to-day,
  And lose myself to-morrow.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME

WHERE, where will be the birds that sing,
    A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
  A hundred years to come?
    The rosy cheek,
      The lofty brow,
    The heart that beats
      So gaily now:
Where, where will be our hopes and fears,
Joy's pleasant smiles and Sorrow's tears,
  A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon aisles with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling Age,
And fiery Youth,
And Childhood with
Its brow of truth;
The rich, the poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves will sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come;
But other men
Our homes will fill,
And others then
Our lands will till,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD

CHINOOK

(*At Stampede Pass*)

MILDLY through the mists of night
Floats a breath of flowers sweet,
Warmly through the waning light
Wafts a wind with perfumed feet,
Down the gorge and mountain brook,
With the sound of wings—Chinook!

By no trail his spirits go,
Through the mountain passes high,
Where the moon is on the snow
And the screaming eagles fly,
Where the yawning canyon roars
With memories of misty shores.

On still prairies, mountain-locked,
Frost lies white upon the grass,
But where the witch of winter walked,
Now the summer's masquers pass;
And at May's refreshing breath
Tender flowers rose from death.

And the breeze, that on the Coast
Wakened softly at the morn,
Is on snowy prairies lost
When the twilight pales forlorn;
Sweet Chinook! who breathes betimes
Summer's kiss in winter climes.

THE STRANGE VESSEL

(*Quebec*, 1759)

AND no one saw, while it was dark,
The outline of a sweeping barque,
Without a flag or light;
And no one counted, one by one,
Along her decks each silent gun,
That glimmered through the night.

And far above the water's swell,
Upon a guarded citadel,
Arose the laugh of men;
But some upon the ramparts there
Felt Evil hurrying through the air,
And never laughed again.

The creak of sail, the splash of oar,
Were heard by none upon the shore;
And in the forest vale
None knew the ambush that was kept,
Nor saw a thousand men who crept
Along the narrow trail.

When day at last was breaking forth
There came two eagles flying north,
And on the morn awoke
The solemn pageantry of war,
And o'er the shining hills afar
Floated the rolling smoke.

THE LAST ORISON

SHAPER of breathing lives, and Lord of all above,
Thy name I learned beside my mother's knee;
She drew me to her arms, and said that Thou wert Love—
Oh, art Thou Love to me?

I cannot rear my thoughts amid the golden spheres,
Where roll the stars about Thy throne on high,
But here in lowly wise I call on Thee with tears,
And feel Thy presence nigh.

Childlike to Thee I looked when came the night of fear,
On Thee I laid my sorrows of the day;
The whole earth spake of One who seemed to be so near,
It was not hard to pray.

The bolted doors that lock the corridors of Time,
And bar the awful avenues of Space,
My soul at last shall pass, and then, O dream sublime!
I shall gaze on Thy face.

ALEXANDER CHARLES STEWART

From "THE WANDERER

ADIEU to these!—Niagara, thy roar
Is as the voice of freedom sounding far,
And thundering Liberty to either shore,
With boom that puts to shame the breath of war.
The clouds which hover softly o'er thee are
Symbolical of peace; while thou, fierce flood,
Hast all the fury of a plunging star,
Churning its liquid flames to foaming blood,
And overturning worlds that have for ages stood.

Forever pour thy dashing speed along
Between the homes of Freedom and the Free;
And chant forever thy resounding song
To hearts that may re-echo liberty.
The first who dares destroy thy purity,
Or bridge thee for enslavers, may thy roar
Cease like a thunderbolt, and o'er thy sea
The chill of horror fall and wrap him o'er,
Dry up thy foaming flood and be thy voice no more!

PHILLIPS STEWART

HOPE

IN shadowy calm the boat
Sleeps by the dreaming oar,
The green hills are afloat
Beside the silver shore.

Youth hoists the white-winged sail,
Love takes the longing oar—
The oft-told fairy tale
Beside the silver shore.

Soft lip to lip, and heart
  To heart, and hand to hand,
And wistful eyes depart
  Unto another strand.

And lovely as a star
  They tremble o'er the wave,
With eager wings afar,
  Unto the joys they crave.

In a sweet trance they fare
  Unto the wind and rain,
With wind-tossed waves of hair,
  And ne'er return again.

And at the drifting side,
  Changed faces in the deep
They see, a changing tide,
  Like phantoms in a sleep.

Slow hands furl the torn sail
  Without one silver-gleam,
And, sad and wan and pale,
  They gaze into a dream.

From "CORYDON AND AMARYLLIS"

PALE MELANCHOLY, faithfully thou lov'st
  The human soul when youth and passion fail;
How precious all things grow beneath thy smile!
Sad sister of the poet's lonely hours,
Thy clinging arms embrace us all, thy feet
Are in all paths, and Nature saddens 'neath
Thine eyes. The lotus and the poppy have
Thee in their dreamy veins; thine image dwells
For ever in the jewelled wine; thou art
The hungry beauty of Love's crescent eyes,

The tremor of white hands, the ashy gleam
Of noble brows, and thou dost startle Love's
Young dream into a dying swoon, and strew
A flowery sadness on some new-made grave.

From "DE PROFUNDIS"

I HEAR the wondrous lyre
Of the blind bard, and see the Grecian throng
About Troy's lofty walls, and Hector slain,
The white-stained face and blackened crest,
And great Achilles crumbling on his pyre.
Then comes Ulysses sighing for his home
Afar, leaving the ruins of old Troy
For Ithaca, where oft, a glad-faced boy,
He played amid the ripening vines and heard
His father's voice ere he began to roam
The weary waves. His heart is stirred
With thoughts of home, and son, and wife,
And ever Circe holds him in her arms.
How have I longed to drift on some fair isle,
Like thee, from feverish alarms,
And voices of reproach, and earth's vain strife—
Some urnless land beyond the wile
Of grief and gold, where man can quite forget
All pain, and sleep and dream not of regret.

BARRY STRATON

LOVE'S HARVEST

THE furrows of life Time is plowing,
But we mourn not the Spring which departs,
For the husbandman Fate, in his sowing,
Scattered love in the soil of our hearts.

The sunshine of virtue and beauty
  Shall wake the sweet seedlings to bloom;
The warm dews of mercy and duty
  Shall moisten the tractable loam.

Oh, blow, grains of love to the binding!
  Oh, blush, golden fruit on the hill!
'Tis a dreary, long day to the grinding,
  But a short, pleasant way from the mill.

But fondness and faith will be growing,
  Be the sky clear or cloudy above.
When fortune is ripe to the mowing
  We shall gather our harvest of love!

CHARITY

COME! walk with the world and go down to the destitute homes of the poor,
Where weeping is louder than laughter, where sorrow and famine abide;
Where Azrael reaps a full harvest and darkens each desolate door;
And learn of the lowly and meek to lessen your thoughtless pride.

I have seen my Lady flash by—a beauteous vision of ease;
I have seen the widow at work till the shadows of night fled the day;
I have seen God's poor drink the cup of sorrow and toil to the lees;
I have seen the wicked get wealth, and the good go empty away.

"The poor are unworthy, and sinning is found in the homes of the low.
If we give we but pander to vice: the beggars our gifts will abuse."

So say you, and pass in your pride, but your heart cries out as you go,
"The vile are the first to ape virtue; the wicked the first to accuse!"

Communist? Not I! But I hold that the miser who hugs to his heart
What for him is but clay and a curse, but to some would be blessing and bread,
Is selling his merciful Saviour. Better throw down the price and depart;
Better, belike, do as Judas, put a rope to his miserable head.

'Twould be well with you, Midas, to pity the poor who are tarrying here.
They may count to your just condemnation the tears which their hungry babes weep.
Though you harden your heart for a lifetime, and turn an adamant ear,
Their wails may pierce through to your coffin and trouble your long, last sleep.

How read you the Scriptures? What say they? "These three with the world now abide,
Hope, charity, faith, and the greatest is charity—blessed above all."
Our hands should be fruitful and open; the field for our giving is wide,
And blessing shall follow the gifts, though the power to give may be small.

Then time may toil on with its tumults, its troubles and tempests of tears;
The sweet, voiceless shadows shall hold us till striving and sorrow are past.
We shall wake full refreshed to the judgment, though we slumber for eons of years;
And the Lord shall shew us His glory, we shall be like to God at the last.

AMERICA

COLUMBUS came to thee and called thee new!
New World to him, but thy rich blood, bright gold,
Lay cold where once the fires manifold
Raged fiercely. New? Primeval forests grew,
Had fallen, and were coal! Thine eagles flew
Undaunted then as now, and where the bold
South Rocky Mountains rise in fold on fold
The Aztec to his God the victim slew.
The tropic verdure of thy far north world
Had passed forever, moon-like fading out.
Sky-piercing mounts have reared them from the seas—
The lost Atlantis has been depth-ward hurled,
Since thou wert new!—Old! all thy landmarks shout,
And bid us read thy waiting mysteries.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER

A SONG IN AUTUMN

O LOVE, can the tree lure the summer bird
Again to the bough where it used to sing,
When never a throat in the autumn is heard,
And never the glint of a vagrant wing?

Love, Love, can the lute lure the old-time touch
Unto fingers forgetful of melody?
And we, who have loved for a time overmuch,
Bring back the old life as it used to be?

Nay, though there is little in me to love,
Come back as the bird to a songless bough:
Back now as you came when the blue was above,
And summer gleamed soft on your girlish brow.

Come home, O Heart, for the autumn is grey,
And I, who have looked for your coming so long,
En-isled in your arms, in the old lost way
Shall dream our December estranged by a song.

So come, Vernal-Heart, now summer is flown;
Let autumn elude the return of the rime,
And the sad sea change with the season alone:
Not us who have loved—loved well in our time.

* * * * *

Shall summer not know the autumnal touch?
Shall love when forlorn of the spring be green?
Or we, who were lovers of old overmuch,
Regain what is lost, or relume what has been?

BESIDE THE MARTYR'S MEMORIAL

(Oxford)

THEIR very gods, it seems, we have forgot;
And drawing back the riven veil once more,
Too late we learn that theirs the happier lot
Who had their foolish gods to perish for.

CANADA TO ENGLAND

SANG one of England in his island home:
"Her veins are million, but her heart is one;"
And looked from out his wave-bound homeland isle
To us who dwell beyond its western sun.

And we among the northland plains and lakes,
We youthful dwellers on a younger land,
Turn eastward to the wide Atlantic waste,
And feel the clasp of England's outstretched hand.

For we are they who wandered far from home
  To swell the glory of an ancient name;
Who journeyed seaward on an exile long,
  When fortune's twilight to our island came.

But every keel that cleaves the midway waste
  Binds with a silent thread our sea-cleft strands,
Till ocean dwindles and the sea-waste shrinks,
  And England mingles with a hundred lands.

And weaving silently all far-off shores
  A thousand singing wires stretch round the earth,
Or sleep still vocal in their ocean depths,
  Till all lands die to make one glorious birth.

So we remote compatriots reply,
  And feel the world-task only half begun:
"We are the girders of the ageing earth,
  Whose veins are million, but whose heart is one."

BEETHOVEN

HE wandered down, an Orpheus wilder-souled,
  From some melodious world of love and song,
And through our earthly vales strange music rolled.
Who heard that alien note could only long,
As pale Eurydice once longed, to know again
The happier ways, the more harmonious air,
Where once they heard that half-remembered strain,—
Where once their exiled feet were wont to fare.
A gleam of some strange golden life now gone,
A sad remembrance of celestial things,
Some old-time glory, like the gods', outshone
From men's rapt souls, wherein a memory clings
Of that diviner day, from them withdrawn.
For all the dreams that smouldered in man's breast,
And all the clearer ways he yearned to reach,—
The fugitive ideal, the old unrest,—
Found utterance in song, that slept in speech.

And like a minstrel in an alien land,
Who sings his native strains while men crowd round
And hearken long, but cannot understand,
He sang to us, and through the unknown sound
We caught a passing glimmer of the soul
Those foreign runes concealed, and strove to glean
From out the uninterpretable whole
Some earthlier harmony.

It must have been
He heard far-off that low uranian strain
That only maddens him who vainly hears;
For they, the gods, soon saw the god-like pain
That mocked a man, and closed his listening ears.

ALAN SULLIVAN

VENICE

IF you would see Venice as she is,
Wander by night in silence and alone
Among her towers and sculptured palaces,
And read the story she has writ in stone;
Then, as you read, she will upon you cast
The fascination of her wondrous past.

Muse on, and let the silent gondolier
Wind at his will 'mid tortuous, twisting ways
And broad lagoons, with waters wide and clear,
On whose unruffled breast the moonbeam plays;
And move not, speak not, for the mystery
Of Venice is with you on the sea.

Pass, if you will, beneath the five great domes
Of old Saint Mark's; watch how the glittering height
Soars in quick curves; see how each sunbeam roams
And fills the nave with soft pure amber light;

This is the heart of Venice, and the tomb
Which folds her story in its sacred gloom.

So leave her sunlight, enter now her cells,
  By frowning black-browed ports and massy bars,
Where pestilence in foul dank vapor dwells,
  Far, far from sun and day, from moon and stars;
The only sound when whispering waters glide
In on the bosom of a sluggish tide.

Then turn again into her solitudes,—
  Things of to-day will faint and fade like smoke,—
Drift through the darkened nooks where silence broods,
  Let memory fall upon you like a cloak:
Venice will rise around you as of old,
Decked out in marble, amethyst, and gold.

But that was years ago; to-day the notes
  Of wild free song have left her silver streets;
Her blazoned banner now no longer floats
  In aureate folds, no more the sunrise greets;
She lives but in a past so strong and brave
It serves alike for monument and grave.

THE WHITE CANOE

THERE'S a whisper of life in the gray dead trees,
  And a murmuring wash on the shore,
And a breath of the south in the loitering breeze,
  To tell that a winter is o'er.
While, free at last from its fetters of ice,
  The river is clear and blue,
And cries with a tremulous, quivering voice
  For the launch of the White Canoe.

Oh, gently the ripples will kiss her side,
  And tenderly bear her on;
For she is the wandering phantom bride
  Of the river she rests upon;

She is loved with a love than cannot forget,
  A passion so strong and true
That never a billow has risen yet
  To peril the White Canoe.

So come when the moon is enthroned in the sky,
  And the echoes are sweet and low,
And Nature is full of the mystery
  That none but her children know.
Come, taste of the rest that the weary crave,
  But is only revealed to a few:
When there's trouble on shore, there's peace on the wave,
  Afloat in the White Canoe.

BERTRAM TENNYSON

GORDON

SON of Britannia's isle,
  There by the storied Nile,
The dust has claimed him e'er his work was done;
But not for that alone
Has Fame's clear trumpet blown
Most mournful music o'er her bravest son.
Alas! for England, when the dead
Fell by a coward's hand her honor fled!

No English squadrons broke
Through the thick battle smoke,
At that last hour when the hero fell;
He hoped to see again
(But ah! that hope was vain)
Those English colors he had served so well;
He fell, forsaken, undismayed,
True to the land that thus his trust betrayed.

His was the hardest part,
That tries the staunchest heart;
Better the headlong charge when hundreds die,
Than the relentless foe
Watching to strike the blow,
And the slow waiting while the bullets fly—
No friends, no hope, but, like a star,
High duty shining through the clouds of war.

No stately Gothic fane
Roofs in the hero slain,
But the wide sky above the desert sands;
No graven stone shall tell
Where at the last he fell,
And, if interred at all, by alien hands,—
Thrust in a shallow grave to wait
The last loud summons to the fallen great.

No more can England boast
Her name from coast to coast
Shall be a passport to her wandering sons;
Once they could freely roam,
As in their Island home,
Safe far abroad as underneath her guns;
Or, should mishap for vengeance call,
Swift would her anger on the oppressor fall.

But let the meed of blame
Fall with its weight of shame
On those who lacked the courage to command;
The heart of England beats
In London's thronging streets,
And in the quiet places of the land,
Still to its old traditions true,
In spite of all our rulers failed to do.

EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON

A DAY-DREAM

WHEN, high above the busy street,
Some hidden voice poured Mary's song.
Oh, then my soul forgot the heat
And roaring of the city's throng:
Then London bells and cries fell low,
Blent to a far and murmured tone
That changed and chimed in mystic flow,
Weaving a spell for me alone.

No more the towering blocks were there,
No longer pressed the crowds around:
All freely roamed a magic air
Within what vast horizon's bound:
Beneath a sky of lucent gray
Far stretched my circled northern plain,
Wild sunflowers decked a prairie gay,
And one dear Autumn came again.

Before me trod a winsome maid,
And oh, the mien with which she stept!
Her soft brown hair, without a braid,
Hiding the shoulders where it swept;
And glancing backward now she gave
To me the smile so true and wise,
The radiant look from eyes so grave
That spoke her inmost Paradise.

Divinely on my daughter went,
The wild flowers leaning from her tread;
Dreaming she lived, I watched intent
Till, ah, the gracious vision fled;
The plain gave place to blocks of grey,
The sunlit heaven to murky cloud—
Staring I stood in common day.
And never knew the street so loud.

THE SONG-SPARROW

WHEN plowmen ridge the steamy brown,
And yearning meadows sprout to green,
And all the spires and towers of town
Blent soft with wavering mists are seen:
When quickened woods in freshening hue
Along Mount Royal billowy swell,
When airs caress and May is new,
Oh, then my shy bird sings so well!

Because the blood-roots flock in white,
And blossomed branches scent the air,
And mounds with trillium flags are dight,
And myriad dells of violets rare;
Because such velvet leaves unclose,
And newborn rills all chiming ring,
And blue the dear St Lawrence flows—
My timid bird is forced to sing.

A joyful flourish lilted clear,—
Four notes—then fails the frolic song,
And memories of a vanished year
The wistful cadences prolong:
"A vanished year—O, heart too sore—
I cannot sing;" thus ends the lay:
Long silence, then awakes once more
His song, ecstatic of the May!

THE BAD YEAR

MAY, blighted by keen frosts, passed on to June
No blooms, but many a stalk with drooping leaves,
And arid Summer wilted these full soon,
And Autumn gathered up no wealthy sheaves;
Plaintive October saddened for the year,
But wild November raged that hope was past,

Shrieking, "All days of life are made how drear—
Mad whirl of snow! and Death comes driving fast."
Yet sane December, when the winds fell low,
And cold, calm light with sunshine tinkled clear,
Hearkened to bells more sweet than long ago,
And meditated in a mind sincere:—
"Beneath these snows shining from yon red west
How sleep the blooms of some delighted May,
And June shall riot, lovely as the best
That flung their odors forth on all their way:
Yes, violet Spring, the balms of her soft breath,
Her birdlike voice, the child-joy in her air.
Her gentle colors"—sane December saith
"They come, they come—O heart, sigh not 'They were.'"

JOHN STUART THOMSON

THE VALE OF ESTABELLE

THEY hide within the hollows, and they creep into the dell,
The little time-stained headstones in the vale of Estabelle.

I often looked across them when I lounged upon the hill;
I never walked among them, nor could cross the moody rill.

I had a dread of seeing e'er the dead of pallid face,
And feared at night to meet their ghosts haunting a lonely place.

The church bell rang at night time, just one hollow, dismal toll;
The agëd by the cranny heard, and sighed: "How grows Death's roll!"

Each meadow has its sparrow and each copse its note of spring;
But seasons through I never heard a bird in graveyard sing.

A solemn man, the sexton, and 'twas he you saw at eve
Look at the sun, lay down his spade, wipe brow upon his sleeve.

The church was old; its tower bold, and dust bedimmed the panes;
The preacher ever paused a while when fell the autumn rains.

The goodwives ceased from musing, and some fear upon them came;
"'Tis ill to be from church to-day, when one's not blind or lame."

They often asked me why it was I shunned the headstones so;
"I fear them not," I said, "to some new grave with you I'll go."

I thought perhaps a patriarch would tire of life, and sleep;
I'd walk behind,—he was so old,—there'd be no need to weep.

The morrow morn came darkly; there was awe within the town;
Three days of dread before they said, "'Twas pretty Alice Brown."

Oh! 'tis not she of hazel eyes; of plaited golden hair;
Whose smiles of greeting always beamed like heaven on my care!

Not Alice of the sidelong glance, soft heart, and tender sigh,
That kissed the rose aswoon: tell me, did God let Alice die?

"The third day past came darkly; there was awe within the town;
They called her long, but ne'er will wake your pretty Alice Brown."

I linger in the village still; I cannot go away;
I walk the ways alone at eve; sometimes I pause and pray;—

It is not much I say of her; I say it very low;
But somehow it is sweet to think, "Perhaps the spirits know."

One house there is I never pass; one way I never look;
I never climb the hill at eve; I never cross the brook;

But over there, amid the rest, is carved into a stone,
Her name and day, and that sad word I feel the most: "Alone."

They hide within the hollows and they creep into the dell,
Those little crumbling headstones in the vale of Estabelle.

EVEN-TIME

IN meadows deep with hay, I see
The reapers' steel flash sparklingly;
And bobolinks at play;—
And in the iris-bordered coves
Frail lilies, shaded by the groves,
Moor all the golden day.

I watch the flicker rise on sun-lit wings
  High where a pewee sings,—
  Apollo's messenger
To the lone piper of the fir.
Where rolling western hills look like
Waves of aërial seas, the sunsets strike;
  And wrecking, dye the clouds with gold.
  Moon-wheeled, Eve's chariot is rolled
On through the high star-spangled doors,
  To Night's dark murmurous shores.

LATE AUTUMN

BEHOLD! the maize fields set their pennons free,
  In this rich golden ending of the year;
  And asters bloom upon the sunny lea,
Smiling as sweet as May, though leaves turn sere.
Deep in the dell, the gentle turtle-head
  Lifts up its tiny spire of pearly bells,
And cardinals ring out a richer chime;—
A last brave bee seeks in the gentians' cells
  A farewell taste of honeyed spring, for dead
Is all the clover on its fragrant bed;—
And bloomless rose vines o'er the trellis climb.

Sometimes across the still and cheerless night,
  The farewells of the flocks are softly heard,
  As to the warm savannahs they take flight,
Following the sad and tuneful mocking-bird.
And numerous winds are murmuring sudden loss,
  Like cries of Hylas through the Mysian land;
Or doleful chords on Grecian citherns played
By tearful maidens of a funeral band.
  Of all the wealth of Autumn now is left
But that to wound the memory; bereft
Is he who wanders in this barren glade.

No more I linger in the Lydian wood,
  And wait Silenos by each dell and spring;
  No more the gloaming seems or warm or good
When everything of joy has taken wing.
I e'en despair of Hellas in my pain;
  I walk an endless line of cypress shade;
I wreck upon the tossing coast of night,
When everything of loveliness light made
  Dissolves into the cold, swift autumn rain,
That sweeps interminably o'er the plain,
And leaves the dying world in piteous blight.

The reaper Winter cometh on apace,
  And gleaneth all the wealth of golden-rod,
  And parsley wild of timid peaceful face,—
Cutting the summer from the close shorn sod.
The miser-wind plucks now the last pale leaf
  From the poor bough that treasured it in hope;—
The chilling mists unroll their purple folds,
Leaving the outcast through the wilds to grope,
  Or fall beneath a silent, hopeless grief,
Gathered to ruin with the forsaken sheaf,
And all the wreckage of the blasted wolds.

FRANCIS L. DOMINICK WATERS

From "THE WATER LILY"

THEN sighed the Wandering Angel sore,
  And turned one lingering look, and last,
Upon the dead; and, rising o'er
  The lake, the groves, the dell, he passed
On sailing pinions, broad and bright,
Along the footsteps of the night,
And down the pathway of the wind,
  Until he faded westward far,—
A glory in the deep enshrined,

The brother of the morning star—
And dropt upon the burning bar
Of the horizon, and passed on
Under its shadow, and was gone.

And loud and shrilly sang the lark;
And lovely waxed the risen day,
And laughed through every dewy spark
That on the groves and meadows lay;
And all the level leas o'erflowed
With light; and all the copses glowed
Throughout; and over every slope
Trembled a glory, like the hope
Of future summers, seen through tears
Of autumn, down the rolling years;
And from the bosom of the brook
A thousand happy memories shook;
And on the still and smiling lake
The lingering lilies seemed to wake
Once more into their bygone bloom,
And breathed a soul of fresh perfume:
And all the sombre cypress lit
In the light shaking over it;
And even the hoary willow took
A smile from Nature's happy look.

ARTHUR WEIR

A SNOWSHOE SONG

HILLOO, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
Gather, gather ye men in white;
The wind blows keenly, the moon is bright,
The sparkling snow lies firm and white:
Tie on the shoes, no time to lose,
We must be over the hill to-night.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
Swiftly in single file we go,
The city is soon left far below:
Its countless lights like diamonds glow,
And as we climb we hear the chime
Of church bells stealing o'er the snow.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
Like winding sheet about the dead
O'er hill and dale the snow is spread,
And silences our hurried tread.
The pines bend low, and to and fro
The maples toss their boughs o'erhead.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
We laugh to scorn the angry blast,
The mountain top is gained and past.
Descent begins, 'tis ever fast,—
A short quick run, and toil is done.
We reach the welcome inn at last.

Shake off, shake off the clinging snow,
Unloose the shoe, the sash untie,
Fling tuque and mittens lightly by.
The chimney fire is blazing high,
And, richly stored, the festive board
Awaits the merry company.

Remove the fragments of the feast!
The steaming coffee, waiter, bring.
Now tell the tale, the chorus sing,
And let the laughter loudly ring.
Here's to our host, come drink the toast,
Then up! for time is on the wing.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
The moon is sinking out of sight,

Across the sky dark clouds take flight,
And dimly looms the mountain height.
Tie on the shoes, no time to lose,
We must be home again to-night.

VOYAGEUR SONG

OUR mother is the good green earth,
Our rest her bosom broad;
And sure, in plenty and in dearth,
Of our six feet of sod,
We welcome Fate with careless mirth
And dangerous paths have trod,
Holding our lives of little worth
And fearing none but God.

Where, ankle deep, bright streamlets slide
Above the fretted sand,
Our frail canoes, like shadows, glide
Swift through the silent land;
Nor should, broad-shouldered, in some tide
Rocks rise on every hand,
Our path will we confess denied,
Nor cowardly seek the strand.

The foam may leap like frightened cloud
That hears the tempest scream,
The waves may fold their whitened shroud
Where ghastly ledges gleam;
With muscles strained and backs well bowed,
And poles that breaking seem,
We shoot the Sault, whose torrent proud
Itself our lord did deem.

The broad traverse is cold and deep,
And treacherous smiles it hath,
And with its sickle of death doth reap
With woe for aftermath;

But though the wind-vexed waves may leap,
  Like cougars, in our path,
Still forward on our way we keep,
  Nor heed their futile wrath.

Where glitter trackless wastes of snow
  Beneath the northern light,
On netted shoes we noiseless go,
  Nor heed though keen winds bite.
The shaggy bears our prowess know,
  The white fox fears our might,
And wolves, when warm our camp-fires glow,
  With angry snarls take flight.

Where forest fastnesses extend,
  Ne'er trod by man before,
Where cries of loon and wild duck blend
  With some dark torrent's roar,
And timid deer, unawed, descend
  Along the lake's still shore,
We blaze the trees and onward wend
  To ravish nature's store.

Leve, leve and couche, at morn and eve
  These calls the echoes wake.
We rise and forward fare, nor grieve
  Though long portage we make,
Until the sky the sun-gleams leave
  And shadows cowl the lake;
And then we rest and fancies weave
  For wife or sweetheart's sake.

THE LITTLE TROOPER

SWIFT troopers twain ride side by side
  Throughout life's long campaign.
They make a jest of all man's pride,
And oh, the havoc! As they ride,
  They cannot count their slain.

The one is young and debonair,
  And laughing swings his blade.
The zephyrs toss his golden hair,
His eyes are blue; he is so fair
  He seems a masking maid.

The other is a warrior grim,
  Dark as a midnight storm.
There is no man can cope with him:
We shrink and tremble in each limb
  Before his awful form.

Yet though men fear the sombre foe
  More than the gold-tressed youth,
The boy with every careless blow
More than the trooper grim lays low,
  And causes earth more ruth.

Keener his mocking word doth prove
  Than flame on winter's breath.
Men bear his wounds to the realm above,
For the little trooper's name is Love,
  His comrade's only Death.

LITTLE MISS BLUE EYES

LITTLE Miss Blue Eyes opens the door,
  "Nobody's in," says she.
Little Miss Blue Eyes has evermore
  Stolen my heart from me.

Little Miss Blue Eyes stands at the door,
  "Will you come in?" says she.
"Papa'll be back in an hour or more";—
  Blue Eyes has seen through me.

Little Miss Blue Eyes opes her heart's door,
"Nobody's in," says she.
(Would I might venture that threshold o'er
Into its sanctity.)

Little Miss Blue Eyes, if you are kind,
Keep me not at the door;
Into your love, from the cold and wind,
Take me, dear, evermore.

Little Miss Blue Eyes stands at the door,
Archly smiling at me:
"Papa'll be back in an hour or more,
Come in and wait," says she.

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY

THE restless clock is ticking out
The hours that go before the dawn,
And icy moonbeams dart about
The snow that shrouds the slumbering lawn,—
The lawn that Santa Claus must cross
Ere he shall reach my baby's cot,—
Ah! who shall measure Bertie's loss
Should Santa Claus come not!
Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one;
I hear the neighing of the steeds,—
Good Santa Claus has just begun
His round of kindly deeds.

What has the little man for thee,
My precious babe who slumb'rest there?
He brings, sweet one, a gift from me,
A mother's love, a mother's care,—
A mother's care that shall not wane,
While hands can toil or brain can think,
Until that day shall come again
When thou shalt cross life's brink.

Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one;
I hear the neighing of the steeds,—
Good Santa Claus has just begun
His round of kindly deeds.

He brings a cross, he brings a crown,
And places them on either hand.
Upon the cross thou must not frown,
For some day thou shalt understand,—
Shalt understand the preciousness
That to the sombre cross pertains,
And thou wilt hold the crown far less
Than of the cross the pains.
Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one;
I hear the neighing of the steeds,—
Good Santa Claus has just begun
His round of kindly deeds.

He brings the greatest gift of all
In bringing thee this Christmas Day:
The deathless love it doth recall
Of Him who took thy sins away;
And when no more thy mother's care
Can guide thy footsteps, Baby Mine,
Thy steps shall be secured, eachwhere,
By love of One divine.
Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one;
I hear the neighing of the steeds,—
Good Santa Claus has just begun
His round of kindly deeds.

AGNES ETHELWYN WETHERALD

THE HOUSE OF THE TREES

OPE your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
  To the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth Night
  Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
  To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
  Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
  Part your yielding walls,
Let me wander lingeringly
  Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
  Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
  To your leafy brood.

AT THE WINDOW

HOW thick about the window of my life
  Buzz insect-like the tribe of petty frets:
Small cares, small thoughts, small trials, and small strife,
  Small loves and hates, small hopes and small regrets.

If 'mid this swarm of smallnesses remain
  A single undimmed spot, with wondering eye
I note before my freckled window-pane
  The outstretched splendor of the earth and sky?

TO FEBRUARY

O MASTER-BUILDER, blustering as you go
  About your giant work, transforming all
The empty woods into a glittering hall,
And making lilac lanes and footpaths grow

As hard as iron under stubborn snow,—
  Though every fence stand forth a marble wall,
  And windy hollows drift to arches tall,
  There comes a might that shall your might o'er-
    throw.

Build high your white and dazzling palaces,
  Strengthen your bridges, fortify your towers,
  Storm with a loud and a portentous lip ;
And April with a fragmentary breeze,
  And half a score of gentle, golden hours,
  Shall leave no trace of your stern workmanship.

THE HAY FIELD

WITH slender arms outstretching in the sun
    The grass lies dead ;
The wind walks tenderly, and stirs not one
    Frail, fallen head.

Of baby creepings through the April day
    Where streamlets wend,
Of childlike dancing on the breeze of May,
    This is the end.

No more these tiny forms are bathed in dew,
    No more they reach
To hold with leaves that shade them from the blue
    A whispered speech.

No more they part their arms, and wreathe them close
    Again to shield
Some love-full little nest—a dainty house
    Hid in a field.

WILLIAM HENRY WITHROW

OCTOBER

LIKE gallant courtiers, the forest trees
Flaunt in their crimson robes with broidered gold;
And, like a king in royal purple's fold,
The oak flings largess to the beggar breeze.
Forever burning, ever unconsumed,
Like the strange portent of the prophet's bush,
The autumn flames amid a sacred hush;
The forest glory never brighter bloomed.

Upon the lulled and drowsy atmosphere
Fall faint and low the far-off muffled stroke
Of woodman's axe, the school-boy's ringing cheer,
The watch-dog's bay, and crash of falling oak;
And gleam the apples through the orchard trees,
Like golden fruit of the Hesperides.

CLOUD CASTLES

DID you see the snowy castle,
Shining far off in the air?
Did you mark its massy bulwarks,
And its gleaming turrets fair?

Deep and broad seemed its foundations,
Stable as the solid rock,
Braving in their stern defiance
Tempest roar and battle shock.

And its huge and strong escarpment
Rose sheer up into the sky,
And above its sunset banners
Streamed and waved right royally.

Hark! throughout that lordly castle
  Trumpets peal and lightnings glare,
And the thunder's haughty challenge
  Shakes the wide domains of air.

Now before the rushing tempest
  All its cloudy pillars bend,
And the leven bolts of heaven
  Smite its bastions deep, and rend.

And the castle sways and totters;
  A vast breach is in its walls;
Now its turrets sink and crumble,
  And its lofty rampart falls.

So I've seen a gorgeous castle,
  Built of hopes and visions bright,
Sink and disappear for ever,
  Like a phantom of the night.

O the gay and glorious castles!
  How we build them up again
But to see them melt and vanish
  As the clouds dissolve in rain.

O my soul! look thou up higher,
  Where the many mansions be,
To that bright and glorious palace
  That thy Lord hath built for thee.

R. WALTER WRIGHT

EASTER MORN

HUSHED is the voice of scorn,
  Anew the world is born,—
Sweet morn! sweet morn!

Sing songs so loud and clear
That all the world must hear
Their notes of cheer.

. . . . .

White angels of surprise
Whisper from morning skies,
Arise! Arise!
'Neath the lightning countenance
Sleep men of sword and lance,
In heavy trance.
Broken the sceptic's seal,
Backward the devils reel,
The nations kneel.

Christ bids the Old adieu,
Christ lives the Ever-New,
Faithful and True.

Hushed is the voice of scorn,
Anew the world is born,—
Sweet morn! sweet morn!

A STILL SMALL VOICE

IN the silence of the morning, through the softly-rising mist,
As the chrysolite of dawning ripened into amethyst,
Came a voice so clear, peremptory, that my soul could not but list:
"Unto thyself be true!"

In the rush and swirl of noontide, 'mid a gale of voices loud,
And keen eyes that flashed their lightnings over faces thunder-browed,
Came a voice imperious, alien to the voices of the crowd:
"Be to thy brother true!"

In the calmness of the evening, when the winds had
sunk to rest,
When no earthquake heaved its fury, burned no fire
within my breast,
Came a still small voice so tender, it the heart of
Christ confessed:
"Unto thy God be true!"

G. F. W.

SENSE AND SPIRIT

THE bloom of the roses, the youth of the fair,
The voice of the lover, the love-lighted eye,
The music of birds as they move through the air,
The bright glow of sunshine that tinges the sky,
And scintillant dewdrops, the green of the grass—
They will pass, they will pass, they will pass.

But, glory of honor, the freedom of truth,
The might of the spirit, the breath of our call,
The soul of essentials, eternity's youth,
The essence of beauty, the pith of them all,
The that which did make them the powers unto me,—
They shall be, they shall be, they shall be!

EVA ROSE YORK

I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN

I SHALL not pass this way again—
Although it bordered be with flowers,
Although I rest in fragrant bowers,
And hear the singing
Of song-birds winging
To highest heaven their gladsome flight
Though moons are full and stars are bright,

And winds and waves are softly sighing,
While leafy trees make low replying;
Though voices clear in joyous strain
Repeat a jubilant refrain;
Though rising suns their radiance throw
On summer's green and winter's snow,
In such rare splendor that my heart
Would ache from scenes like these to part;
    Though beauties heighten,
    And life-lights brighten,
And joys proceed from every pain,—
I shall not pass this way again.

Then let me pluck the flowers that blow,
And let me listen as I go
    To music rare
    That fills the air;
    And let hereafter
    Songs and laughter
Fill every pause along the way;
And to my spirit let me say:
"O soul, be happy; soon 'tis trod,
The path made thus for thee by God.
Be happy, thou, and bless His name
By whom such marvellous beauty came."
And let no chance by me be lost
To kindness show at any cost.
I shall not pass this way again.
Then let me now relieve some pain,
Remove some barrier from the road,
Or brighten some one's heavy load;
A helping hand to this one lend,
Then turn some other to befriend.

    O God, forgive
    That now I live
As if I might, sometime, return
To bless the weary ones that yearn

For help and comfort every day,—
For there be such along the way.
O God, forgive that I have seen
The beauty only, have not been
Awake to sorrow such as this;
That I have drunk the cup of bliss
Remembering not that those there be
Who drink the dregs of misery.

I love the beauty of the scene,
Would roam again o'er fields so green;
But since I may not, let me spend
My strength for others to the end,—
For those who tread on rock and stone,
And bear their burdens all alone,
Who loiter not in leafy bowers,
Nor hear the birds nor pluck the flowers.
A larger kindness give to me,
A deeper love and sympathy;
Then, O, one day
May someone say—
Remembering a lessened pain—
"Would she could pass this way again!"

PAMELIA VINING YULE

THE BEAUTIFUL ARTIST

THERE'S a beautiful Artist abroad in the world,
And her pencil is dipped in heaven,—
The gorgeous hues of Italian skies,
The radiant sunset's richest dyes,
The light of Aurora's laughing eyes,
Are each to her pictures given.

As I walked abroad yestere'en, what time
The sunset was fairest to see,

I saw her wonderful brush had been
Over a maple tree—half of it green—
And the fairest coloring that ever was seen
She had left on that maple tree.

There was red of every possible hue,
There was yellow of every dye,
From the faintest straw-tint to orange bright,
Fluttering, waving, flashing in light,
With the delicate green leaves still in sight,
Peeping out at the sunset sky.

She had touched the beech, and the scraggy thing
In a bright new suit was dressed;
Very queer, indeed, it looked to me,
The sober old beech tree thus to see,
So different from what he used to be,
Rigged out in a holiday vest.

Red, and russet, and green, and grey—
He had little indeed of gold—
For the beech was never known to be gay,
Being noted a very grave tree alway,
Never flaunting out in a fanciful way
Like other trees, we are told.

But the beautiful artist had touched him off
With an extra tint or so;
And he held his own very well with the rest,
On which, I am sure, she had done her best,
Dressing each in the fairest kind of a vest,
Till the forest was all aglow.

There were the willow that grew by the brook,
And the old oak on the hill,
The graceful elm tree down in the swale,
The birch, the ash, and the bass-wood pale,
The orchard trees clustering over the vale,
And weeds that fringed the rill.

One she had gilt with a flood of gold,
And one she had tipped with flame;
One, she had dashed with every hue
That the laughing sunset ever knew,
And one—she had colored it through and through
Russet, all sober and tame.

Now this beautiful artist will only stay
A very few days, and then
She will finish her gorgeous pictures all,
And hurry away ere the gusty squall
Ruins her work, and the sere leaves fall
Darkly in copse and glen.

WARBLE THY LAYS TO ME

COME down from the heights, my bird
And warble thy lays to me!
I shall pine and droop in my grassy nook
For the passionate song that my spirit shook,
And the low, sad voice of the grieving brook
Will murmur all night of thee.

I shall sit alone—alone,
While the noontide hours steal by;
And mournful the woodland's music will be,—
Mournful the blue, calm heavens to me,—
Mournful the glory on earth and sea,—
And mournful the sunset sky.

O voice of exulting song!—
O bright, unwavering eye!—
O free wing soaring in fetterless flight
Up to the Fountain of quenchless Light!
O, Earth that darkenest in sudden night,
I shudder, and faint, and die!

NOTES OF AUTHORS

PAGE

2 Mrs MARGARET H. ALDEN, born at Caledonia, Ontario, 1863—now resident in Saginaw, Michigan. Sister of Edward William Thomson (p. 403). Has published booklets of verse.

2 Rev. JOSEPH ANTISELL ALLEN, b. at Arbor Hill, Ireland, February 27, 1814. Came to Canada, 1842. Published (anonymously), 1854, *Day Dreams by a Butterfly* (a booklet from which the extract in the text is taken); *The Lambdana-Tercentenary Poem on Shakespeare*, 1864; *The True and Romantic Love Story of Colonel and Mrs Hutchinson*, a drama in verse, 1884; and several prose works. Resides at "Alwington," Kingston, Ontario.

3 GRANT ALLEN, son of the preceding, b. at Alwington House Kingston, Ontario, February 24, 1848. Educated at Merton College, Oxford. A distinguished naturalist, and author of many scientific works and novels. Published, in 1894, *The Lower Slopes*, a volume of poems. Died October 25, 1899, at Hazelmere, Surrey, England.

6 WILLIAM TALBOT ALLISON, b. at Unionville, Ontario, December 20, 1874. Educated at Victoria University. He has published occasional verse in the Magazines. Resides in Toronto.

Mrs SOPHIE M. ALMON-HENSLEY, b. at Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, May, 1866,—a direct descendant of Cotton Mather. Educated largely in England and Paris. Published, in 1895, a volume of verse entitled *A Woman's Love Letters*. Now resident in New York, where she devotes much time to philanthropic work, but spends her summers at Brighton, Nova Scotia.

11 Rev. DUNCAN ANDERSON, b. in Rayne, Scotland, 1828. Educated at King's College and University, Aberdeen. For many years chaplain to the Imperial troops stationed at Lévis, Quebec. An expert ornithologist. Author of *Lays of Canada*, 1890, and of a prose work, *Scottish Folklore, or Reminiscences of Aberdeenshire*, 1895. Resides at "Monymusk," Chaudière Basin, Quebec.

22 ISIDORE G. ASCHER, b. in Glasgow, Scotland, 1835. Educated in Montreal, and called to the bar, 1862. Author of *Voices from the Hearth, and Other Poems*, 1863. Removed to England, 1864, where he has published several novels. One of his comediettas was produced at the Crystal Palace.

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20 ALICE M. ARDAGH ("Esperance"), b. in Monmouthshire, Wales, July 15, 1866. Writer of occasional verse. Resides at Barrie, Ontario.

23 SAMUEL MATHEWSON BAYLIS, b. in Montreal, September 3, 1854. Published, in association with W. H. Whyte, *Our City and Our Sports*, 1894; and, in 1897, a volume of prose and verse entitled *Camp and Lamp*. Resides in Montreal.

26 JOHN WILSON BENGOUGH, b. in Toronto, April 5, 1851. Printer, caricaturist, lecturer, and poet. Author of several works, among them *Motley: Verses Grave and Gay*, 1895. Resides in Toronto.

28 CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS, b. in St John, New Brunswick, April 23, 1853. Educated at St John Grammar School, and Fredericton Normal School. Most of his life has been given to business pursuits, but he has done a variety of literary work. Besides contributions to *Harper's Weekly*, the New York *Independent*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Puck*, and *Judge*, he edited for a year a New York magazine. Author of *Songs from Berenger* (in the original metres), 1888; *The Perfume Holder, a Persian Love Poem*, 1891. For some years he held the office of secretary to the American Authors' Guild. Resides in New York.

31 BLANCHE BISHOP, b. at Greenwich, Nova Scotia, and educated at Acadia Seminary, and Acadia University. After study and travel in Europe, she taught five years in Moulton College, Toronto. Writer of occasional verse. Resides at Harding Hall, London, Ontario.

33 EDWARD BLACKADDER, b. at Wolfville, Nova Scotia, 1871. Educated at Acadia University. Author of *Poems, Sonnets, and Lyrics*, 1895. Since 1894 has been engaged as a public lecturer on Temperance, under the direction of the Sons of Temperance of Nova Scotia. Resides in Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

33 Mrs JEAN BLEWETT, b. at Scotia, Lake Erie, Ontario, November 4, 1862 (Janet M'Kishney). Educated at St Thomas Collegiate Institute. She has written much prose for the public press. Author of *Songs of the Heart*, 1897. Resides in Toronto.

36 JOHN BREAKENRIDGE, b. at Niagara, Ontario, February 13, 1820; d. July 18, 1854, at Belleville, Ontario. Educated at Upper Canada College. Barrister at Law. Author of *The Crusades, and Other Poems*, 1846.

38 JOHN HENRY BROWN, b. in Ottawa, Ontario, April 29, 1859. A member of the Civil Service. Author of *Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic*, 1892. Resides in Ottawa.

40 EDWARD BURROUGH BROWNLOW ("Sarepta"), b. in London, England, November 27, 1857; d. in Montreal, September 8, 1895. In 1896 The Pen and Pencil Club of Montreal

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published *Orpheus and Other Poems*, a collection of his verse.

41 GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON, b. in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, September 24, 1854. He was editor of the Kingston, Ontario, *News* at the time of his death, September 1885. *Lyrics on Freedom, Love, and Death*, edited by his brother Charles J. Cameron, appeared in 1887.

45 BLISS CARMAN, b. at Fredericton, New Brunswick, April 15, 1861. Educated at the Collegiate School there and at the University of New Brunswick, and with subsequent study at Edinburgh and Harvard Universities. In 1890 was literary editor of the New York *Independent*, and was also connected with the *Cosmopolitan* and *Atlantic Monthly* Magazines. In 1894 he established the *Chap Book*. Author of *Low Tide on Grand Pré, A Book of Lyrics*, 1893; *Songs from Vagabondia* (in conjunction with R. S. Hovey, Boston), 1894; *A Sea-Mark*, 1895; *Behind the Arras: a Book of the Unseen*, 1895; *More Songs from Vagabondia*, 1896; and *By the Aurelian Wall, and Other Elegies*, 1898. Moves back and forth freely between the Maritime Provinces and the United States. His present address is *Independent Office*, 114 *Nassau Street, New York*.

59 AMOS HENRY CHANDLER, M.D., son of the late Governor Chandler, b. at Dorchester, New Brunswick, August 8, 1837. Author of *Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets* (conjointly with the late Rev. C. P. Mulvaney), 1880. Resides at Dorchester, New Brunswick.

60 EDWARD J. CHAPMAN, Ph.D., F.C.S., b. in England. Professor of Mineralogy in University College, Toronto, for many years. He recently resigned his professorship. Author of *A Song of Charity*, 1857.

63 Mrs ANNIE ROTHWELL CHRISTIE, b. in London, England, 1837. Came to Canada when four years of age, living with her family on Amherst Island, near Kingston, Ontario. Some of her best poems are to be found in the *Magazine of Poetry*. The examples given in the text were written at the time of the Half-Breed Rebellion. She has published no volume of poems, but is the author of four novels of much interest. Resides at The Rectory, North Gower, Ontario.

67 GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE, b. at Gravesend, England, August 27, 1873. Educated at Woodstock College, and M'Master University. Has published occasional verse in the Magazines. He is Assistant Editor of the *Baptist Union* of Chicago, where he at present resides.

70 HUGH COCHRANE, for some time City Editor of the Montreal *Witness*. Author of booklets *Rhyme and Roundelay*, and *Ideal and Other Poems*. For the past two years he has been employed on the *Literary World*, London, England, — which is his present address.

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70 HEREWARD K. COCKIN, b. at Frizing Hall, near Manningham, Yorkshire, England. Author of *Gentleman Dick o' the Greys, and Other Poems*, 1889. Present occupation is divided between journalism and prospect mining in the Michipicoten district, on the north-east shore of Lake Superior. Resides in Guelph, Ontario.

72 MRS SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN COTES, b. at Brantford, Ontario, 1862, and educated at the Collegiate School there. Has published very occasional verse, but since 1890 has issued many popular books, travels and novels. Resides in Calcutta, India, since her marriage in 1891.

73 ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD, b. near Dublin, Ireland, December 25, 1851. Came to Canada when five years of age, living with her father, Stephen Crawford, M.D., in Peterboro, Ontario. Removed to Toronto, where she died February 12, 1887. Author of *Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and Other Poems*, 1884, and much occasional verse.

78 FRANCIS BLAKE CROFTON, b. at Crossboyne, Ireland, 1842, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He is librarian of the Parliamentary Library, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Writer of occasional verse, and author of several works, among them *Haliburton, the Man and the Writer*, and *The Imperialism of Haliburton*. Resides in Halifax.

81 JOHN ALLISTER CURRIE, b. at Nottawa, Ontario, February 25, 1862. Was for thirteen years engaged as a journalist on the Toronto *Mail and Empire* and the Toronto *News*. Is now engaged in the brokers' business. Author of *A Quartette of Lovers*, 1892. Resides in Toronto.

81 MRS MARGARET GILL CURRIE, b. at Lower St Mary's, New Brunswick, June 14, 1843. Author of *John Saint John and Anna Gray*, 1897, a colonial romance in verse. Resides in Fredericton, New Brunswick.

83 MRS SARAH ANNE CURZON, b. near Birmingham, England, 1833. Came to Toronto in 1862; d. at Toronto, October 6, 1898. Was a frequent contributor in prose and verse to the Canadian press. Author of *Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812*, a drama, 1887. The issue of this volume led to the formation of several historical societies. Since 1887, Mrs Curzon's literary work was chiefly on historical subjects.

87 NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, Q.C., M.P., b. at Kilfinane, Ireland, January 13, 1843. Connected himself with the press in Toronto, 1872, and established the Regina *Leader* in 1883, —the first newspaper issued in Assiniboia. Published in 1889, *Eos: an Epic of the Dawn*; and subsequently several works in prose. Resides at Regina, N.W.T.

89 A. B. DE MILLE, son of the following, b. in Halifax, Nova Scotia, March 7, 1873. Recently appointed professor of English Literature in King's College, Windsor. Has

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published occasional verse in the Magazines. Resides at Windsor, Nova Scotia.

92 JAMES DE MILLE, b. in St John, New Brunswick, August 23, 1836; d. in Halifax, Nova Scotia, January 28, 1880. Writer of occasional verse. The extract in the text is taken from a posthumous publication issued by Allan & Co., of Halifax, Nova Scotia,—a poem entitled *Behind the Veil.* Mr De Mille was professor in Acadia College, and subsequently in Dalhousie College. He is the author of numerous works in prose, among them *Helena's Household: a tale of the First Century*; *The Dodge Club*; and *Elements of Rhetoric.* (See note under Richard Huntington.)

96 EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART, D.D., b. in the Co. Cavan, Ireland, 1828. Came to the County of Peterboro, Ontario, with his family in 1834. For twenty-five years he was Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, Toronto. Author of *Selections from Canadian Poets*, 1864; *Songs of Life*, 1869; *Essays for the Times* (including later poems), 1898. Resides in Toronto.

98 FREDERICK AUGUSTUS DIXON, b. in England, May 7, 1843, and came to Canada in the early seventies. He was tutor at Rideau Hall during Earl Dufferin's Governor-Generalship. He is now Chief Clerk of correspondence, Department of Railways and Canals. Is the author of several dramas, among them *The Mayor of St Brieux*, and *A Masque of Welcome*, the latter in honour of the arrival in Canada of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. A contributor of occasional verse to the Magazines. Resides in Ottawa.

101 WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, M.D., b. at Currawn House, Co. Leitrim, Ireland, April 13, 1854. Author of *The Habitant, and Other French-Canadian Poems*, 1898. Resides in Montreal.

104 JOHN HUNTER DUVAR, b. August 29, 1830; d. January, 1899. Of Scoto-English birth and education. He lived the greater part of his life in Canada, serving as Lt.-Col. of the 3rd Brigade Halifax Garrison Artillery, and later in command of Prince County, Prince Edward Island Battalion of active militia. For ten years he was Dominion Inspector of Fisheries for the Province of Prince Edward Island. Author of *The Enamorado*, a drama, 1878; *Roberval*, a drama, 1888; *The Emigration of the Fairies* and *The Triumph of Constancy*, a romaunt. He has written other works, also: *The Judgment of Osiris*, *The Enchanted Mooress*, and *Annals of the Court of Oberon.* His characteristic is very marked,—the romantic with a bias towards the mystic. Respecting the poem in the text, beginning "In the Rheingan standeth Aix," it may be remarked that it is a matter of history that the crowned corpse of Charle-

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magne sat in the crypt of the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, until 1166, when the tomb was opened and the chair taken away by the Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa. Mr Duvar resided at "Hernewood," Fortune Cove, Prince Edward Island.

109 Rev. ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON EATON, b. at Kentville, Nova Scotia. A graduate of Harvard University. Author of *Acadian Legends and Lyrics*, 1889; and of several prose works, among them *The Church of England in Nova Scotia, and the Tory Clergy of the Revolution*; and *Tales of a Garrison Town* (collaborated with C. L. Betts). He has in preparation a *History of the People of Nova Scotia.* Resides in New York.

116 Sir JAMES DAVID EDGAR, Speaker of the House of Commons of Canada, b. at Hatley, Quebec, August 10, 1841. Author of *This Canada of Ours, and Other Poems*, 1893; and of *Canada and its Capital*, prose, 1898. Died July 31, 1899, at Toronto.

117 CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS, b. at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, May 10, 1866. She edited, in conjunction with Mr H. Piers, the volume of the poems of the late Mrs Lawson. Writer of occasional verse in the Magazines. Resides at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

118 JOSEPH KEARNEY FORAN, b. at Aylmer, Quebec, 1857. Educated at the University of Ottawa. A journalist. Author of *Poems and Canadian Lyrics*, 1895, also of a prose work, *The Spirit of the Age; Faith and Infidelity.* Resides in Montreal.

120 WILLIAM HENRY FULLER, b. at Ramsgate, England. Came to Canada in the early seventies. Author of a local burlesque, *H.M.S. Parliament*, and other plays; *Ye Ballad of Lyttel John A*; and several essays and *brochures.* Resides at Ottawa.

121 Rev. ALEXANDER RAE GARVIE, b. at Vilcoy Estate, Demerara, British Guiana, January 6, 1839; d. at Montreal, March 5, 1874; buried at Chatham, New Brunswick. He was of Scotch parentage. His ministerial service was rendered chiefly, if not wholly, in the Maritime Provinces. A singularly interesting man. *Thistledown*, a posthumous volume of Poems and Essays, 1875.

123 PIERCE STEVENS HAMILTON, b. in, or near, Truro, Nova Scotia, 1826; d. in Halifax, February 1893. A journalist and versatile political writer. Author of *The Feast of St Anne and Other Poems*, 1890.

126 Mrs S. FRANCES HARRISON ("Seranus"), b. in Toronto upwards of thirty years ago, and educated in Toronto and Montreal. She is a musical critic, and has written widely for the Magazines, in prose and verse. Author of *The Canadian*

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Birth-Day Book, 1887; *Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-Lis*, 1891. Resides in Rosedale, Toronto.

129 THEODORE ARNOLD HAULTAIN, b. at Kannanur, Madras Presidency, November 3, 1857. A graduate of Toronto University. Author of *Versiculi*, 1893; and of several prose publications. A contributor to many well-known Magazines. Resides in Toronto.

131 CHARLES HEAVYSEGE, b. in Huddersfield, England, 1816; d. at his residence in Bleury St., Montreal, July 14, 1879. He was a cabinetmaker by trade,—and a journalist. Author of *Saul*, a tragedy, 1857; *Jephthah's Daughter*, 1865; *Count Filippo; or the Unequal Marriage*, 1860. *Saul* was first published by Mr John Lovell, Montreal; a second edition was issued in Boston. Mr Heavysege was a powerful dramatic writer. The *North British Review* for August, 1858, characterizes *Saul* as "one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain." There is an unfinished work in the hands of his widow, who resides at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

133 JOHN FREDERIC HERBIN, b. in Windsor, Nova Scotia, February 8, 1860. His mother was an Acadien (Robichau), and his father French. Educated at Acadia University. Author of *Marshlands*, a volume of Poems. Also of *Grand Pré*, a brief history of the Acadien occupation of Minas. Resides in Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

138 ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS, b. in Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1876. Writer of occasional verse. Resides in Halifax.

145 Rev. JAMES COBOURG HODGINS, b. in Hamilton, Ontario, 1866. In the past seven years he has resided in the United States; and is at present pastor of the church in Philadelphia formerly in charge of Rev. Samuel Longfellow. Author of *Fugitives*, a booklet, 1891; and *A Sheaf of Sonnets*, printed for private circulation, 1896.

147 HON. JOSEPH HOWE, b. at North West Arm, Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1804; of loyalist parentage; d. in Halifax, June 1, 1873. A most distinguished son of Nova Scotia, and one of the ablest of Canadian Statesmen. He was Governor of his native Province at the time of his death. *Poems and Essays*, a posthumous publication, 1874.

141 WILLIAM EDWARD HUNT ("Keppell Strange"), b. at Brighton, England, of ancient Sussex ancestry. Educated at South Kensington, and at the Berbeck Institute. Is a member of the editorial staff of the Montreal *Witness*, Author of *Poems and Pastels*, 1896. Resides in Montreal.

142 RICHARD HUNTINGTON, b. at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, February 13, 1819; d. at Yarmouth, May 13, 1883. He was for thirty years editor and publisher of the Yarmouth *Tribune*. Mr Huntington was a nephew of the late Hon.

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Herbert Huntington, and a grandson of Miner Huntington, one of the loyalist settlers of Yarmouth (mentioned in Sabine's History of the Loyalists); and a distant relative of the late Hon. L. S. Huntington, of Quebec. A writer of occasional verse. In Lighthall's *Songs of the Great Dominion*, a poem entitled *The Indian Names of Acadia* is erroneously attributed to De Mille (the late professor James De Mille). It was written by Richard Huntington.

149 CHARLES EDWIN JAKEWAY, M.D., b. at Holland Landing, Ontario, 1847. Graduated M.D. at Toronto, 1871. Author of *The Lion and the Lilies; a Tale of the Conquest, and Other Poems*, 1897. Resides at Stayner, Ontario.

155 E. PAULINE JOHNSON,—Tekahionwake—, b. at "Chiefwood," Six Nations Reserve, County of Brant, Ontario. She is the daughter of the late George Henry M. Johnson, head chief of the Mohawk Indians, by his wife, Emily S. Howells, of Bristol, England. Educated by private tuition, and at the Brantford Model School. She is a frequent contributor to the periodical press. In 1894 she visited England, and while there published *The White Wampum*, a book of poems. She has publicly recited her poems throughout Canada and the United States. Resides at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

160 ROBERT KIRKLAND KERNIGHAN ("The Khan"), b. at Rushdale Farm, near Hamilton, Ontario, April 25, 1857. A journalist, and widely known as the author of many clever songs, and of patriotic and humorous verse. He published *The Tattleton Papers*, prose, 1894; and *The Khan's Canticles*, 1896. Resides at Rushdale Farm, Rockton, Ontario.

162 WILLIAM KIRBY, b. at Kingston-upon-Hull, England, October 13, 1817. Came to Canada with his parents, 1832. A journalist, novelist, and poet. Was Collector of Customs at Niagara (where he settled in 1839) from July 1, 1871, till his retirement from the public service, 1895. Author of *The U. E.*, 1859, an epic poem, very valuable as a series of pictures of loyalist personages and times; *Canadian Idyls* (2nd ed.), 1894. He has published four volumes in prose, the chief of which is *The Golden Dog, a Legend of Quebec*, 1877, and 1896. A new American edition of this work was published in 1898. Mr Kirby resides at Niagara, Ontario.

166 Rev. MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT, b. at Halifax, Nova Scotia, April 21, 1854. Educated at Mount Allison University. He has written considerable, in prose and verse. Author of *Poems of Ten Years*, 1887. Present residence, Boistown, New Brunswick.

168 ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, b. at Morpeth, Ontario, November 17, 1861; d. at Ottawa, February 10, 1899. Educated at Trinity University, Toronto. He was a member of the

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Canadian Civil Service, in the Post Office Department. Elected F.R.S. Can., 1895. Author of *Among the Millet, and Other Poems*, 1888; *Lyrics of Earth*, 1895. Resided in Ottawa. His complete poems, edited with a Memoir, were published under the supervision of Duncan Campbell Scott, March, 1900.

177 Mrs MARY JANE KATZMANN LAWSON, b. at "Maroon Hall," Preston, about five miles from Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. Her mother—a Nova Scotian—was a granddaughter of Dr Joshua Prescott, of Massachusetts. She was largely self-educated. For two years she edited the *Provincial Magazine*. In 1887 she obtained the Aikin's Historical Prize of King's College for her *History of the Townships of Dartmouth, Preston, and Lawrencetown*,—since published. She died at Halifax, March 23, 1890. In 1893, *Frankincense and Myrrh* (selections from the poems of the late Mrs Lawson) appeared under the joint editorship of Mr Harry Piers and Miss Constance Fairbanks.

180 Mrs SOPHIA V. GILBERT LEE, author of *Wayside Echoes*, a volume of verse, 1894. Resides at Penetanguishene, Ontario.

180 Mrs LILY ALICE LEFEVRE ("Fleurange"), b. at Stratford, Ontario, but reared at Brockville. Educated at Villa Maria Convent, Montreal. Author of *The Lion's Gate, and Other Verses*, 1895. (The two highest peaks of the mountains that overlook the harbor of Vancouver bear a strong resemblance in outline to the lions of Trafalgar Square.) Has resided at Vancouver, British Columbia, the past fifteen years.

182 Mrs R. E. MULLINS LEPROHON, b. in Montreal, 1832. Educated at the Convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame. She was a leading contributor to the *Literary Garland*, and contributed freely to other periodicals. She wrote many tales. After her death at Montreal, September 20, 1879, John Lovell & Son published *The Poetical Works of Mrs Leprohon* (*Miss R. E. Mullins*), 1881.

184 WILLIAM DOUW LIGHTHALL, b. in Hamilton, Ontario, December 27, 1857. Educated at M'Gill University. He is the head of the law firm Lighthall & Harwood, Montreal; and was one of the founders of the Soc. of Can. Lit., and of the Château de Ramezay Museum. Author of *Thoughts, Moods, and Ideals*, a booklet of verse, 1887. In 1889 he edited *Songs of the Great Dominion* (Windsor Series, London), and *Canadian Poems and Lays* (Canterbury Poets Series, 1891). He has written several prose works, the latest being the novel, *The False Chevalier*, a Canadian Adventurer at the Court of Louis XVI. (1898). Resides in Montreal.

187 STUART LIVINGSTON, Q. C., b. in Canada of U. E. Loyalist stock. Was educated at Toronto University. He is the head of the law firm Livingston & Garrett, Hamilton, but is well known in literary and artistic circles as a writer

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and a painter. Besides *The History of Professor Paul*, a novel, and contributions to the Magazines, he has published *In Various Moods*, a book of poems, 1894. Resides in Hamilton, Ontario.

192 Rev. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART ("Pastor Felix"), b. at Lockhartville, Nova Scotia, May 5, 1850. For some years he was a printer, but entered the ministry in 1872. He is widely known as a writer in prose and verse in Canadian and American periodicals. *A Masque of Minstrels*, poems by himself and his brother, 1887; and *Beside the Narraguagus and Other Poems*, 1895. Contributed in prose to *Burnsiana*, 1893. Resides at Pemaquid, Maine, U.S.

196 Rev. BURTON WELLESLEY LOCKHART, D.D., brother of the preceding, b. at Lockhartville, Nova Scotia, January 24, 1855. Educated at Acadia University. Among his poems of special note, included in *A Masque of Minstrels*, are *The Retrospect*, *Sir Richard Grenville*, *In Solemn Vision*, *The Old Home*, *Wordsworth*, and *Talking by the Sea*. Resides at Manchester, New Hampshire, U.S.

198 JOHN E. LOGAN ("Barry Dane"). A writer of fugitive verse of much beauty. Resides in Montreal.

199 AGNES MAULE MACHAR ("Fidelis"), b. in Kingston, Ontario. Has for years contributed both in prose and verse to Canadian and American periodicals. She is best known as a novelist. Resides at Kingston, Ontario, but lives at "Fern Cliff," among the Thousand Islands, in the summer.

204 EVAN MACCOLL, b. at Kenmore, Scotland, September 21, 1808; d. at Toronto, July 1898. Came to Canada, 1850, filling a position in the Customs at Kingston, Ontario, till he retired on a pension, 1880. Author of *Clasach nam Beann: or, Poems and Songs in Gaelic*, 1838; *The Mountain Minstrel: or, Poems and Songs in English*, 1838; and *Poems and Songs, chiefly written in Canada*, 1883 (2nd ed. 1866). He was appointed a Fellow of the R. S. Can. on its organisation, 1880. *The Child of Promise*, given in the text, is a translation from the author's Gaelic poem, by Dr Buchannan.

205 Mrs ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD, b. at Westcock, New Brunswick. Educated at the Collegiate School of Fredericton, and at the University of New Brunswick, and was for some time teacher in the School for the Blind, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Her poems have appeared chiefly in the Magazines. In 1891 she issued a booklet of poems for private circulation. Resides at Fredericton, New Brunswick.

206 JOHN MACFARLANE ("John Arbory"), b. at Abington, Scotland, May 1857. Author of *Heather and Harebell; Songs and Lyrics*, 1892. He contributed to *Burnsiana*. In 1895 he edited *The Harp of the Scottish Covenant*,—an anthology

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of poetry "intended to do for the Covenanters, what has long ago been done for the Cavaliers and the Jacobites." Resides in Montreal.

208 Mrs KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, b. at Fulton, Oswego County, New York. She is a well-known writer of verse for the Magazines. Author of *The Coming of the Princess, and Other Poems*, 1881. Resides at Kingston, Ontario.

211 Mrs ELIZABETH S. MACLEOD, b. in Edinburgh, Scotland. Is a frequent contributor to the Magazines. Author of *Carols of Canada*, 1893. Resides in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

212 A. D. MACNEILL, of Orangedale, Nova Scotia. Author of a booklet, *Woodlands and Other Rhymes* (without date).

213 DONALD M'CAIG, b. in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, May 15, 1832. Educationist. Author of *Milestone Moods and Memories*, poems, 1893; and *A Reply to John Stuart Mill, on the Subjection of Women*, prose, 1871. Resides at Collingwood, Ontario.

215 JAMES M'CARROLL, b. in Lanesboro', Co. Longford, Ireland, August 3, 1814, d.—?. Came to Ontario, 1831. Journalist. Author of *Madeline, and Other Poems*, 1889.

217 WILLIAM M'DONNELL, b. at Cork, Ireland, September 1824. Author of *Manita*, and other booklets of poems. He is the undoubted author of the original of the many poems entitled *Beautiful Snow*. Resides at Lindsay, Ontario.

218 BERNARD M'EVOY, b. in Birmingham, England, February 7, 1842. Came to Canada in 1888, and was employed as a journalist on the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, till 1898. His great grandfather, Rev. John Augustus Nisbitt M'Evoy, was vicar of Kineton, Warwick, for forty years, preaching once a month in the church at Stratford-upon Avon, in which Shakespeare is buried. Author of *Away from Newspaperdom and Other Poems*, 1897. Resides in Toronto.

219 THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE, M.P., b. at Carlingford, Ireland, April 13, 1825. Came to Canada, 1857. He was assassinated in Ottawa, Canada, April 7, 1868. Author of *Canadian Ballads and Occasional Verses*, 1858. A Canadian statesman of high repute.

224 WILLIAM P. M'KENZIE, b. at Almonte, Ontario, about 1855. Educated at Toronto University and Knox College. Was Professor for some time of English Literature in the University of Rochester, U.S. Author of *A Song of Trust*, 1887; *Voices and Undertones*, 1889; *Songs of the Human*, 1892; and *Heartsease Hymns and Other Verses*, 1895. Present residence, Boston, U.S.

227 ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN, b. in Johnstone, Renfrewshire, Scotland, August 12, 1818. Came to Canada, 1840. Died at Orangeville, Ontario, March 20, 1896. Author of *Lyrics*,

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1858; *The Emigrant and Other Poems*, 1861; *Poems and Songs*, 1888. His complete poems, with Memoir, published April, 1900. A representative poet, and widely known.

231 JOHN M'PHERSON ("Harp of Acadia"), b. in Liverpool, Nova Scotia, February 4, 1817; d. at Brookfield, Nova Scotia, July 26, 1845, and is buried near Lake Tupper. He was a teacher. In 1862 his collected poems were published at Halifax under the title of *Poems, Descriptive and Moral.*

233 CHARLES MAIR, b. at Lanark, Ontario, September 21, 1840. Educated at Queen's University, Kingston. Author of *Dreamland and Other Poems*, 1868; *Tecumseh, a Drama*, 1886. A Fellow of the R. S. Can. Resides at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

238 GEORGE MARTIN, b. at Kilrae, Ireland, 1822. Came to Canada, 1832, and has lived in Montreal since 1835. Was educated at the Black River Literary Institute, Watertown, New York; and subsequently studied Medicine. Author of *Marguerite: or the Isle of Demons, and Other Poems*, 1887. It is said he contemplates the publication of another volume of poems at an early day. Resides in Montreal.

241 HELEN M. MERRILL, b. in Napanee, Ontario. Educated at the Ladies' College, Ottawa. An Entomologist. She has published no volume of verse. In 1892 she published a small holiday volume, entitled *Picturesque Prince Edward County.* The poem in the text, *The Blue Flower*, is a personification of the unattainable. Resides at Picton, Ontario.

244 Mrs SUSANNA (STRICKLAND) MOODIE, b. in Suffolk, England, December 6, 1803; came to Canada, 1832; d. in Toronto, April 8, 1885. Author of *Roughing it in the Bush* and *Life in the Clearings*, 1853, prose, with poetry interspersed,—both written in Canada. *Enthusiasm, and Other Poems*, 1830. Published considerable fugitive verse.

247 MARY MORGAN ("Gowan Lea"), a native of Scotland, but came in childhood to Montreal. Author of *Woodnotes in the Gloaming*, 1887; *Sonnets from Switzerland*, 1896. Travels extensively in Europe,—"a citizen of the world."

249 Mrs IRENE ELDER MORTON, b. at Hantsport, Nova Scotia, February 17, 1849. Educated at Acadia Seminary. She has written much verse, and some prose, but has not published any volume. Resides at "The Bluffs," Clementsport, Nova Scotia.

255 Rev. CHARLES PELHAM MULVANEY, b. in Dublin, Ireland, May 20, 1835; d. in Toronto, May 31, 1885. A classical scholar of distinction. Published in 1880, conjointly with A. H. Chandler, *Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets.*

256 GEORGE MURRAY, b. in London, England. Educated at King's College, London, and at Oxford University. Before

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taking his degree in 1860 he published *The Oxford Ars Poetica; or, How to Write a Newdigate.* Came to Canada 1859, and was connected with the Montreal High School until his retirement on a pension in 1892. He was one of the editors of the literary remains of Hon. D'Arcy M'Gee. Author of *Verses and Versions*, 1891. Resides in Montreal.

260 H. M. NICKERSON, b. in Nova Scotia. Author of *Carols of the Coast*, 1892. Mr Nickerson is known as the "Fisherman Poet." Resides at Clark's Harbor, Nova Scotia.

261 CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax, b. near New Glasgow, Prince Edward Island, May 4, 1843. Besides many works in prose he published in 1890, *Aminta, a Modern Life Drama.* Was President of the Royal Soc. of Can., 1896-7. Resides at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

261 THOMAS O'HAGAN, Ph.D., b. near Toronto, Ontario, 1855. Educated at St Michael's College and at Ottawa University, taking subsequent studies at Syracuse and Cornell Universities. Author of *A Gate of Flowers*, 1887; *In Dreamland and Other Poems*, 1893; *Songs of the Settlement*, 1899. Resides in Toronto.

264 HORATIO GILBERT PARKER, b. at Camden East, Addington, Ontario, 1859. Educated at Trinity University, Toronto. A novelist of wide repute, and author of *A Lover's Diary*, poems (2nd ed. 1894). Has lived in Australia, but now resides in London, England, making frequent visits to Canada.

265 AMY PARKINSON was born in Liverpool, England, and came to Toronto, Ontario, with her parents when a child. Her formal education ceased when she was twelve years of age, her health failing her. For eight or nine years past, she has not risen from her bed. Her poems are dictated to her father, and it is noteworthy that her mind is specially vigorous in composition as she is passing into or recovering from the severe attacks which seize her, any one of which might prove fatal. Author of booklets of verse, *Love Through All*, and *In His Keeping*. Resides in Toronto.

268 FRANK L. POLLOCK, b. February 1876. Has resided for the most part in St Mary's, Ontario, and in Toronto. His literary productions have appeared chiefly in the *Youth's Companion*, *The Criterion*, *Ainslee's Magazine* and *Town Topics*. His present residence is in New York City.

270 ANDREW RAMSAY, b. in 1849, near the village of West Flamboro, Ontario. "After two years of torture under the mad manipulation of a savage schoolmaster," he "escaped to the wilderness for what scanty education" he obtained. Author of *The Canadian Lyre*, 1859; *Winon-ah*; *The Forest Light, and Other Poems*, 1869; *One Quiet Day*, prose and poetry, 1873; *Muriel, The Found-*

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ling, and Other Poems, 1886. Is a house decorator, and has won distinction in landscape work in that art. Resides at Westover, Ontario.

273 THEODORE HARDING RAND, D.C.L., b. at Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, February 8, 1835. Educated at Horton Academy and Acadia University. Has devoted his life to Education. Organised the systems of Free Public Schools of both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Ex-Principal of Woodstock College, and Ex-Chancellor of M'Master University,—by whom the founding of the University was promoted, and organised as such. Author of *At Minas Basin, and Other Poems*, 1897 (second edition, enlarged, 1898). Resides in Toronto.

282 WALTER A. RATCLIFFE, b. in London, England, August 23, 1865. Came to Canada with his parents at the age of seven years. He is almost totally blind and deaf. Published *Morning Songs in the Night*, 1897. Resides at Port Hope, Ontario.

283 JOHN READE, b. at Ballyshannon, Ireland, November 13, 1837. Educated at Queen's College, Belfast. Came to Canada, 1856. Author of *The Prophecy of Merlin, and Other Poems*, 1870. In association with Professor Penhallow of M'Gill University, he inaugurated the Montreal branch of the Am. Folk-lore Soc. He has been president of the Eng. Lit. and Hist. section of the Royal Soc. Can. Elected a Fellow of the Royal Soc. of Lit. of Great Britain, 1896. Since 1870 he has been literary and general assistant editor of the Montreal *Gazette*. Resides in Montreal.

290 ROBERT REID ("Rob Wanlock"), b. at Wanlockhead, Scotland, June 8, 1850. Came to Canada 1877, and has since then filled a responsible position in the mercantile establishment of Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal. Author of *Moorland Rhymes*, 1874; and *Poems, Songs and Sonnets*, 1894. Resides in Montreal.

292 CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS, b. at Douglas, near Fredericton, New Brunswick, January 10, 1860. Educated at the University of New Brunswick. He became editor of the Toronto *Week*, 1883, and later Professor of English Literature and Economics in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. Since 1895 he has devoted himself exclusively to literary work. Author of *Orion and Other Poems*, 1880; *In Divers Tones*, 1887; *Poems of Wild Life: an Anthology*, 1888; *Ave: An Ode for the Shelley Centenary*, 1892; *Songs of the Common Day, and Ave*, 1893; *The Book of the Native*, poems, 1896; and *New York Nocturnes and Other Poems*, 1898. He has also published several novels and other works. He was one of the literary arbiters at the World's Fair, Chicago. Resides in Fredericton, New Brunswick (and in New York). *Note.*—The two following are younger brothers of Mr Roberts.

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and Mrs Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald is a sister, while Mr Bliss Carman and Mr Barry Straton are cousins of the foregoing. They are children of three sisters.

309 THEODORE ROBERTS, b. at Fredericton, New Brunswick, July 7, 1877. Educated at the Collegiate School of that city. His verse has appeared in the Magazines. He was war correspondent for the New York *Independent* in the Spanish-American War. Resides at Fredericton, New Brunswick.

313 WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS, b. at Fredericton, New Brunswick, December 6, 1874. Educated at the Collegiate School, and the University of that city. He has published verse in the Magazines and literary periodicals. Has done journalistic work in New York. Resides at Fredericton, New Brunswick.

315 GEORGE JOHN ROMANES, b. at Kingston, Ontario, May 20, 1848; d. at Oxford, England, May 23, 1894. Educated at Caius College, Oxford. A distinguished naturalist, and brilliant scientific and philosophical writer. During his somewhat prolonged illness he preserved to the last his mental vigour and keenness of interest in scientific pursuits. Not long before his death he said: "I have now come to see that faith (the Christian faith) is intellectually justifiable." The sonnet of the text has a pathos all its own. Longmans, Green & Company published a volume of selections of his poetry, 1896.

316 CARROLL RYAN, b. in Toronto, Ontario, February 3, 1839. Educated at St Michael's College. He served as a volunteer in the British German Legion and Turkish Contingent, during the Crimean war, and in H.M.'s 100th Royal Can. Regt., 1859. After his return to Canada he commanded a battery of volunteer artillery at Ottawa, and was extra A.D.C. to Gen. Sir E. S. Smyth. Mr Ryan is a veteran of the Canadian press. Author of *Oscar and Other Poems*, 1857; *Songs of a Wanderer*, 1867; and *Picture Poems*, 1884. Resides in Montreal.

318 CHARLES SANGSTER, b. at Kingston, Ontario, 1822; d. at Ottawa, Ontario, 1893. Author of *The St Lawrence, and the Saguenay, and Other Poems*, 1856, and of *Hesperus and Other Poems and Lyrics*, 1860. A representative Canadian poet, widely known.

322 DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, b. at Ottawa, Ontario, August 2, 1862. Educated at Stanstead Wesleyan College. Is Accountant of the Department of Indian Affairs. He is a contributor to Magazines in prose and verse. Author of *The Magic House and Other Poems*, 1893, and of *Labor and the Angel*, 1898. Resides at Ottawa.

330 Rev. FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT, b. in Montreal, April 7, 1861. Educated at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec,

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and at King's College, London, England. Author of *The Soul's Quest, and Other Poems*, 1888; *Elton Hazlewood*, a dramatic life-story, 2nd ed., 1893; *My Lattice and Other Poems*, 1894; *The Unnamed Lake and Other Poems*, 1897; and *Poems Old and New*, 1899. Resides in Quebec city.

336 CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY, b. in Dublin, Ireland, March 9, 1811. Came to Canada, 1836, and settled near London, Ontario. He edited *Punch in Canada*. A writer of occasional verse. He became noted as an Art Critic in New York. Died at Arlington, Florida (whither he had gone in search of health), April 15, 1875, and is buried near London, Ontario. Best known as engineer of the Hoosac Tunnel.

338 FRANCIS SHERMAN, b. at Fredericton, New Brunswick, 1871. Educated at the Collegiate School and the University there. Author of *Matins*, 1896; *In Memorabilia Mortis*, a booklet of Sonnets, 1896; and *A Prelude*, privately printed, 1897. Resides in Fredericton.

341 GOLDWIN SMITH, LL.D., D.C.L., author, and a distinguished Professor of History, b. at Reading, England, August 23, 1823. His published works are numerous and widely known, —among them, *Bay Leaves: Translations from the Latin Poets*, 1894. A very occasional writer of verse. Resides at "The Grange," Toronto.

342 LYMAN C. SMITH, b. at Glanford, near Hamilton, Ontario, September 8, 1850. Educated at Victoria University. He has been for the past eighteen years the principal of the High School, Oshawa, Ontario. Author of *Mabel Gray and Other Poems*, 1896.

344 Rev. WILLIAM WYE SMITH, b. in Jedburgh, Scotland, March 18, 1827. Came to Canada, 1837. A man of considerable journalistic experience. Author of *Poems*, 1888; *The New Testament in Broad Scotch*, 1896. Resides at St Catharines, Ontario.

345 ALBERT ERNEST STAFFORD SMYTHE, b. at Gracehill, Ireland, December 27, 1861. Educated at Belfast Inst., and holds certificates from the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. Author of *Poems, Grave and Gay*, 1891. He is editor of the *Lamp*, a paper devoted to theosophy. Resides in Toronto.

346 HIRAM LADD SPENCER, b. at Castleton, Vermont, April 28, 1829, and educated there. Among his classmates were Henry Cabot Lodge, W. C. Wilkinson, W. C. Langdon, and Redfield Proctor. He became a resident of St John, New Brunswick, 1863. A journalist. Author of *Poems*, 1848; *A Song of the Years: a Memory of Acadia*, 1889, (widely known,—published by J. & A. M'Millan, St John, N. B.). Resides in St John.

348 EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD, M.D., b. 1865. Is an associate editor of Canadian *Journal of Medicine and Surgery*. An

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occasional contributor to periodicals. Author of *Saints' Day Ballads, and Sundry Other Measures*, a booklet, 1895. Resides in Toronto.

351 ALEXANDER CHARLES STEWART, b.—? Author of *Poems and Songs*, 1890; *The Pensioner*, 1890,—a booklet. Resides in Toronto.

351 PHILLIPS STEWART, b. 1864; d. in Toronto, Ontario, February 2, 1892. Author of *Poems*, 1887. A dominant sadness inspired the muse of this gifted youth. His early death was a loss to Canadian literature.

353 BARRY STRATON, b. at Fredericton, New Brunswick, December 27, 1854. Educated at the Collegiate School of that city. Studied law, but the confinement proving detrimental to his health, he resorted to farming. Author of *Lays of Love, and Miscellaneous Poems*, 1884; *The Building of the Bridge: an Idyl of the St John*, 1887; and *The Hunter's Hand Book*. Resides at Maugerville, New Brunswick.

356 ARTHUR J. STRINGER, a journalist of the Montreal *Herald*, till very recently. Author of *Watchers of Twilight*, 1894; *Pauline and Other Poems*, 1895; and *Epigrams*, 1896. Present residence, New York.

359 ALAN SULLIVAN, b. in Montreal, November 29, 1867. Educated at Loretto School, Musselburgh, near Edinburgh. A civil engineer. Author of a booklet of verse. Resides at Rat Portage, Ontario.

361 BERTRAM TENNYSON, Q.C., b.—? Author of *The Land of Napioa and Other Essays in Prose and Verse*, 1896. Resides at Moosomin, N. W. T., Canada.

363 EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON, b. in the township of Toronto, Ontario, February 12, 1849. Educated at Trinity College Grammar School, Weston. He served with the army of the Potomac during the closing scenes of the Am. Civil War. Served in the field with the Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto. In 1889-90 was chief editorial writer on the Toronto *Globe*. He removed to Boston to accept a lucrative post on the *Youth's Companion*. Writer of occasional verse, and author of several volumes of short stories. Resides in Boston, Mass.

365 JOHN STUART THOMSON, b. in Montreal, 1870, where he was educated at the old "Senior School," and in special work at M'Gill University. He also enjoyed special advantages of private classical study in New York City. He is a frequent contributor to the Magazines. Author of *Estabelle and Other Poems*, 1897. Resides in New York City.

369 FRANCIS L. DOMINICK WATERS, b. in Fermoy, Ireland, April 4, 1857. Educated at St Colman's College. Compelled by ill health to abandon his medical studies, he came to Canada, 1879. He has devoted himself chiefly to literature. Author

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of *The Water Lily: an Oriental Fairy Tale*, 1888. Resides at Cornwall, Ontario.

370 ARTHUR WEIR, b. in Montreal, June 17, 1864. Educated at M'Gill University. He has had considerable journalistic experience. Author of *Fleur de Lys*, poems, 1877; *The Romance of Sir Richard, Sonnets, and Other Poems*, 1890; *The Snowflake, and Other Poems*, 1896. He was selected to read the inaugural poem at the unveiling of the national monument to Sir John A. Macdonald, at Ottawa, 1895; and he also wrote the inaugural poem for the unveiling of the monument to Maisonneuve, dedicated on the same day. Resides in Montreal.

376 AGNES ETHELWYN WETHERALD ("Bel Thistlewaite"), b. in Rockwood, Ontario, of English Quaker parentage, and educated at Friends' Schools in New York and Ontario. She has done much journalistic work. Author of *The Algonquin Maiden*, a romance of the early days of Upper Canada, written in collaboration with G. Mercer Adam; and *The House of Trees*, a volume of verse, 1896. Resides at Fenwick, Ontario.

379 Rev. WILLIAM HENRY WITHROW, D.D., author and journalist, b. in Toronto, August 6, 1839. Educated at Victoria and Toronto Universities. Elected a Fellow of the Eng. Lit. Sec. of the Royal Soc. of Can., 1884. He is editor of the *Methodist Magazine and Review*, and author of numerous volumes, the best known of which is *The Catacombs of Rome, and their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity*. Writer of occasional verse. Resides in Toronto.

380 Rev R. WALTER WRIGHT, b. near Toronto, Ontario, December 29, 1852. Educated at Streetsville High School, and was graduated in Theology in connection with Chautauqua University. Author of *The Dream of Columbus*, a poem, 1894. Present residence, Arthur, Ontario.

382 Mrs EVA ROSE YORK, b. in Western Ontario, December 22, 1858. Educated at Woodstock College, and at the New England Conservatory of Music. Writer of occasional verse. Resides in Toronto.

384 Mrs PAMELIA VINING YULE, wife of the late professor J. C. Yule, of Woodstock College, Ontario. Author of *Poems of the Heart and Home*, 1881, and of several prose works. She was born in Clarendon, State of New York, and her early life was spent in Ellicottville in that State. Died at Ingersoll, Ontario, 1896.

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